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July 17, 1937

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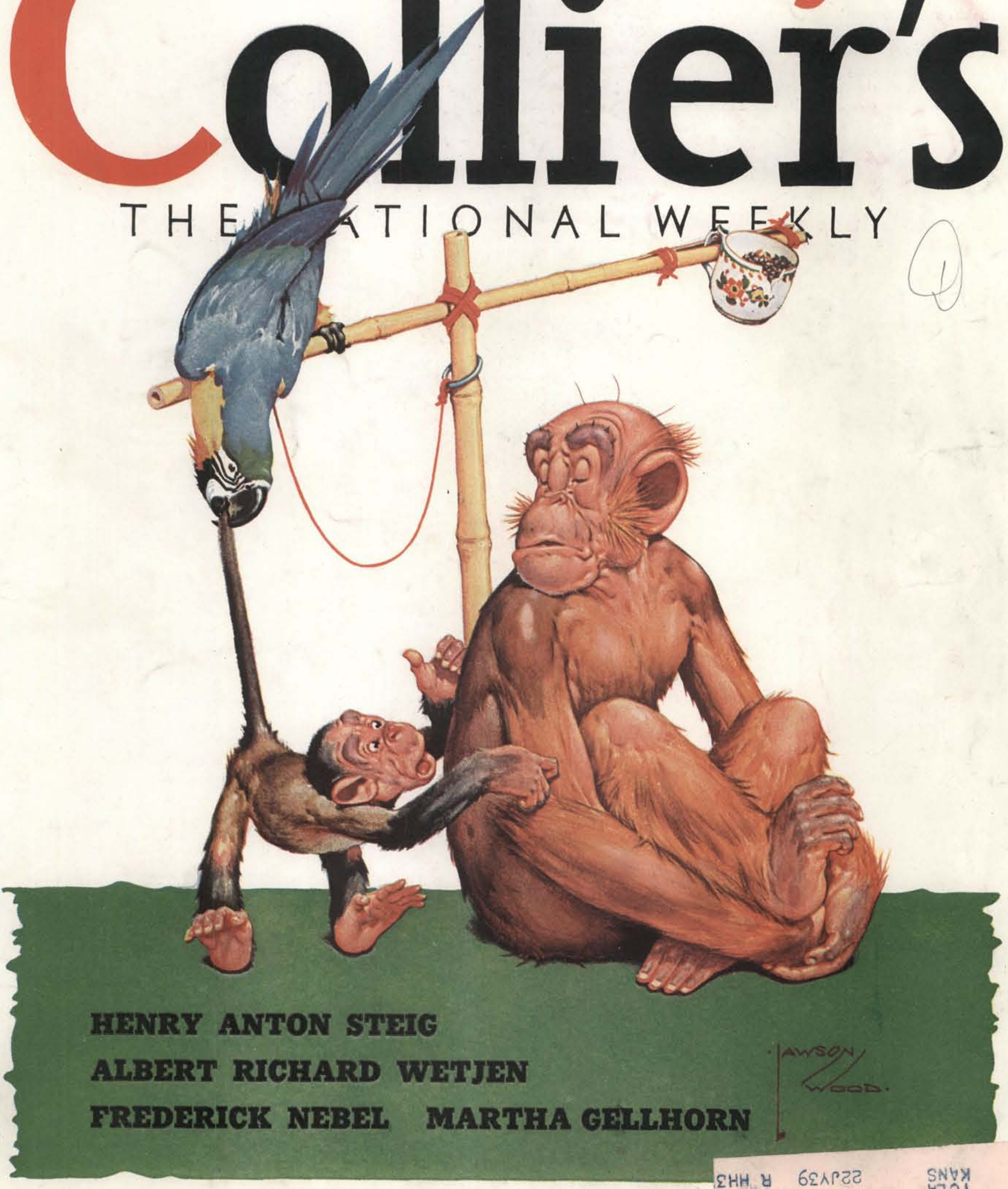
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


LAWSON WOOD.

HENRY ANTON STEIG

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

FREDERICK NEBEL MARTHA GELLHORN

MRS JOAN ....HARGROVE 12
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July 17, 1937

Continental DISTILLING CORPORATION
DISTILLED BY LONDON DRY
DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED London Dry GIN
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
MADE WITH 100% DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
Dixie Belle
65° PROOF
ONE QUART
SLOE GIN
PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORP. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CASSIA FROM CHINA!

Once gift to an Emperor now a new thrill for your cocktails!

Only in the fertile valleys of China grows a tree whose bark yields a fabulous fragrance. Cassia! Marco Polo circumnavigated the globe to procure it as a gift to his king—and we do the same thing to give a new piquancy to your cocktails and tall gin drinks. Blended minutely into Dixie Belle Gin along with other exotic herbs and berries from romantic lands, cassia adds its bouquet to the gin with the international flavor. A world voyage for us—a world of enjoyment for you!

Continental Distilling Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.

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—TO BRING YOU BETTER GIN DRINKS

AMERICA—for golden, sun-ripened grain.

ENGLAND—for fragrant coriander root.

SPAIN—for thin, Seville orange peel.

ITALY—for juniper berries and orris root.

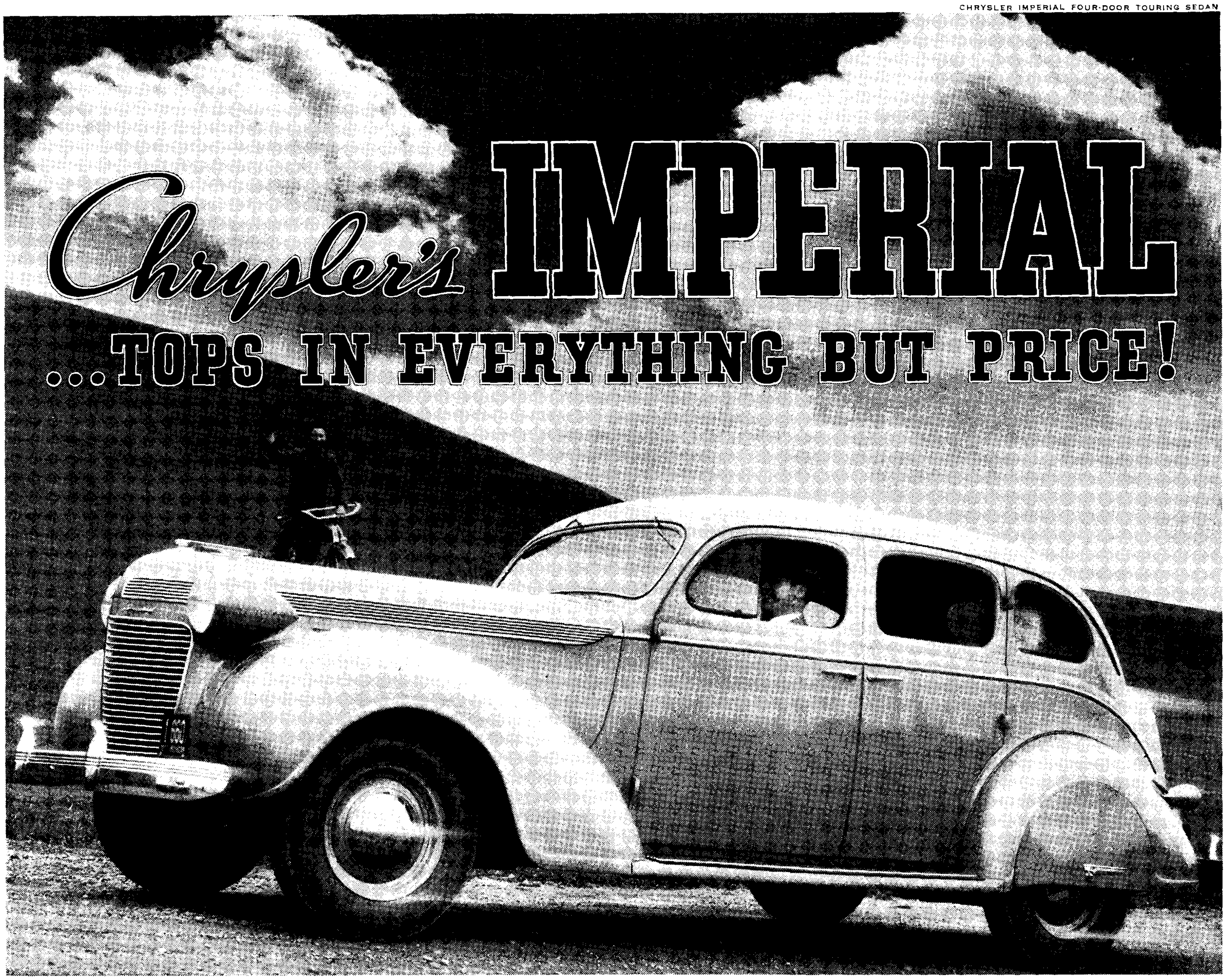
CZECHOSLOVAKIA—for aromatic angelica.

CHINA—for the pungent cassia bark.

DIXIE BELLE *Gin*

THE GIN WITH THE INTERNATIONAL FLAVOR

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL FOUR-DOOR TOURING SEDAN

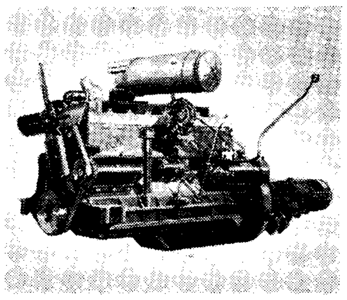


Chrysler's IMPERIAL

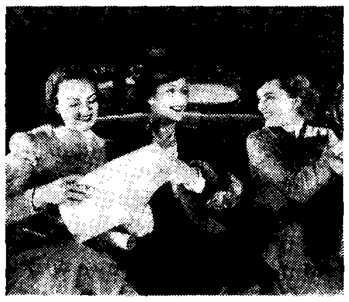
...TOPS IN EVERYTHING BUT PRICE!

★ BEST RIDING EIGHT IN ITS FIELD! You expect superb comfort in a car that bears the proud Imperial name ... and you get it! It comes from a matchless combination of factors: The long wheelbase of 121 inches. Scientific weight distribution, which Chrysler pioneered and has developed most highly. Independently sprung front wheels. Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers that operate like the landing mechanism of a giant transport plane!

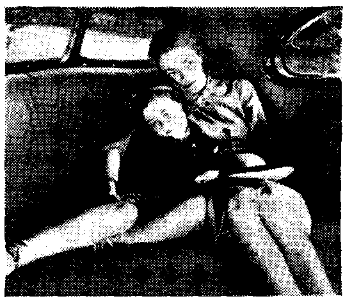
★ BIG...YET NIMBLE AND EASY TO HANDLE! The Imperial name has always stood for impressive size and performance. And the 1937 Imperial is big and able... steady and sure-footed on any road. Yet it's as quick and responsive as a polo pony... flashes quickly out of traffic emergencies... steers and parks with nimble ease. Of all the great Chrysler Imperials of history, the 1937 Imperial is the most delightfully effortless to drive.



★ BALANCED EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINE WITH FLOATING POWER! Chrysler has built its finest eight-cylinder engines for the famous Imperials. And the 1937 Imperial engine tops them all. It has 110 horsepower... dual carburetion for economy and flexibility . . . Floating Power for velvety smoothness. Today, it doesn't require $3,000 to enjoy Imperial performance. This great car is now in the medium-price field.



★ WIDEST REAR SEAT IN ITS PRICE CLASS... EXTRA INCHES OF ROOM EVERYWHERE! When you sink back in these big, soft cushions, you'll know at once you are in a car of Imperial luxury. The restful seats are wider... head room and leg room are greater. The seats are chair-high, so you ride in the same comfortable position you enjoy in a living room chair. Upholstery fabrics and appointments are superb in quality.



★ CHRYSLER'S MATCHLESS SAFETY ALL-STEEL BODIES AND HYDRAULIC BRAKES If you pay for a fine car, you deserve *all* the modern safety features! The Imperial has a Safety *All-Steel* Body mounted on rubber and insulated for silence and comfort... a beautiful one-piece steel roof. You get Chrysler's time-tested hydraulic brakes...and as an added safeguard, instrument panels without projections. No car is safer than the great 1937 Imperial!

THIS FAMOUS CAR IS NOW IN THE MEDIUM-PRICE FIELD!

Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan. ☆ CHRYSLER ROYAL... *Invades the low-priced field*... Ten body types. ☆ CHRYSLER IMPERIAL... *Now in the medium-price field*... Six body types. ☆ CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL... *Chrysler's finest*... Sedans and Sedan-Limousine. ☆ CHRYSLER AIRFLOW... *America's most modern motor car*... Sedan and Coupe.

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

July 17, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

WE HOPE, for professional reasons, never to be caught speaking disrespectfully of the power of love. Let's take it for granted and talk about the power of hate.

Tommy Bronson's collision with Clarnan, the detective, is a case in point. It was hatred at first sight, sudden, mutual and violent. It transformed Tommy from a brisk, well-mannered young man into a walking incarnation of the lust for "Revenge." In a strange and fascinating short story Richard Hoffman deals with this dangerous emotion.

IN THE last war between the North and the South the South won. It was a cotton war, and it ended with the South complacently counting her gains in the form of mills below the Mason-Dixon line. There were mills in New England, too, but a good many of them were empty and whole cities were going broke as a result. But it now appears that the war isn't over, and spindles are humming again in New England. Textiles are in demand and there's prosperity for North and South alike if— John T. Flynn shows the disposition of the forces in "Cotton Rich."

MARY TRAVERS' hair was a cross between honey and moonlight except that it was coppery in shadow. "Silver on top," Mary said, "but you can see the copper underneath." She thought she was like that herself, "Silver Gilt." Hamlen Hunt reports the dramatic moment that proved her wrong.

A ROAD map for the year 1492 (this isn't a joke: they have them at the Bureau of American Ethnology) looks a good deal like today's. The roads, to be sure, were not of concrete, but many of them followed the same courses as our highways. In "The Warriors' Path" Herbert Ravenel Sass gives you the violent and romantic background of your vacation trails.

THE last person we would think of as a pal for James Hilton's Mr. Chips is a movie actor. It happened, though, and "Mr. Chips Meets a Star" is the record of this curious friendship.

ZONA GALE writes the story of Mona Whetstone, a girl who thought a deserter could attain "The Free Life." Quentin Reynolds divulges the only theme on which Carl Hubbell ever becomes boastful—"I Can Hit Pretty Good." Henry F. Pringle, Ruth Seinfel, George F. Worts, Freling Foster, Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney complete the list.

This Week

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FREDERICK NEBEL
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THOMAS MONROE
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A Question of Blood, by Ernest Haycox. Page 44

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Call Back Love, Part IV. Preview of fame. Page 22

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RUD RENNIE
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VICTOR G. HEISER, M. D.
Keep Cool. Outwitting the heat wave. Page 46

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Tipsy facts. Page 6

EDITORIAL
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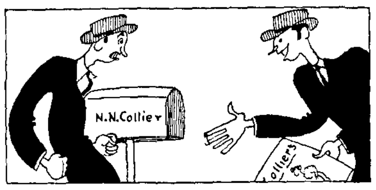
COVER LAWSON WOOD

Any Week

YOU know as well as we do that we'd hate to load these columns with all the pretty things said about this magazine. You'd get tired of that—as tired as we would. We aim to be destructive rather than constructive, leaving this latter to the somewhat more thoughtful last page. Yet somehow we can't refuse to attend the few skillfully chosen words of Miss Theo Ray Clarke of Atlanta, Georgia. It will be a long time before Miss Clarke is elderly. She is now just twenty-two. But she says: "I like your magazine best because it talks to me like a pal and not like a maiden aunt."

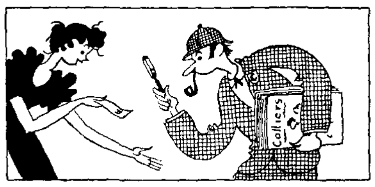
WHICH gives us an idea what we might do if we had any intention of taking Mr. Newton N. Collier of Los Angeles, California, seriously. Mr. Collier doesn't like us. "I am," says he, "a true-blue American and a white Christian, which, if you have any brains at all, should give you sufficient clue to my reasons for refusing to read you." So he wants us to change our name, because "I am continually being asked whether I am related to you and I'm tired of denying it." Of course we might change to Pallier's Weekly, a suggestion we gather from Miss Clarke. Or even better, Mr. Collier might try another name. But we understand his desire to stick to the one he has.



MR. JOHN G. LEHILL of Birmingham, Michigan, reports that he attended a meeting which was being addressed by a gentleman whose subject was: If Washington Came Back to Washington. The general feeling, says Mr. Lehill, was that it would serve the American Cincinnatus right; but, adds Mr. Lehill, "only one member of the audience sassed the speaker back. And all he said was: 'Oh, it wouldn't be so bad if he stayed there and didn't come to Michigan.' "

OUR latest bid to join something comes from Doctor B. Ullman Death of San Francisco, California; Spokane, Washington, and Washington, D. C. "Before we are through organizing," says the doctor, "a letter will have only to have my name on the envelope and no address and it will be delivered." His proposition is simple: "I am giving you an opportunity of supporting a new fiscal order—money to be issued by Congress at no par value. This may inspire you to laugh but your laugh will be short." The New Fiscal Order has not yet been named. But every other detail has been attended to except, as far as we can learn, how to convince the landlord and the grocer.

STILL nothing has moved us as much as an offer we received this morning. A gentleman offered us a detective agency. We did our best to convince him that we didn't want a detective agency but he was pretty determined. "Won't cost you a nickel," he said. "It's an old agency sorta gone to seed. What it needs is a new idea—all you do is give away free detective service with each subscription." We said something to the effect that he ought to get something out of it. "All I ask for," he said, "is a cut of each new subscription."



HOWEVER, we got rid of that tempter as politely as possible. It hurt us, too. We've always wanted to be a boss detective but just can't shake off the feeling that we'd better stick to a business we know something about. We should have read him a letter we have from Mr. Lawrence Batt of Washington, D. C. Mr. Batt says he overheard a lunch-hour argument between an employee of the Department of Agriculture and one of Mr. Harry Hopkins' assistants. "Listen," said the agriculture man, "you guys got your job and we got ours. Why don't you guys run the cities and let us run the farmers?"

THE detective agency man told us, too, that while there are lots of agencies growing anemic for want of business, detectives are doing pretty well. The government has come to their rescue. There was some talk, some months ago, of adding a detecting project for unemployed sleuths to WPA but it was not thought advisable to turn the boys loose on government subsidy like that. No telling what some of them might get to fooling with. So scores of them are working for the various new bureaus and agencies of government, spying on one another and doing all the damage they can for the honor and glory of their individual bosses.

FALSE-WHISKER government.

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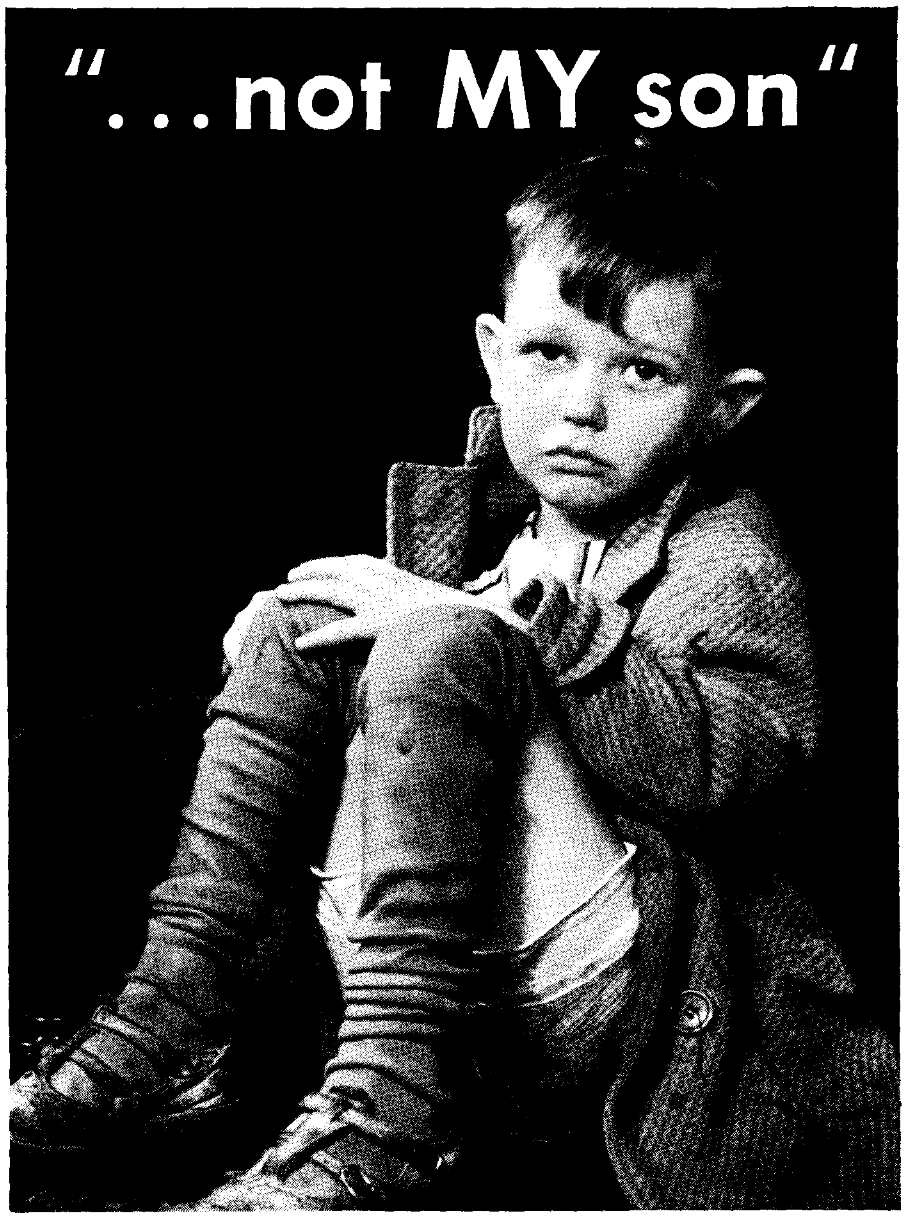
A PULLMAN CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW

PULLMAN CONDUCTOR
PULLMAN PORTER

Pullman Conductor W. B. Child of one of the country's crack passenger trains. He's had 35 years of service. He's seen at left with his crew—eight porters, barber, and maid. Their average length of service is 22 years.

● This "captain" won those stripes on his sleeve not on a liner's wind-swept bridge but up and down the carpeted aisles of the Pullman car, seeing to the welfare of thousands of passengers who have traveled in his care. He's captain of a crew whose fame is recorded, not in sea-going story books, but in thousands of appreciative letters received annually from Pullman patrons. If you would know why folks like to travel by Pullman, part of the answer lies in the courtesy and thoughtfulness they experience at the hands of the Pullman conductor and the Pullman crew. ¶ Pullman service—invitingly comfortable beds by night and quiet, spacious, clean lounging quarters by day—is made doubly enjoyable by the trained and competent people who put you at your ease when you travel this way. It's the *safest* travel in the world . . . and economical, too. Anywhere in America, and on various lines in Canada and Mexico. For full information, ask your ticket agent, or write THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Pullman and Rail — The safe way to go and the sure way to get there



How do you rate as a father? Guarantee your family's future welfare, and also your own ...both with the same dollars.

IF YOU'RE A PARENT, you will want to read the rest of this advertisement. The thoughts it will bring to your mind *may change the whole course of a child's life.*

A year ago this was a different boy... that was before his Dad died. Funny thing about his Dad. He was always so proud of this boy, ambitious for him, always dreaming of his future.

But no one in good health thinks very much about death. It's only human to feel that all things would come to an end if we died. *But they won't!* Children must *live* even if parents *die*. They will still get hungry, sleepy, tired, and need the home and care you provide.

You can't arrange for anyone ever to take your place. But here's something you *can* do: Appoint Bankers Life *financial-foster-father* to your child; let this company guarantee a monthly income to your wife; let us contract to pay educational expenses if you can't. Our Double Duty Dollar Plan provides all of these benefits for the protection of your family, or a monthly income for you if you live to Retirement Age.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM
BANKERS LIFE COMPANY

BANKERS LIFE COMPANY
A MUTUAL LEGAL RESERVE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1879.
DES MOINES

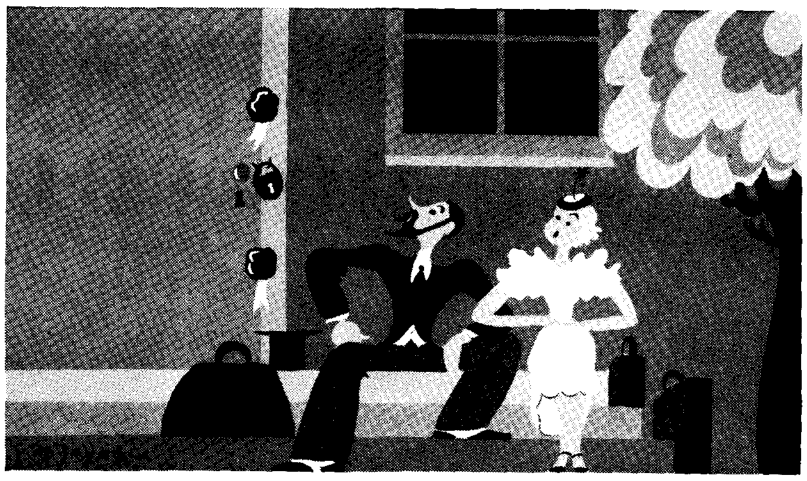
EVERY PARENT SHOULD READ THIS FREE BOOK

Kind to his WIFE..
Cruel to his WIDOW

C-717

Bankers Life Company, Des Moines, Iowa
Please send me your story of an ace-high father.

Name____
Address____
City____________________________ State_____________



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The French law which requires that a house be sealed from the time of a death until the settlement of the estate has resulted in an odd situation in Paris. Seven years ago, a man killed his wife and himself in a rooming house and the room was sealed, awaiting an heir. As none appeared, the seals remained and the house was sold many times. The present owner still cannot use the room, for no one but the judge who ordered the seals affixed can order them to be broken. And he cannot be found.

There is no such thing as a male snail or a female snail. All marine, fresh-water and land snails are born, and remain throughout their lives, bisexual creatures.

The value of aerial photography to both taxpayers and tax departments is illustrated by the recently completed map of Connecticut. With this survey, which cost only $20,000, fourteen cities have made tax equalization studies and discovered so much unrecorded property that their tax rate has been decreased on an average of 29 per cent while the grand total has been increased about 47 per cent.—*By M. W. Strate, St. Paul, Minnesota.*

Probably the only tombstone on which an authentic name was changed to a fictitious one is in the graveyard of Trinity Church in New York City. In 1776, Charlotte Stanley was buried there. In 1790, a novel called "Charlotte Temple," based on her tragic life, appeared and aroused so much sentiment and sympathy that the name on the stone was changed from Stanley to Temple.

Whippets are the fastest dogs in existence. They can easily outrun greyhounds and, for short distances, even race horses.

The "Acta Sanctorum," the great collection of the lives and legends of the Roman Catholic saints, is one of the most slowly written works on record. Except for two interruptions, which stopped the compilation for 48 years, Belgian Jesuits have worked on it steadily since about 1600 and hope to complete its some 35,000 biographies by approximately 1975.

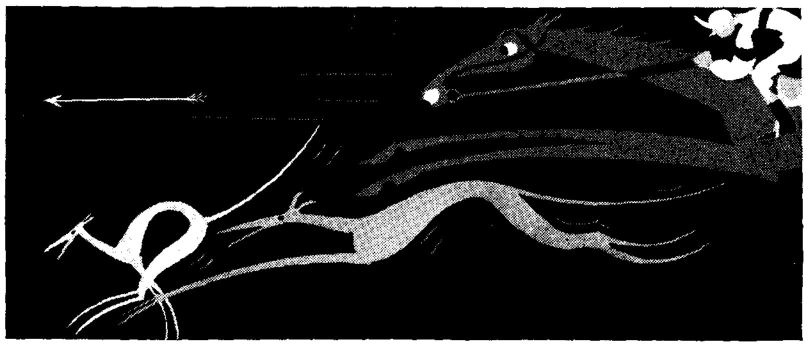
During the past ten years, eight successive authors have written a daily installment of a novel for a Tokyo newspaper. Thinking that this story has run long enough, the editor recently requested that it be ended, with every character in his grave to forestall requests for its continuation. Its present writer believes that, if he works very fast, he can do it—in 150 chapters.—*By Louis Duncan Ray, Detroit, Michigan.*

Throughout the Christian world many centuries ago, December 24th was observed as the festival day of Adam and Eve.

The five famous love letters, which were said to have been written by Marianna Alcoforado in 1668 to Noel Bouton, later Marquis de Chamilly and Marshal of France, and which have been translated in many languages and published in more than one hundred editions, were composed by a man, in the opinion of numerous eminent literary critics.

Most seeds will sprout only in a warm temperature, but oat seeds will germinate on melting ice.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



Even your *best friend won't* tell you

JOHNSON couldn't understand it; he and Marie had had their little "tiffs" but they didn't explain why she had sent back his ring . . . nor did her brusque note shed any light on the broken engagement. Puzzled and disheartened he sought his best friend. Perhaps he could offer some explanation. And so he could . . . yet he withheld the truth. The subject is so delicate that even a close friend won't discuss it.

IT'S INSIDIOUS. The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you yourself rarely know when you have it and even your best friend won't tell you. At this very moment you may be suffering from this all too common condition . . . needlessly offending others . . . and doing nothing about it. It is unfortunate that everyone offends this way at some time or other! Too much eating, too much smoking are contributing causes.

DON'T GAMBLE. Don't run the needless risk of offending. All you need do to put your breath beyond reproach is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It is a marvelously effective deodorant . . . *and a deodorant is what you need in correcting breath conditions.*

HOW DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING. The wonderful, freshening, invigorating effect of Listerine Antiseptic will simply delight you. It sweeps away decaying deposits from large areas on teeth, mouth, and gums. It kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time, it halts food fermentation, a major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the odors themselves. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more wholesome.

ALWAYS BEFORE SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS. Always take the pleasant precaution of using Listerine before social or business engagements; you'll never have to worry about your breath; you'll know it will not offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE

Checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)

Dandruff? Do you know that even stubborn cases are curable with Listerine?

NO COUNTERFEITING ITS FLIGHT
EDISON-DICK
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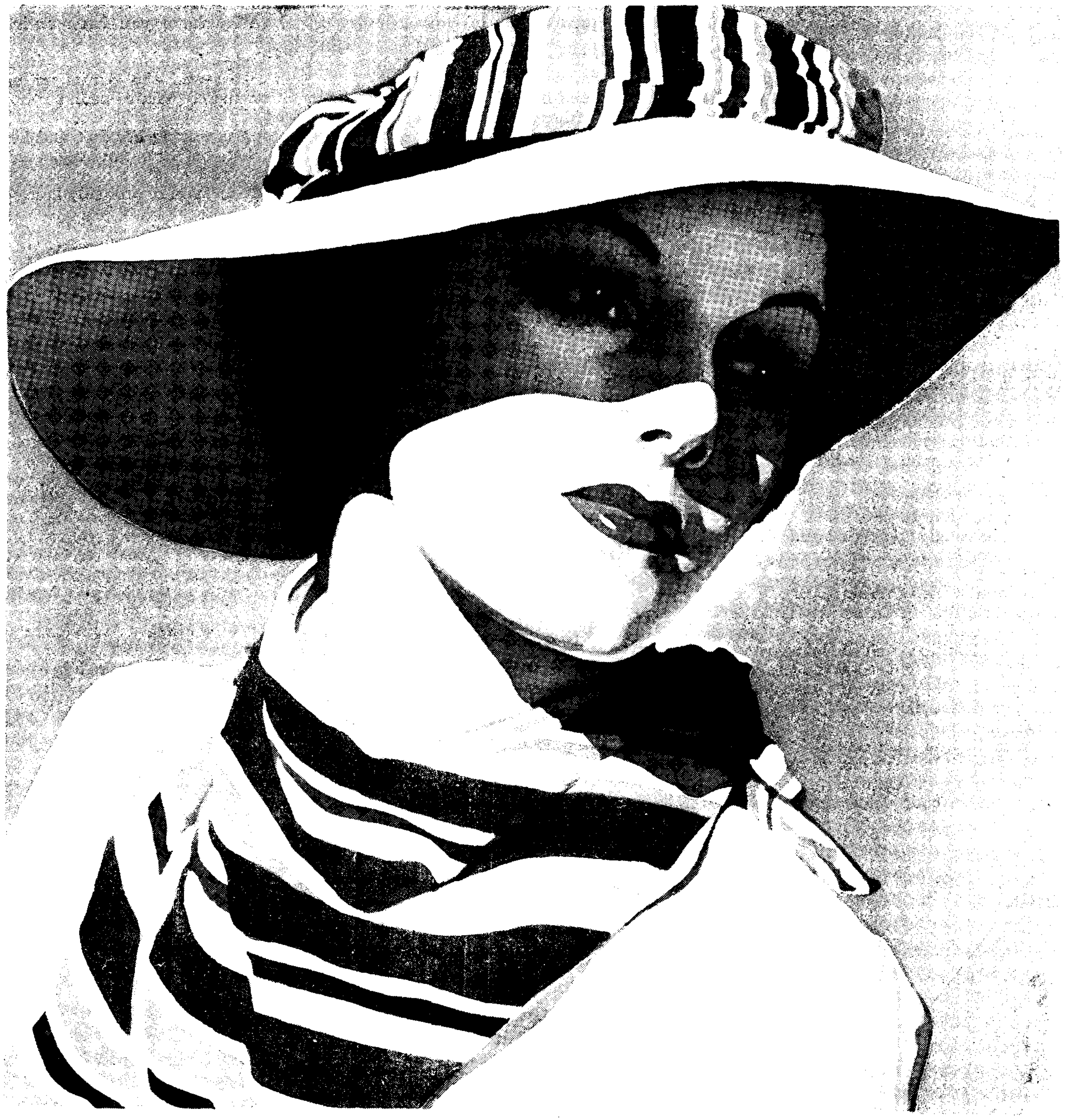
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DONALD DENTON

Agile and sure, this proud bird still holds mastery of the air. But once clip the wings of the swallow-tailed kite, swiftest of all feathered speedsters, and its power is gone. Ever a top-flight performer, the Mimeograph likewise does its stint with unmatched agility, certainty and ease, if all Mimeograph products are on the job. It makes fine prints fast, at low cost, when the equipment for it, invented and developed by us, is used in its entirety. Let us show you the why and the wherefore of this important fact. Write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see classified 'phone book for local address.

Collier's The National Weekly for July 17, 1937



Case Against Women

By Frederick Nebel

Havana intrigue, and the girl who introduced Halloran to himself. One of the reasons why a detective has to be careful about women

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

IT WAS Thursday forenoon and as Halloran sat down in the barber's chair in the Hotel Imperio he saw that, sure enough, De Roca was at the brunette manicurist's table again.

He had checked De Roca's movements for a month and learned nothing worth cabling his chief about. It was therefore extremely interesting to Halloran to find him returning to the brunette manicurist's table three days in a row; it was obvious that he was making a play for her and just as obvious that he was getting nowhere. He was a handsome man, dark, striking, of athletic build, and looked about forty.

She was slender and her hair was drawn in striking simplicity across her forehead and laid in a flat mat low on her neck. She had a wide full mouth with sensitive corners and a straight nose. She looked, Halloran thought, unusually intelligent, and he was sure that she was not a Cuban. She was quite tall; her legs were long and slender and she walked with the grace of a deer. There were four other girls in the shop but none of them was like her.

When De Roca left, Halloran sat down at her table. She said casually, "*Buenos dias, señor,*" and he replied, "Hello, hello," in an offhand, friendly voice.

She looked up at him. She smiled. "Well, hello, then." She took his hand and gave the nails a brief expert scrutiny.

He said, "Do your best with them."

"They're apparently in the best of health."

She was already at work, her head bent so that he saw her scalp where the part cut her hair down the middle.

"Do you mind if I talk?" he said.

"Not at all."

"I suppose you get a lot of it."

"Oh, yes."

"Not much of it American though."

"Oh, more than you'd think."

HE WATCHED her fingers. They were long and nimble and cool against his own. Being close to her, he realized that she was very beautiful; that real warmth lay back of her eyes and lips; and that it might be fun to dance with her, dine with her, perhaps make a little love to her. But the setup, if he could manage it, would not permit anything like that. He was inordinately proud of his coolness, his ability to disassociate fact from fancy and turn down a pretty face as easily as a drink. He was thirty; he had been a secret agent for six years and knew the value of self-control. Craddock, his chief in Washington, sometimes expressed amazement, saying, "For one thing, you're Irish, and you're by nature impetuous."

Halloran said, "Do you like Havana?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you like manicuring?"

"Not particularly."

"Why do you do it?"

"It's a way to see the cities of the world."

"Adventure?"

She nodded. "Sort of. Strange new cities and strange people. Ships and ports and funny little restaurants."

"Aren't you ever frightened?"

She laughed outright. "I'm not afraid of anything."

"That's a broad statement."

"You don't believe me?"

"Weren't you a little afraid of my elegant predecessor at this table?"

She eyed him curiously, then said, "You're observant. But you're wrong."

"Have you had cocktails with him?"

"No. And I don't intend to."

He said, "I must come back soon again and get my nails trimmed."

"It's a good shop, but I shan't be here after Saturday."

"Traveling?"

She shook her head a little grimly. "Fired."

"Fired! That's ridiculous!" he exclaimed.

She sighed. "I know. It's my own fault. I forgot myself yesterday and slapped a man's face. He was a very good friend of the manager."

He asked no more questions and when he left went directly to his hotel in the Calle Lamparilla and rang for his chauffeur, Emilio. To him he described her, and named her table. "Follow her when she leaves. See where she lives. Find out what you can about her. Her name. Anything you can." He gave him some money. "Use this."

Emilio came back at seven that night. Her name was Catherine Banks and she lived in a single room in a house out off Infanta. It was not a very good neighborhood. She had lived there two months. Men never called on her. If she went out at night, she went alone and was always home by midnight. She got letters, always in the same handwriting, from Worcester, Massachusetts. She paid her rent by the week and was a week overdue.

The setup seemed promising and Halloran drank two Daiquiris on it. He did not go back to the Imperio barbershop until Monday and he was there when De Roca came in. De Roca looked at the table which Catherine Banks usually occupied. There was another girl there. He frowned. He spoke to his barber, nodded to the table, and the barber shrugged and shook his head. De Roca shook his own head, but sadly, and strode out.

Halloran cabled Craddock in code and asked for a line on Catherine Banks, of Worcester, Mass.

He had Emilio watch the house where she lived and by Thursday the situation was plain. She went out every day, early, and returned about noon. She ate in her room. Then she went out again and came back about four. She looked tired. It was plain that she was looking for a job. On Friday morning a long cable in code came through from Craddock and when Halloran had read it he felt that his plan was shaping up and that if he played his cards carefully he stood a good chance of coming out on top.

At five, Emilio drove him out past the house and stopped in the next block. Halloran walked back, bearing in mind the position of her room as Emilio had described it to him. He opened the heavy hall door and climbed a wide dim staircase to the second floor. The corridor was cool and damp. He knocked on her door and when she opened it his hat was in his hand and he was saying, "Good afternoon."

She was startled. "But my goodness! . . ."

"Fancy seeing me here."

"Indeed, fancy!"

"I saw you on the street and followed you. I was wondering whether you'd made out all right in a new job."

"My feet are dead. Come in and sit down."

IT WAS a large room with a red tile floor, two large windows and a huge mahogany bed. There were some chairs and a rocker and a marble-topped washstand.

"It's elegant, isn't it?" she said.

She looked worn, tired, but he was amazed at the way she carried off her air of devil-may-care. Her hair was a little disheveled, as though she had been holding her head in her hands. He caught sight of an empty paper sack, a bit of bologna, half a roll, an empty milk bottle.

"Job?" he asked, standing by the window and looking down at the street.

"No, I haven't found anything yet."

"What are you going to do?"

She sat on the edge of the bed and waved her feet, to cool them. She laughed gaily. "Oh, I haven't really thought about that."

"No? Why have you been crying then?"

"I—crying—?"

"Your eyes—and the dampness on your pillow there. You've been at your hair too."

She stopped waving her feet and her eyes searched his face candidly, curiously.

He went on: "You're probably hungry too."

"On the contrary—"

"Don't pretend, Catherine Banks."

Her eyes steadied. "How'd you find out my name?"

"You've been away from Worcester a little over a year, haven't you?"

A faint irony traced its way across her lips.

"I suppose I ought to be flattered at such interest. You probably know when I was born too."

He nodded. "May 8, 1915. Both your parents are dead. From your seventeenth birthday until the day you ran away—a little over a year ago—you lived with your aunt and uncle. You became engaged to Edgar Pentland two years ago, and two days before you were to be married you ran away. Pentland was considerably older than you, but he was wealthy and both your aunt and uncle favored him highly. I understand he has since married."

"Yes," she said coldly, though her face was flushed. "He just wanted to get married. He didn't care to whom, so long as she was the right people."

"You were the right people, of course."

"But I didn't love him. My aunt drove me into the engagement; they were tired of having me around. Yes, I ran away. I wasn't afraid of them, or of anything. They're trying to get me back. Not because they like me but because they're afraid I'll disgrace their good name. I shan't ever go back to them." She stood up and her eyes cut at him. "You needn't try to urge me."

HE SAID quietly, in a friendly voice, "That is not why I came here at all. I made inquiries about you for a reason that has nothing to do with your affairs in Worcester. We come now to your present predicament. You're out of a job, you're broke in a strange city, and I can help you."

"I want none of your help. Please go."

"Don't misunderstand me. I'm looking for some information. It's possible that you might be able to help me secure it. I can pay you a hundred dollars a week—and at the end, if you're successful, a bonus of five hundred. After that, you may go where you wish; there'll be no strings whatever."

"You made pretty certain I was at my rope's end before you came to me with this proposition."

"Certainly."

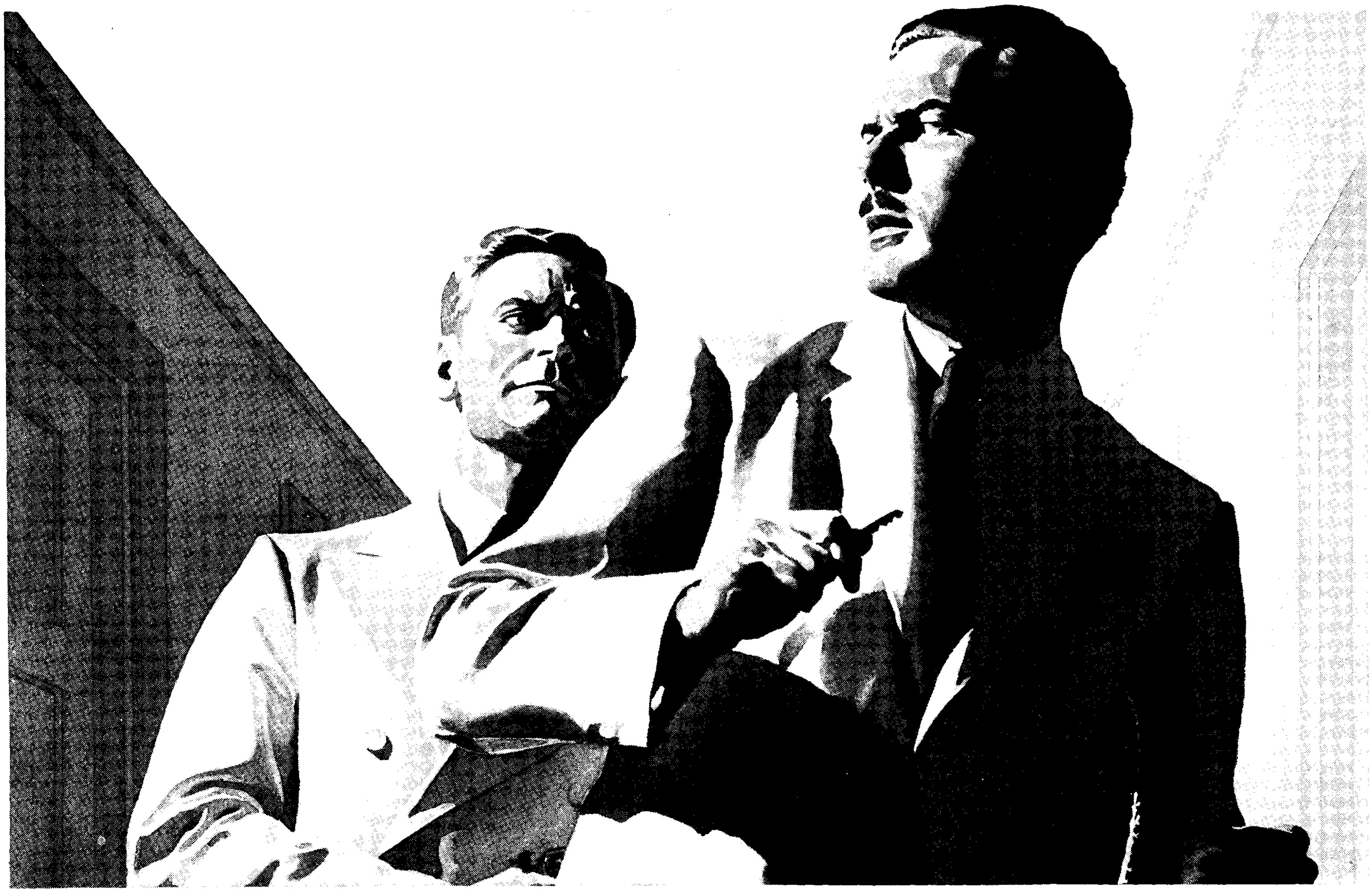
"You're a cold, calculating person."

"If we drop personalities, we'll get on better, I'm sure. You said you wanted adventure. Well, here it is. You said you were afraid of nothing. Well, here's an excellent opportunity for you to be unafraid."

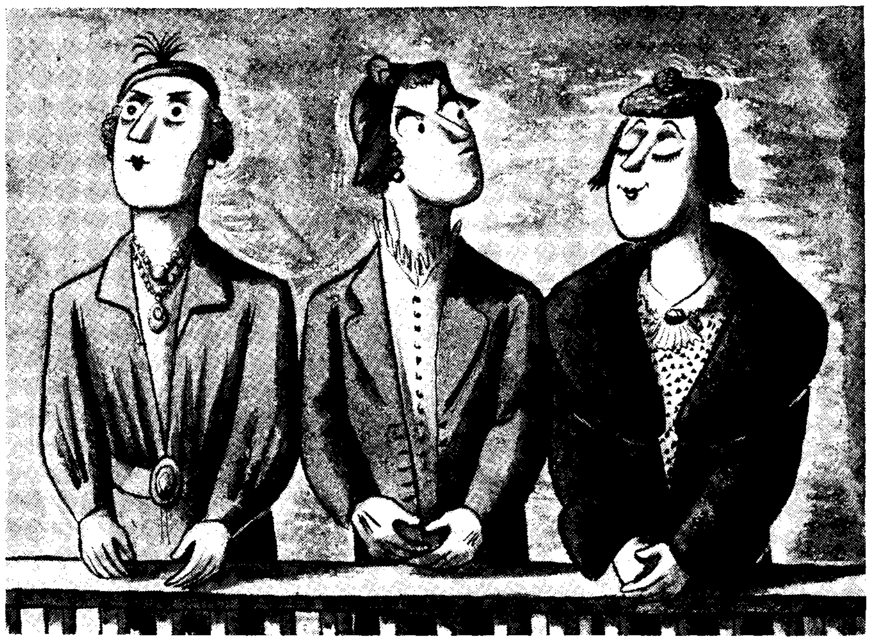
The color had gone out of her face but she had not yet taken her eyes off him. She said flatly, "What am I to do?"

"Fall in with a certain man. Dine with him. Let him make love to you—to what extent depends on your own conscience, judgment or tact. Gain his

(Continued on page 48)



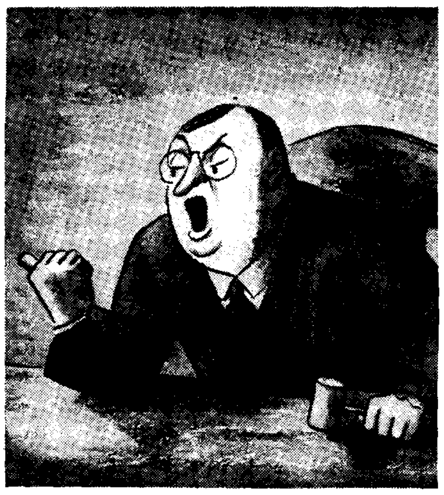
Against De Roca's back he pressed the muzzle of his gun. "Go on in, De Roca," he commanded

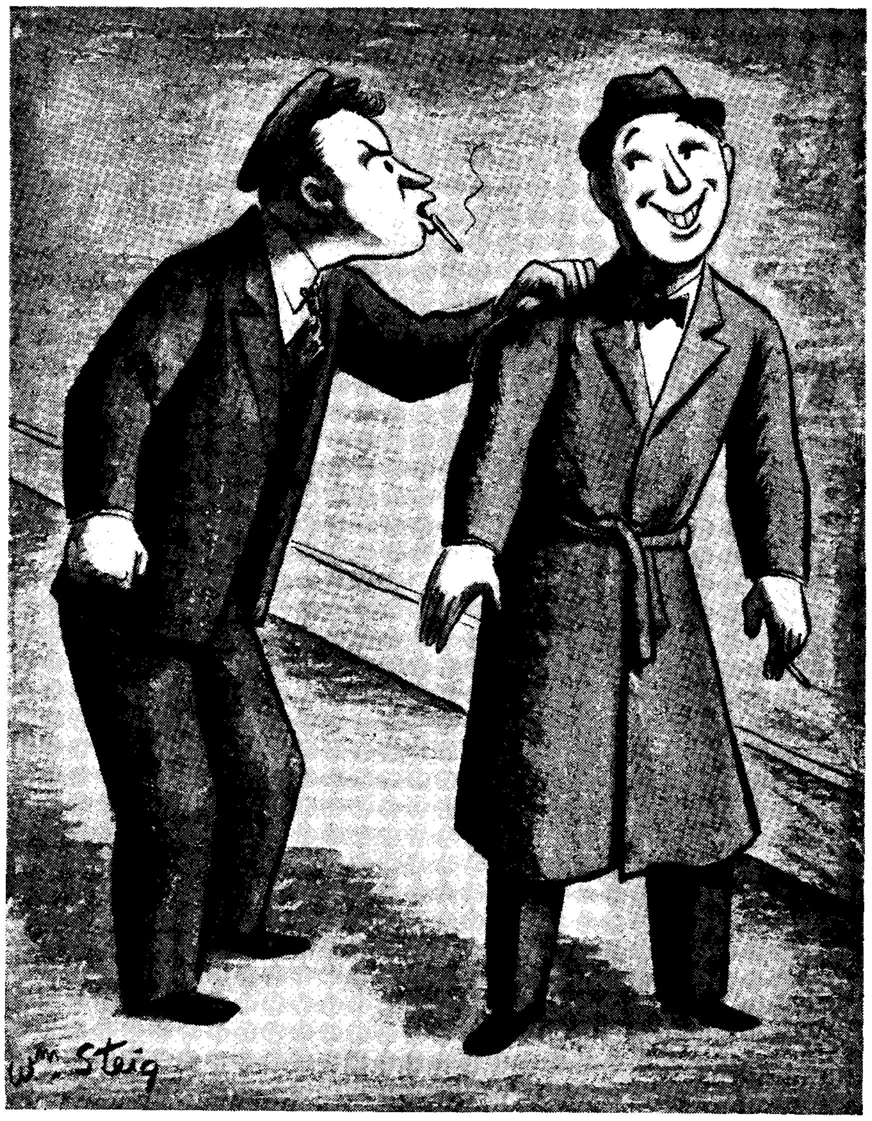


One look at these heavily simpering defendants and you at once thought of grand juries and chop-suey joints. And yet they were proprietors of a beauty shoppe and academy

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

"Madam," said the judge, slowly and feelingly, "I have given my verdict. I don't care where his mother lived in 1932, furnished or unfurnished. Out"





"Oh, yeah?" said Eddie. "Do you know what that is? It's perjury. D'ya know what they hand a guy for perjury?"

PRETTY soon we got into an argument. Everybody else in the corridor was in one, chopping and bludgeoning the air with hands and fists, very red in the face and calling upon Momma and Poppa, heaven and Miss Birdie Mickelbacker to witness to the truth. But they had come there to argue, to tell fearful stories of perfidy, ingratitude, deceit, theft and pounds of flesh. We had come only to listen. But clearly we were not of the stern stuff immune to surroundings.

The corridor outside the Small Claims Court was so closely packed with litigants and witnesses that only the presence of several large cops prevented a series of interesting sluggings. The crowd was so dense that you couldn't make a robust gesture without slapping a neighbor's face or batting him in the ribs. And he always wanted to know who you were punching or shoving and how you would like a poke in the nose. Court would not convene for half an hour. All this preliminary jawing, breast-beating and weeping was merely warm-up. Presently the judge—poor man—was going to have the job of spearing the truth as it flew by on a gale of misunderstanding and rendering verdicts on what looked most like fact.

How we got into an argument gives you some idea of what was going on. Suddenly we were yanked out of our observer's part by a small, fat, warty gentleman who wore at least three lodge emblems and from the breast pocket of whose coat sprouted the ends of five or six fountain pens and a purple handkerchief. Singlehanded he had been trying to scream as loud as four opponents —two male and two female. It had something to do with thirteen dollars, the twenty-sixth of last November and what a Mr. Jacobs said on his dying bed. We couldn't very well help getting this much because this particular row with its shovings and pushings had crowded us into a corner and had penned us in. But the screaming was going against the little owner of all those warts, pens and emblems. And it was when one of the ladies, thrusting her face so close to his that you couldn't have got an affidavit between their noses, screamed: "You go to jail for life yet," that he looked around for help.

We were the nearest. He grabbed the lapels of our coat and, drawing himself up in vast, deliberate dignity, roared: "Listen." The combined voices of his enemies stopped. What trick was this? Were we a mysterious witness about to be sprung upon them and for whom they hadn't been prepared? They regarded us suspiciously but diplomatically.

"Listen," said the little fellow. "I ask you like a gentleman to a gentleman who I never seen before. If on the twenty-sixth of last November on the corner at Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, you was to give thirteen dollars for pictures off a wall, frames throwed in, and if—"

He was interrupted by one of the ladies.

"Podden me if I make a mistake," she said to us. "Did I hear this gentleman say to you, mister, that you two gentlemen ain't never seen each other before?"

"I ain't asking him have I ever seen him before," the little man shouted. "I'm asking the gentleman like a gentleman if when I'm buying pictures off the wall and I buying—"

Justice with a Jolt

The lady gave him a tremendous shove, assuring us that it was none of our business and please not to trouble ourselves to pay no attention to a fellow who would put his mother's furniture in the street in 1932. And then, placing herself squarely and belligerently between us and the little fellow she started all over again to sentence him to prison for life, aided with renewed fury by her three friends. An hour later the judge, after letting them weep, shout and for five minutes proclaim to all the world what the late Mr. Jacobs said on his dying bed, decided that if a man gives you thirteen dollars for pictures off your wall it is but fair that you give him the frames too, provided those frames were the frames which came with the pictures.

"So," said His Honor, "give the man his frames and let's hear no more about it. Next case."

But the lady spokesman was opposed to letting the Court hear no more about it.

"In 1932," she said, "his mother is living in President Street with her own furniture which Mr. Jacobs on his dying bed made an affidavit and—"

"Madam," said the judge, slowly and feelingly, "I have given my verdict. I don't care where his mother lived in 1932, furnished or unfurnished. And I hope Mr. Jacobs didn't suffer much. Anyway the clerk will give the complainant an order upon you for those picture frames. If you do not give this complainant his picture frames a judgment will be issued against you. Out."

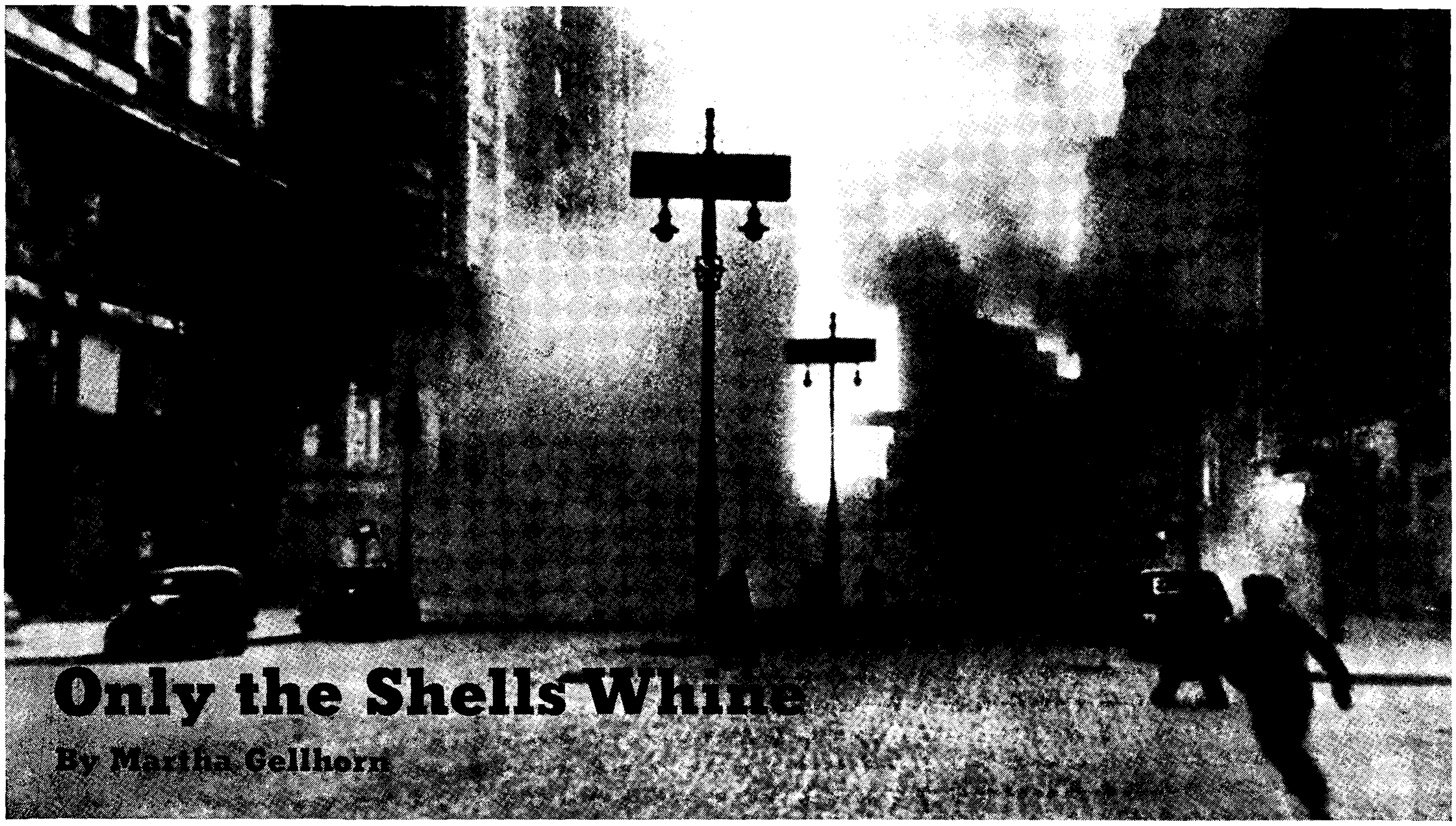
The little fellow, having added an order for picture frames to his warts, pens and emblems, could not resist a triumphant crow. He turned upon the disappointed lady.

"And maybe," he cried, "somebody else goes to jail for life for picture frames."

"Out," cried the Court.

Later we were a bit sorry that we hadn't followed them out. If they had been like the majority of the litigants coming before the Small Claims Court in Brooklyn that day, a settlement would be made—perhaps a dollar back and we keep the big gold frame or I

(Continued on page 56)



Only the Shells Whine

By Martha Gellhorn

ACME

Street Scene, A. D. 1937, Madrid. When the shells begin to burst in your street the thing to do is go somewhere else as quickly as possible

This is Madrid, a large city, a modern city. People are living here and doing business. Elevators run; children go to school (hurry at the next corner; it's a bad crossing). And men drink beer, pausing occasionally to listen (you can tell how close a shell is by its whine). You spend your days and nights in waiting—waiting for the shelling to begin or waiting for it to stop. Miss Gellhorn shows you what life is like when death stalks the streets—and frequently comes indoors

AT FIRST the shells went over: you could hear the thud as they left the Fascists' guns, a sort of groaning cough, then you heard them fluttering toward you. As they came closer the sound went faster and straighter and sharper and then, very fast, you heard the great booming noise when they hit.

But now, for I don't know how long—because time didn't mean much, they had been hitting on the street in front of the hotel, and on the corner, and to the left in the side street. When the shells hit that close, it was a different sound. The shells whistled toward you—it was as if they whirled at you—faster than you could imagine speed, and, spinning that way, they whined: the whine rose higher and quicker and was a close scream—and then they hit and it was like granite thunder. There wasn't anything to do, or anywhere to go: you could only wait. But waiting alone in a room that got dustier and dustier as the powdered cobblestones of the street floated into it was pretty bad.

I went downstairs into the lobby, practicing on the way how to breathe. You couldn't help breathing strangely, just taking the air into your throat and not being able to inhale it.

It seemed a little crazy to me to be living in a hotel, like a hotel in Des Moines or New Orleans, with a lobby and wicker chairs in the lounge, and signs on the door of your room telling you that they would press your clothes immediately and that meals served privately cost ten per cent more, and meantime it was like a trench when they lay down an artillery barrage. The whole place trembled to the explosion of the shells.

The concierge was in the lobby and he said to me, apologetically, "I regret this, Mademoiselle. It is not pleasant. I can guarantee you that the bombing in November was worse. However, it is regrettable."

I said yes, indeed, it was not very nice, was it? He said that perhaps I had better take a room in the back of the house, which might be safer. On the other hand, the rooms were not so agreeable; there was less air. I said of course there wouldn't be so much air. Then we stood in the lobby and listened.

You could only wait. All over Madrid, for fifteen days now, people had been waiting. You waited for the shelling to start, and for it to end, and for it to start again. It came from three directions, at any time, without warning and without purpose. Looking out the door, I saw people standing in doorways all around the square, just standing there patiently, and then suddenly a shell landed, and there was a fountain of granite cobblestones flying up into the air, and the silver lyddite smoke floated off softly.

ACME

You take your chances, for there is no shelter anywhere from the death that screams through the night and spreads destruction where it falls

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You have been through many bombardments; you have learned that you can tell, from the shriek of the oncoming shell, where it will land—sometimes

A little Spaniard with a lavender shirt, a ready-made bow tie and bright brown eyes was standing in the door watching this with interest. There was also no reason for the shells to stay out of the hotel. They could land inside that door as well as anywhere else. Another shell hit, halfway across the street, and a window broke gently and airily, making a lovely tinkling musical sound.

I was watching the people in the other doorways, as best I could, watching those immensely quiet, stretched faces. You had a feeling you had been waiting here forever, and yesterday you felt the same way. The little Spaniard said to me, "You don't like it?"

"No."

"Nothing," he said. "It is nothing. It will pass. In any case, you can only die once."

"Yes," I said, but without enthusiasm.

We stood there a moment, and there was silence. Before this the shells had been falling one a minute.

"Well," he said, "I think that is all. I have work to do. I am a serious man. I cannot spend my time waiting for shells. *Salud,*" he said, and walked out calmly into the street, and calmly crossed it.

Seeing him, some other men decided the shelling was finished too, and presently people were crossing that square, which now was pock-marked with great round holes, and littered with broken cobblestones and glass. An old woman with a market basket on her arm hurried down a side street. And two boys came around the corner, arm in arm, singing.

It's All Very Regrettable

I went back to my room, and again suddenly there came that whistle-whine-scream-roar and the noise was in your throat and you couldn't feel or hear or think and the building shook and seemed to settle. Outside in the hall, the maids were calling to one another, like birds, in high excited voices. The concierge ran upstairs looking concerned and shaking his head. On the floor above, we went into a room in which the lyddite smoke still hung mistily. There was nothing left in that room, the furniture was kindling wood, the walls were stripped and in places torn open, a great hole led into the next room and the bed was twisted iron and stood upright and silly against the wall.

"Oh, my," the concierge said miserably.

"Look, Conchita," one of the maids said to the other; "look at the hole there is in 219 too."

"Oh," one of the youngest maids said, "imagine, it has also spoiled the bathroom in 218."

The journalist who lived in that room had left for London the day before.

"Well," the concierge said, "there is nothing to do. It is very regrettable."

The maids went back to work. An aviator came down from the fifth floor. He said it was disgusting; he had two days leave and this sort of thing went on. Moreover, he said, a shell fragment had hit his room and broken all his toilet articles. It was inconsiderate; it wasn't right. He would now go out and have a beer. He waited at the door for a shell to land, and ran across the square, reaching the café across the street just before the next shell. You couldn't wait forever; you couldn't be careful all day.

Later, you could see people around Madrid examining the new shell holes with curiosity and wonder. Otherwise they went on with the routine of their lives, as if they had been interrupted by a heavy rainstorm but nothing more. In a café which was hit in the morning, where three men were killed sitting at a table reading their morning papers and drinking coffee, the clients came back in the afternoon. You went to Chicote's bar at the end of the day, walking up that street which was No Man's Land, where you could hear the shells whistling even when there was silence, and the bar was crowded as always. On the way you had passed a dead horse and a very dead mule, chopped with shell fragments, and you had passed crisscrossing trails of human blood on the pavement.

You would be walking down a street, hearing only the city noises of streetcars and automobiles and people calling to one another, and suddenly, crushing it all out, would be that huge stony deep booming of a falling shell, at the corner. There was no place to run, because how did you know that the next shell would not be behind you, or ahead, or to the left or right? And going indoors was fairly silly too, considering what shells can do to a house.

So perhaps you went into a store because that was what you had intended doing before all this started. Inside a shoe shop, five women are trying on shoes. Two girls are buying summery sandals, sitting by the front window of the shop. After the third close explosion, the salesman says politely: "I think we had better move farther back into the shop. The window might break and cut you."

Women are standing in line, as they do all over Madrid, quiet women, dressed usually in black, with market baskets on their arms, waiting to buy food. A shell falls across the square. They turn their heads to look, and move a little closer to the house, but no one leaves her place in line.

(Continued on page 64*)*

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Business will resume at this Madrid street corner tomorrow, when some of the litter is cleared away

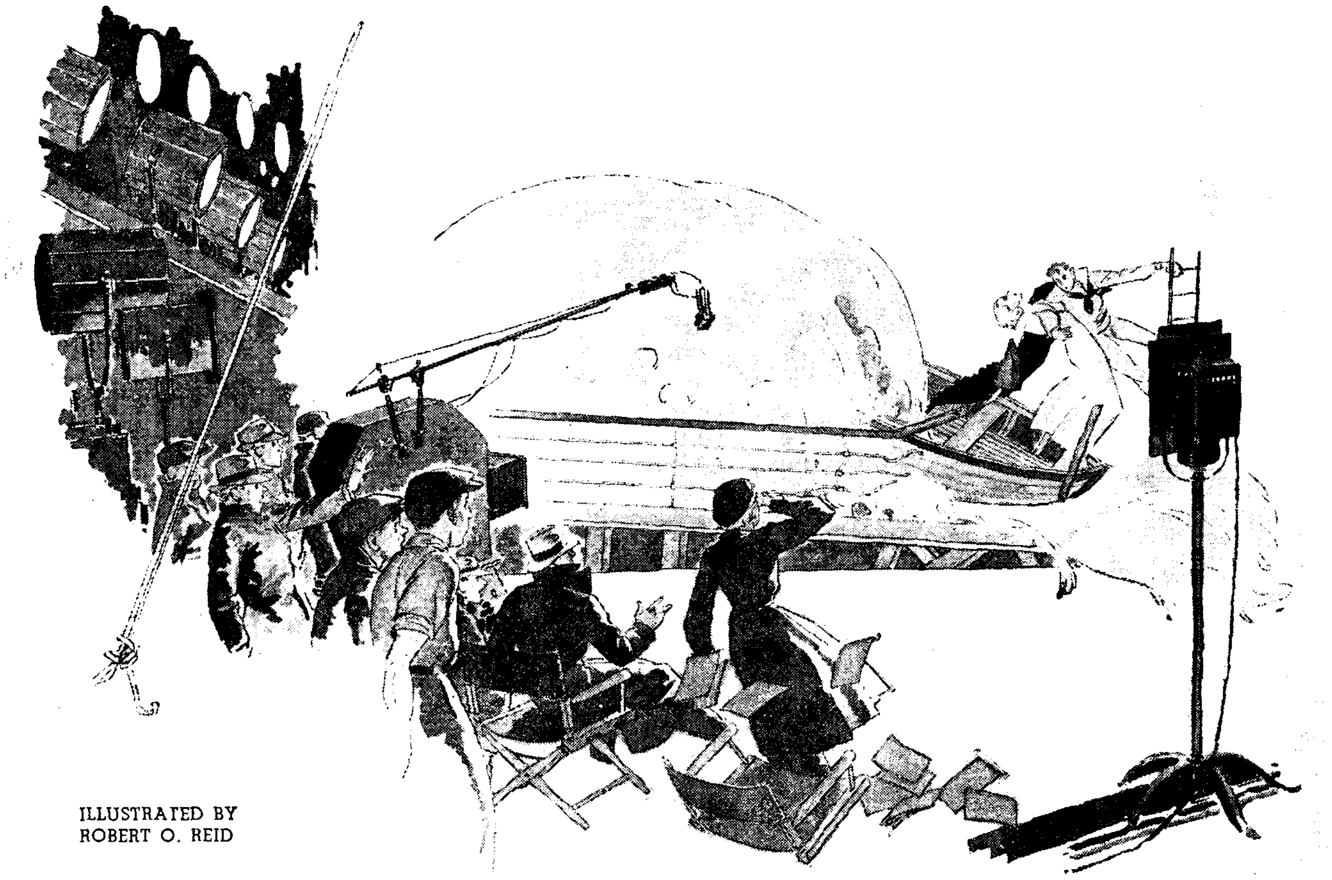
PIX

Home from the wars is this Spanish fighter—but only for lunch. His fighting front is just around the corner

Shipwreck by Arrangement

By Thomas Monroe

In which a Mr. MacAllister goes to sea against his better judgment. A refreshing tale of love and marine disaster, all of which happens in the magic confines of Hollywood



ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT O. REID

THE wall in front of me was painted a muddy shade of brown and there wasn't anything on it but a couple of white streaks where the plaster had cracked and a sign that said all extra talent must be hired through Central Casting. I wondered if they deliberately made those offices that depressing so you'd be discouraged and go away. Then I got up from that hard bench and walked around a few times; it was better than sitting down forever. I tapped on the glass panel and the girl at the switchboard slid it open.

"Hey, Irene," I said, "give Howard a ring again, will you? I've been here for hours."

The way she looked at me I knew she didn't think it would do any good but she pushed a plug in and pressed the key a couple of times. "Bob MacAllister's still here," she said and listened. Then she jerked the line out and let it drop.

"He says you'll have to wait a while or else come back in the morning." The board buzzed and she flipped another cam. "Casting," she said and slid the panel closed.

Well, it certainly didn't sound promising. Howard had been telling me for a month I was a cinch for the part but, after all, it's the director who has the final say. This guy Sterner was new and I didn't know him. And they'd been shooting for three days; it was about time I had an interview if I was going to work in the picture at all. It was getting late in the afternoon but when I got as far as the door I turned around and sat down again. Maybe Howard really was busy. I'd better wait.

The bench was getting hard enough to make me think about it when the door opened and a girl came in. She was a nice-looking kid even if she wasn't exactly the type to make producers start jumping around waving contracts. Her hair was pale yellow, like new corn silk, but it wasn't bright enough to photograph and she had that very fair skin you only begin to describe when you call it translucent. Well, that wouldn't photograph especially either. But she was slim and graceful and she had a little straight nose with a flock of tiny golden freckles around it. I especially liked the freckles.

SHE looked around the office as if she were scared and then she crossed to the window and tapped on the glass at Irene. She tapped very gently. "Please," she said, "may I see Mr. Bello? I'm Miss Reyburn and I think he expects me."

The way she said it nobody else would think so. Certainly not Irene. Girls trying to crash pictures weren't new to her.

"Casting's between nine and twelve," she said. "You'd better come back then."

"But I'm sure he's expecting me." Sure, she probably had a letter from her home-town exhibitor. She was the type to make a big hit playing Grazia in Death Takes a Holiday in the local Little Theater. I heard Irene ringing Howard but evidently he didn't answer.

"He's stepped out of his office," Irene said. "You can sit down and wait if you want to." She didn't sound hopeful.

"Thank you." The girl sat down on the bench facing me. She opened her bag and I could guess she was looking for a cigarette. She didn't find one.

I thought I saw her look over at me but I was in a spot. I had only some loose ones in my pocket from that pack I'd split with Jerry and they were a little battered. Then I turned so she couldn't see me and investigated. A couple of them were pretty fair so I pulled them out as if I were fishing them out of a pack and stuck one in my mouth. Then I held up the other one to her and grinned. She smiled back and I walked over and handed it to her.

"I knew that was what you wanted," I said. She was leaning over when I held out my lighter for her and I could see the back of her neck. There were little golden freckles there, too.

"Thanks." She blew the smoke out as if she hadn't had one for a long time. "I just ran out."

Yeah, I thought, ran out of cash. I sat down on the bench alongside her and said, "I'm glad you came in; I was getting lonesome. I've been waiting for Howard an hour myself."

"Oh! Do you always have to wait?"

I decided her eyes might come over all right with a good make-up, they were a nice clear blue. "Sure," I said, "unless he wants to see you. Mostly it's a way of telling you no business. But nobody ever says that right out in Hollywood; it's against all precedent."

She looked serious for a minute. "Yes," she said, "so I've heard. And other things."

"Other things?" She was looking for a place to drop her ashes and I reached over and tapped them off on the floor. "Like what?"

"Oh, people saying what they don't mean and making promises they don't keep—things like that."

"Well, I guess they do that everywhere," I said, "but I'll admit there seems to be a high percentage of it here. I ought to know!" I was a little sore at the world right then.

"I'm sorry." She looked as though she really meant it. Then her face brightened up as if she'd found a gold mine. "Ooh!" she said. "I *thought* you looked familiar! Didn't you play in The Lancer? The young lieutenant who gets killed? Why, you were marvelous!"

"That was quite a while ago," I said, "and I only wish a few directors had as good a memory as you have." But I couldn't help grinning the way she got excited about it. It made me feel good to have her remember.

SHE was wrinkling up the clear skin between her straight eyebrows. "Of course, I *wouldn't* remember your name," she said. "I'm embarrassed."

"You shouldn't be," I told her, "it isn't that important. And it's Robert MacAllister—Bob to you, please."

"Mine's Ann Reyburn." She was having trouble with the cigarette again and then she dropped it on the floor and stepped on it. "See? I'm getting used to Hollywood customs already. No doubt of *my* being a success!" She leaned back on the bench and laughed. She was completely natural about it, kidding herself, and I thought she was swell. Much too good to have this town ruin her. I dropped my cigarette and leaned over to her.

"Look," I said, "this is none of my business but I can't help saying it. I'll bet you come from some nice small town and you've got a family there and people that love you. Right?"

She nodded her head so the blond curls shook.

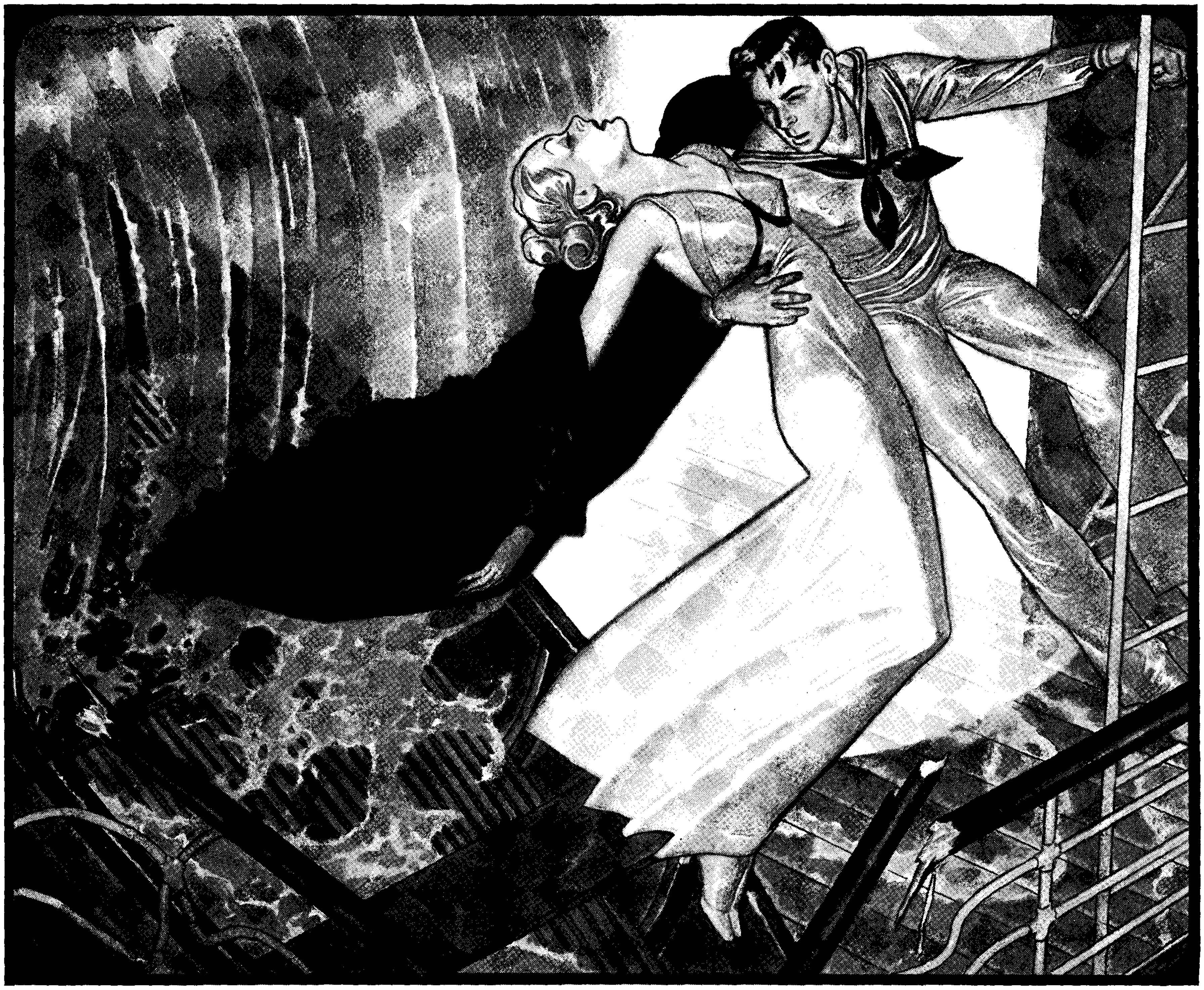
"All right," I said, "go on back there. Go back there before you find out what it is to bang your head against concrete walls and get nothing for it but the bruises. Before you find out how rotten people can be to you—and before you learn the things you'll be asked to do to get a job." I was pretty well wound up by this time. But she was listening.

"I'm saying this to you because I think you're sweet. Well, you won't stay that way long if you try to earn a living around the studios from the outside looking in. You won't—"

The door from the inner offices opened and a little black-haired guy came out. He looked at us and walked through to the outside corridor and opened the door to the street. I looked at Ann and grinned. That broke it.

The little guy was calling to the lads that always hung around outside the casting office waiting to pick up last-minute calls on Westerns and action pictures. His voice was so big it surprised you.

"Billy!" he said. "Ambrose, Slim, you other three guys with the boots on. C'mere!"



I had time only to grab her in one arm and make a running jump for that iron ladder when it hit. It smashed right on through the rail

I could hear their feet scuffling outside. I was glad there was something for us to listen to; I was a little embarrassed at sounding off like that.

"I need some guys who don't mind getting soaked." It was the little guy. "It's ten bucks. How about it?"

"Whattya mean—our own clothes?" One of the cowboys evidently had his pet chaps on.

"No, you'll get them from Wardrobe. Okay? Lemme get your names."

I looked at Ann and she was listening as if she'd never heard of anything like that before. "That's Hollywood," I said; "that's what I'm talking about. You'll be doing jobs like that—and crying to get 'em. I'd take that myself if I could—don't think that ten bucks doesn't look big to me!"

She stared at me. "You mean you really need it?"

I laughed but it wasn't because I was amused. "You think I *don't!*" I said. "I get a hundred a day—when I work. But right now that ten looks bigger than all the promises!"

"Well, why don't you take it?" It was as simple as all that to this little girl from the country.

"Couldn't be done. Somebody'd spot me and I'd be right back in the extra class. Once you're up you can't slip, even if you starve."

The black-haired guy came in with the cowboys trailing him. Ann threw a quick look at me and stood up. "Well," she said, "I'm not up very far yet." She walked over to the little guy. "Please," she said, "must it be all men? Couldn't I do it?"

So that was the way it was! The black-haired guy got the idea too, for he hesitated a minute and then nodded.

"Okay, sister," he said, "what's your name?"

She told him and then she turned around and grinned at me. It was the grin that did it. I couldn't let her do that job alone.

I CAUGHT the little guy at the door. "Put me down too, will you?" I asked him. "Jack Smith."

"All right." He wrote it down and I followed Ann through the door. I was afraid to turn around and see if Irene had been looking. That would have killed me.

Ann was grinning up at me as we walked down the studio street. "Attaboy, Jack," she said. Now that she'd got me into it, I could have spanked her. It was a cinch somebody'd see me with this bunch of street-corner cowboys, and then where would I be? I looked at her as tough as I could.

"My name isn't Jack," I said, "but it's going to be mud before I'm through with this." I jammed my hands in my pockets and walked along but she didn't scare much. She took my arm and she was still grinning.

"Now, Bob," she said, "we're going to have fun." The lights were coming on and she looked the lot as eager as a kid at a circus. "What's that?"

"That, my little one, is a sound stage. Where they make the little black and white pictures that talk." I couldn't stay mad at her long, nobody could. Not this youngster.

We went in Wardrobe and they gave us some old sailor outfits. So it was going to be a ship. Oh, a storm scene on a ship! I'd heard they could be plenty tough, though I'd never worked in one. Well, anything went from now on. We changed in a dressing room and I went over to the women's side and waited for Ann.

She came out in an evening dress with a wrap around her. The dress was pretty bad but the wrap was black velvet and she looked cute in it.

"That's a fine costume to get drowned in," I told her, "but that black makes you look swell." She gave me a look that made me feel I was at least Zanuck offering her a contract. She was really bucking me up, that girl.

There was a bus waiting for us and I knew we were going out to the ranch. Well, it would be cold out in the valley but it was all right with me. I had less chance of running into someone I knew. That is—outside the cast of the picture itself. It was really dark by the time we got out of Hollywood and started up the San Fernando. I was beginning to get hungry.

THE black-haired guy was sitting in front of me and I asked him what director we were working for. "Sterner," he said. Good Lord, that was the job I was supposed to get—a three-week part! Well, it was too late now. Nothing I could do—except try and keep my face out of the camera.

We drove in the entrance to the ranch and stopped. A couple of the boys made a break for the lunch wagon but the little guy called them back. We'd get sandwiches and coffee on the set, he said. That was all right with me; I didn't have any dough anyway. I took Ann's arm and we walked over the rough ground. The set was quite a ways out and there were canvas partitions around it that cut off the light.

(Continued on page 40)

[illegible]

THE big bungalow of the Carstairs and Company's plantation on Chatham Island, between British New Guinea and the German-owned Bismarck Archipelago, was brilliantly lighted tonight. Houseboys in bright-patterned sarongs moved noiselessly about their services, their frizzy mops of hair decked with flowers and their faces, incongruously enough, fear-strained and beaded with sweat.

It was uncomfortably hot. Giant moths and night flies beat fruitlessly against the window and veranda screens, while beyond, outside where the velvet black of the tropical night pressed down, the jungle gave forth the never-ceasing hum of myriad insect life. Even more. It gave forth also the muted thunder of drums, and Herr Goddefrey, the apple-cheeked, bristly haired and bespectacled scientist from German New Guinea, who had joined the after-dinner poker game, lifted his face from his cards for a moment and listened with eagerness.

"Ach," he said with real regret, in his precise English, "to understand the drums. But what white man has accomplished that?"

Captain Carstairs, better known through all the islands as Wallaby Jim, removed his cheroot and laughed.

"I knew one man who claimed to understand drum talk," he said easily. "Only one. A gone-native American in the Carolines. He was found without his head one day and unpleasant things had been done to him before he died. He knew too much."

"That is too bad," said Herr Goddefrey. He studied his cards and raised the pot. Chang See, the Chinese pearl buyer, pushed forward chips to stay. Leferve, the *bêche-de-mer* fisher, dropped out and Stan Collins, the New Zealander, who was a minor government official at Port Moresby, now on leave, raised again to the limit. Wallaby Jim threw in his hand and lighted a fresh cheroot while Herr Goddefrey called and took the money.

"The colonial policy is all wrong," he chattered on happily as he shuffled the cards. "Firmness, yes. That is necessary. But there is too much unwarranted brutality. Shooting, flogging. I do not approve. I have spent ten years in the islands and I have always found the natives kindly and to be reasoned with. I have never had occasion to carry a gun."

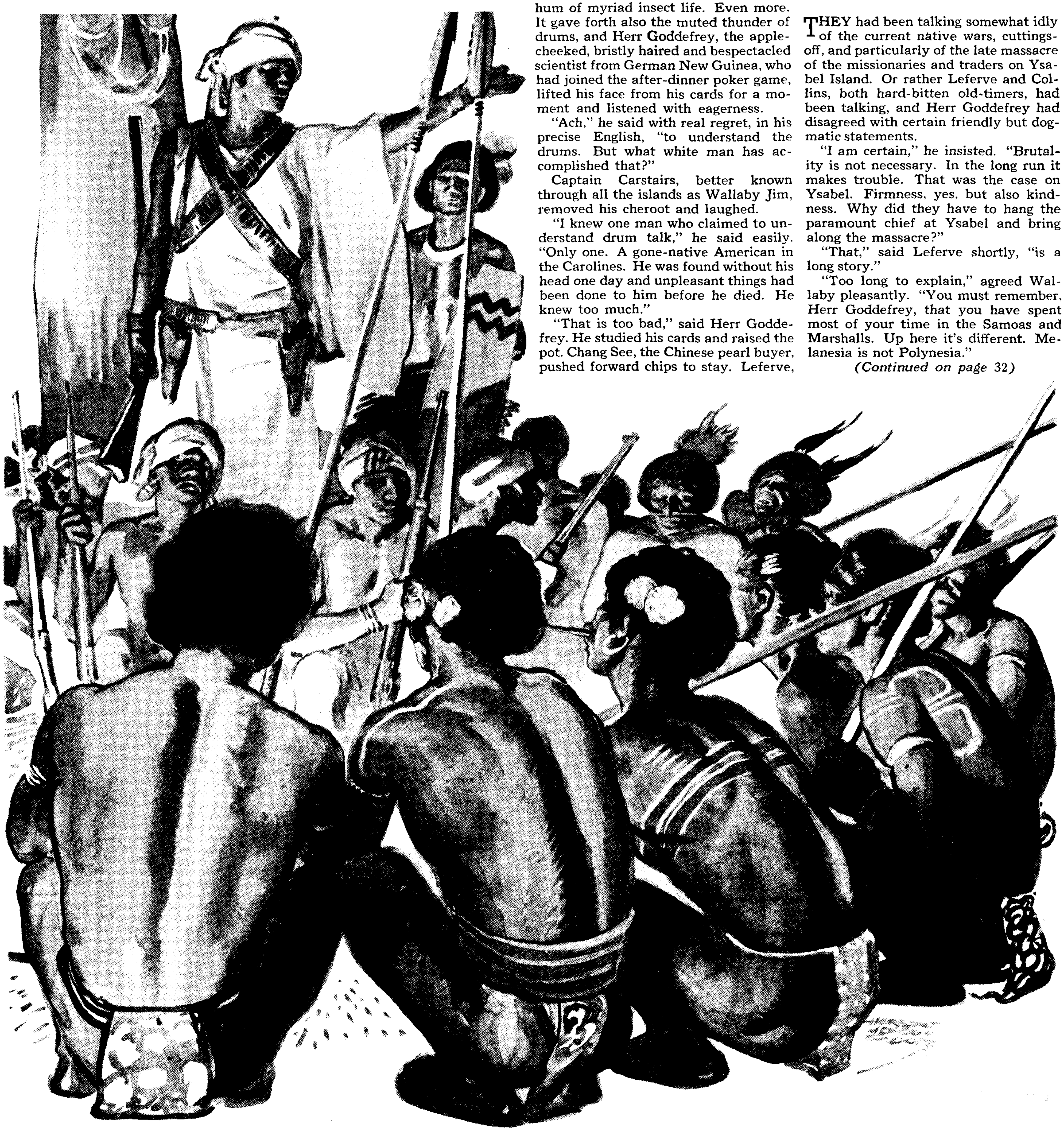
THEY had been talking somewhat idly of the current native wars, cuttings-off, and particularly of the late massacre of the missionaries and traders on Ysabel Island. Or rather Leferve and Collins, both hard-bitten old-timers, had been talking, and Herr Goddefrey had disagreed with certain friendly but dogmatic statements.

"I am certain," he insisted. "Brutality is not necessary. In the long run it makes trouble. That was the case on Ysabel. Firmness, yes, but also kindness. Why did they have to hang the paramount chief at Ysabel and bring along the massacre?"

"That," said Leferve shortly, "is a long story."

"Too long to explain," agreed Wallaby pleasantly. "You must remember, Herr Goddefrey, that you have spent most of your time in the Samoas and Marshalls. Up here it's different. Melanesia is not Polynesia."

(Continued on page 32)

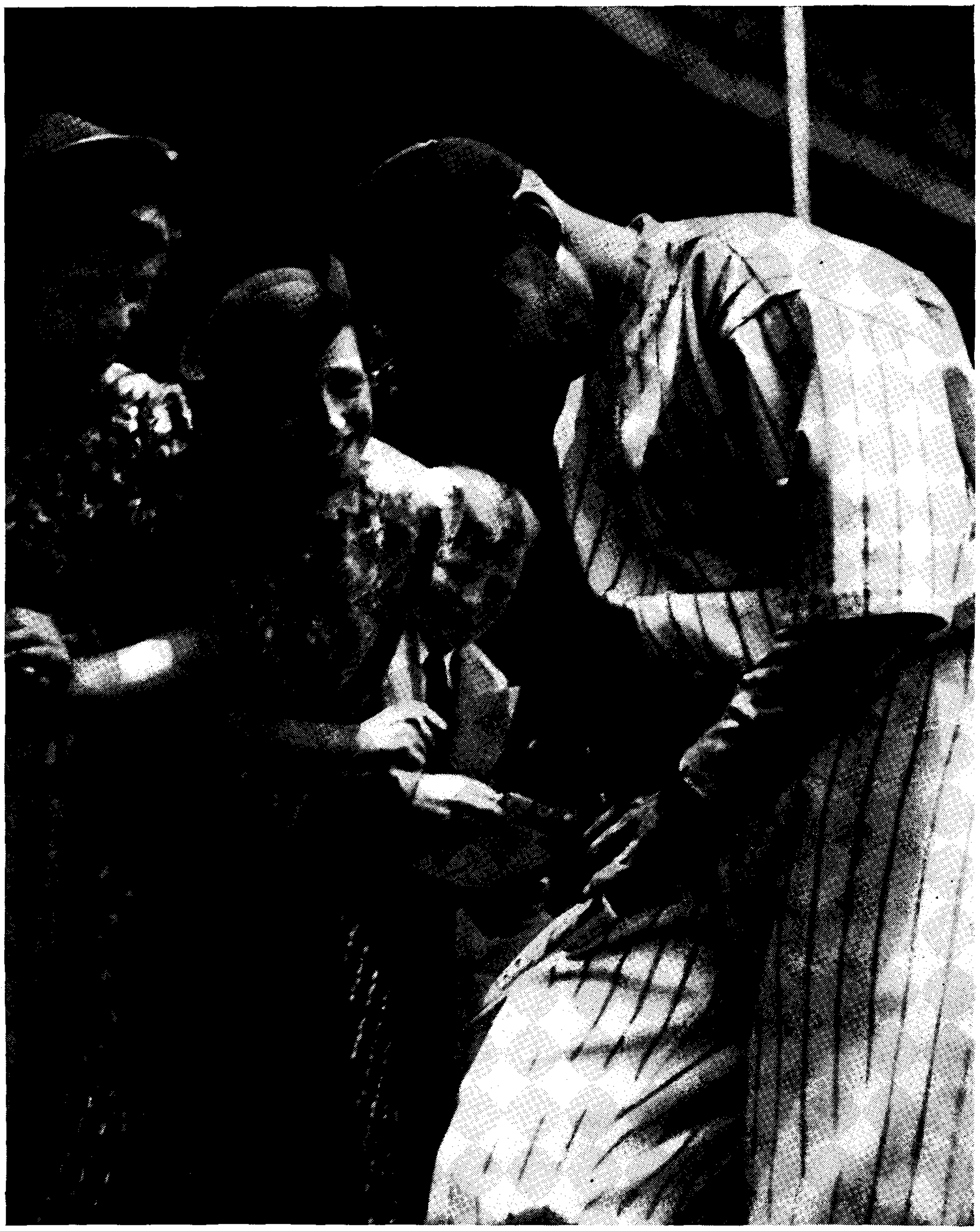


A white-robed figure was on its feet haranguing two semicircles of savages

Free Agent

By Rud Rennie

Tom Henrich, a minor-league ballplayer, wrote a letter to Judge Landis and presto! eight major-league managers were after him. He speared the highest offer. Now he is with the world champions, the New York Yankees. Here is his success formula


COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHS

The New York Yankee fans have made newcomer Tom Henrich one of their heroes

THE conductor of the one-o'clock train out of Chicago for Milwaukee on the afternoon of April 14th had an idea the three men in the middle of the car were in baseball. The youngest of the three probably was a player. He had the appearance of an outdoor athlete.

The conductor was friendly and curious. As he took the young man's ticket he said:

"You a ballplayer, mister?"

The young man nodded, smiling. His eyes were clear and blue and steady and alive with excitement.

"What's your name?"

"Tom Henrich."

"Are you with Milwaukee?"

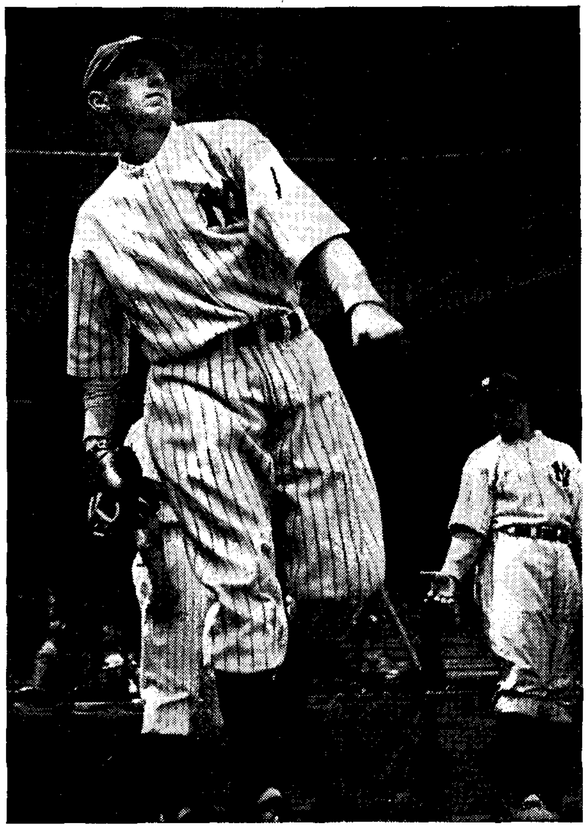
"Not any more."

There was an exultant ring in Tom Henrich's voice as he pronounced the words, "Not any more." He had been itching to tell it to someone, anyone. This was his first opportunity to impart the tremendous news.

"I'm a free agent."

Kenesaw M. Landis, Baseball Commissioner, had made his decision in the Henrich case not fifteen minutes ago. He had found that the Cleveland club of the American League had been keeping Henrich, a young outfielder, under cover in Zanesville, Monessen, New Orleans and Milwaukee in violation of baseball etiquette.

As a free agent Henrich was at liberty to sell his services to the highest bidder. He belonged to no one, and he was on his way to Milwaukee with Louis Nahin, business manager of the Milwaukee club, and Allan Sothoron, manager of the team, only to pick up his baseball shoes and his glove and get his trunk. Then he would go home to Massillon, Ohio, to await developments.



Henrich was twenty-one. He had been in organized baseball only three years—years in which he had attracted the enthusiastic attention of major-league scouts, who are forever on the lookout for promising young baseball players.

Free, Unattached and in Demand

Henrich showed all sorts of promise, far more than the average player of his brief experience. He had batted .326 for Monessen and .337 for Zanesville. In seventeen games at the end of the 1935 season he had hit .333 for New Orleans. And in his full 1936 season with the New Orleans club he had hit the ball for an average of .346 and had led the Southern Association in total bases with .328.

He could run. He could throw. He fielded ground balls like an infielder and he had rolled up an interesting total of assists—twenty-eight in 1934; twenty for Zanesville in 1935; and thirty-one for New Orleans in 1936.

Up to this time his biggest thrill had come one day in Monessen. The score was 6 to 0 against Monessen in the seventh inning. Then the opposition's pitchers walked six men in succession, forcing in three runs, and Henrich came up with the bases filled and hit a home run which won the game, 7 to 6.

James Gold, mayor of Monessen and president of the ball club, was so delighted he invited Henrich to dinner. Gold ate in Johnson's Restaurant and had two men with him when Henrich appeared.

"I had a big T-bone steak with all the trimmings," Henrich said. "Gold and his friends were drinking beer. When I had finished the steak they asked me what I wanted to drink. I said I didn't want anything to drink but I'd take a pineapple sundae. They kept drinking beer and I kept eating pineapple sundaes. I had five of them. It was a great day: winning the ball game with a home run and having a big steak and five pineapple sundaes."

But Landis' decision gave him the biggest thrill of all. Suddenly he was no longer a minor-leaguer at the mercy of his employers: he was a person of importance, a talented and desirable young ballplayer of Class A-1 experience who was at liberty to listen to the inducements of major-league clubs and accept whichever he pleased.

Henrich rode to Milwaukee tingling with expectancy. Sothoron gave him advice out of his store of baseball knowledge:

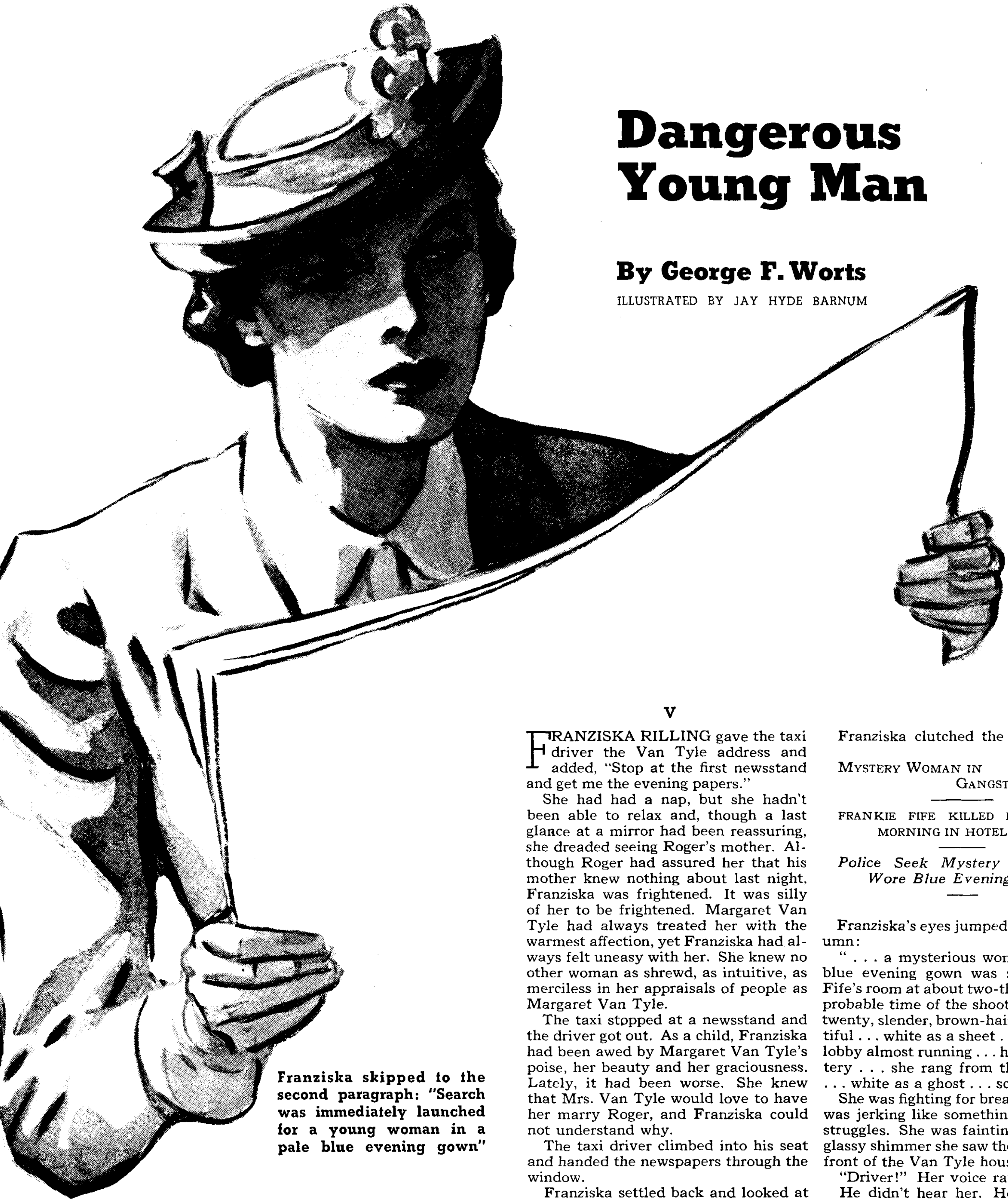
"Join up with a good club, a club that's always in the money. Don't jump at the first offer."

It was sound advice; but *(Continued on page 61)*

Dangerous Young Man

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



Franziska skipped to the second paragraph: "Search was immediately launched for a young woman in a pale blue evening gown"

The Story Thus Far:

A GANG of racketeers—including Frankie Fife (alias Frank Merricka), Steve Tetlow and Roderico Hova—are in need of a "society girl" to assist them in their plot to blackmail Jane Griffin, a New York debutante. They find just the girl they want in Franziska Rilling, who is in debt and who is losing the man she loves, Roger Van Tyle, to Jane. She promises to take Jane to Hova's apartment, in the course of a party at Lazarre's.

But Peter Banyard, a rich young Nevadan who is anxious to meet Franziska, crashes the party, and in the course of a wild evening succeeds in rescuing Jane. To his amazement, however, Franziska—who had snubbed him on a plane coming East, who had insulted him at the party—rewards him by telling him he is a crook! The explanation, furnished by his valet, Oliver Hooper (an old family servitor), is simple: Peter has a twin brother—the notorious racketeer, "Charles Dunkin!". . .

Lunching with Roger Van Tyle, Franziska tells him that Peter Banyard is, in reality, Charles Dunkin. Dunkin, she says, is a blackmailer who preys on society girls. She labels Peter Banyard's rescue of Jane Griffin as "phony;" she says that the so-called Peter Banyard was in cahoots with the plotters!

She makes it appear that she, too, was an innocent victim of the gang. As a matter of fact, she had slipped away from Hova's apartment, gone to Frank Merricka's—and found the man dead, murdered! And she is in terror lest the identity of the "mysterious woman" in the case be discovered.

Van Tyle wastes no time. Knowing that Jane Griffin is deeply grateful to the man who calls himself Peter Banyard and suspecting that she may be falling in love with him, Van Tyle warns her against Peter. Jane is skeptical. "If I prove he's a crook," Van Tyle says, "will you drop him?" Jane smiles. "I'll consider it," she replies, quietly. . . .

Meanwhile, Charles Dunkin (who is in New York) has learned of the part his twin brother, Peter Banyard, has played in the blackmailing episode. He has made his plans accordingly. . . . Two detectives, probing Merricka's death, interrogate Peter. They leave. "Did Miss Rilling wear a pale blue evening gown, Mr. Banyard?" Oliver inquires. "Yes," Peter answers. "Even so, how could they trace her?" Oliver smiles. "They have ways of finding things out, sir. Sooner or later they'll find her."

V

FRANZISKA RILLING gave the taxi driver the Van Tyle address and added, "Stop at the first newsstand and get me the evening papers."

She had had a nap, but she hadn't been able to relax and, though a last glance at a mirror had been reassuring, she dreaded seeing Roger's mother. Although Roger had assured her that his mother knew nothing about last night, Franziska was frightened. It was silly of her to be frightened. Margaret Van Tyle had always treated her with the warmest affection, yet Franziska had always felt uneasy with her. She knew no other woman as shrewd, as intuitive, as merciless in her appraisals of people as Margaret Van Tyle.

The taxi stopped at a newsstand and the driver got out. As a child, Franziska had been awed by Margaret Van Tyle's poise, her beauty and her graciousness. Lately, it had been worse. She knew that Mrs. Van Tyle would love to have her marry Roger, and Franziska could not understand why.

The taxi driver climbed into his seat and handed the newspapers through the window.

Franziska settled back and looked at the first paper:

GANGSTER FOUND SLAIN
IN HOTEL ROOM

MYSTERY SHROUDS SHOOTING OF
FRANKIE FIFE

*Police Search for Woman Who
Wore Blue Evening Gown*

Franziska skipped to the second paragraph:

"Search was immediately launched for a young woman in a pale blue evening gown who was seen entering the gangster's room on the twelfth floor at about two-thirty last night. She left a few minutes later . . . described to police . . . as a slender, beautiful brunette of about twenty, with an air of refinement . . ."

Franziska clutched the other paper:

MYSTERY WOMAN IN
GANGSTER MURDER

FRANKIE FIFE KILLED EARLY THIS
MORNING IN HOTEL ROOM

*Police Seek Mystery Girl Who
Wore Blue Evening Gown*

Franziska's eyes jumped down the column:

" . . . a mysterious woman in a pale blue evening gown was seen entering Fife's room at about two-thirty A. M., the probable time of the shooting . . . about twenty, slender, brown-haired and beautiful . . . white as a sheet . . . crossed the lobby almost running . . . her air of mystery . . . she rang from the tenth floor . . . white as a ghost . . . scared . . ."

She was fighting for breath. Her heart was jerking like something in its death struggles. She was fainting. Through a glassy shimmer she saw the chaste white front of the Van Tyle house.

"Driver!" Her voice rattled.

He didn't hear her. He was pulling in to the curb.

"Driver! Driver!"

He looked around. "Ain't this right, miss?"

"Drive into the park. Drive around. I'm too early—much too early."

CHARLIE DUNKIN paced up and down the room in long, pantherish strides. He had a feverish look. His blue eyes were sultry. The shades were up and the sun was shining in.

"Go on," Steve Tetlow said. "Think harder." He was lying on his back on the couch, gazing at the ceiling.

"I am thinking," Egypt said plaintively. "I can see him as plain as I can see you."

"There must be some difference," Charlie Dunkin said.

Egypt sat in a chair with his chest pouting and his large round chin pulled in. His rust-colored eyebrows, so high up on his forehead, and the stiff brush of rust-colored hair that grew forward over his beady red eyes gave him a look of childish anxiety.

"There is some difference," he said. "You walk just like him, and your smile is like his, the way it starts in at one corner of your mouth and goes across slow. But when your face is resting you got a hard look he ain't got. He's hard in a different way. He has a kind of a deliberate way about him, but I have a hunch that when he goes into action he's as fast as you are."

"How about his hair?" Charlie said.

"Well, it's a little bit lighter on top than yours, but it has the same sort of long wave to it. He's a little more sunburned-lookin' than you are, but not much, and he has those same kind of hot-lookin' eyes."

"Didn't he wear a hat?"

"Yes, but he had it off while he was talkin' to 'em. He didn't put it on until he walked away."

"You said his voice is like mine," Charlie said.

"Yeah. Just like yours."

"But does he talk like I do?"

"He talks like a gentleman, if you know what I mean."

"No," Charlie said dryly; "I don't, but I'll pretend to."

"Aw, don't rib me now, Charlie. I'm doin' my best. He talks like all these society guys talk. You know—easy and slangy. You're more dignified, or—or formal—or sumpin. He talks more like Franchot Tone and you talk more like John Barrymore."

"What difference does it make?" Tetlow asked.

Charlie paced up and down, biting his lower lip and glancing at Egypt every time he turned.

"I could use more slang."

TETLOW pushed himself up on his elbows and looked at him.

"So that's it."

"It's only an idea, Steve. How about that sunburned look, Egypt? Could I take his place? That's what I'm getting at."

"Do you mean, could you double for him?"

"Exactly."

Egypt considered him soberly. "Sure, you could, Charlie. Hot water would give you a sunburned look, and peroxide and lemon juice would fix the top of your hair. I knew a lifeguard down at Rockaway oncet. When the season started he used to stand in a shower so hot it would almost take your skin off till he was fit to drop, and when he came out he had the swellest sunburn you ever seen. You just stand in the hot water and let it get hotter and hotter."

"All right," Charlie said gravely. "He must resemble me pretty closely or he wouldn't have fooled Roderico and Wicky last night—and you today. You saw him in broad daylight."

"We're satisfied on that, Charlie," Tetlow drawled. "So what?"

"Well, as I see it, here we have a marvelous opportunity. It will be easy to use him. The only question is, how. If Egypt is right, I can take his place anywhere."

"Go on," Tetlow said sourly.

"He has what I need most—social entrée. And don't forget Franziska Rilling. We can depend on her."

"Wait a minute, Charlie. That girl froze her feet."

"I'll warm her feet. I can use her—and I can be Peter Banyard any time I wish. The question is how. Last night taught us a lesson."

Tetlow nodded firmly. "Yes, and who said from the start to stick to our own business?"

CHARLIE stopped pacing and looked at him. He said quietly, "How did I know my long-lost brother would break in there? Offhand, can you think of anything more unlikely? Will you stop interrupting me? I'm trying to work something out."

"My apologies."

"Don't be sarcastic. As I see it, the Griffins will be so suspicious that it would be impossible to try to make it work a second time. Kidnaping is out of the question. What's left?"

Tetlow sat up again. "What have I been saying all along? The only safe thing is the thing we know. We know jewels. And let's not bother with complicated ideas."

"It woulda been kinda nice, though," Egypt said, "not having to peddle hot ice."

Tetlow nodded. "Yes. That's what Frankie said. I said jewels are safe. I still say it."

"All right," Charlie said. "Jewels. Nothing but jewels. We'll watch my brother and make our plans accordingly."

Tetlow sighed. "There you go! Your brother! Another complicated idea."

"It won't be complicated. It will be bulletproof."

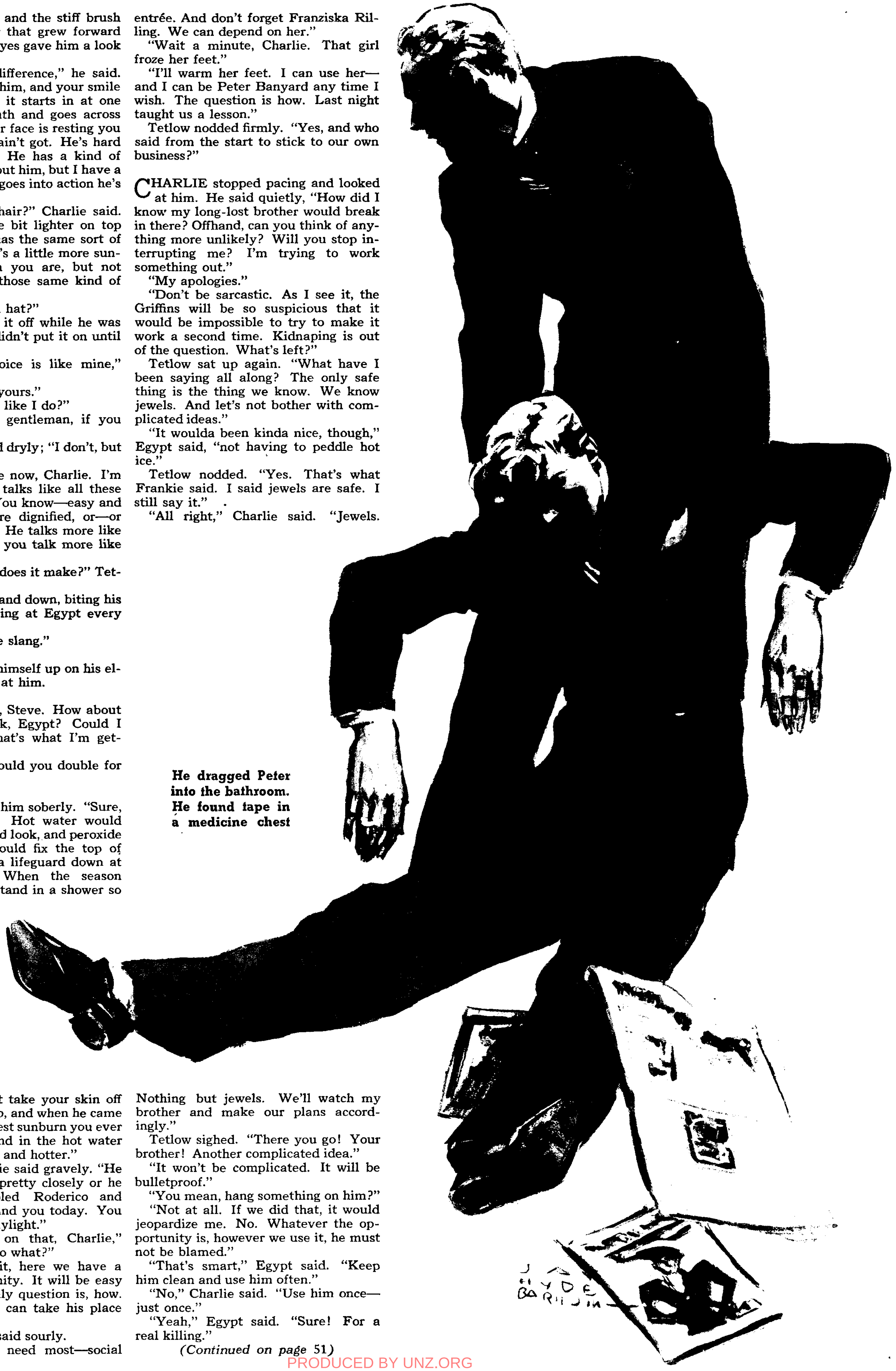
"You mean, hang something on him?"

"Not at all. If we did that, it would jeopardize me. No. Whatever the opportunity is, however we use it, he must not be blamed."

"That's smart," Egypt said. "Keep him clean and use him often."

"No," Charlie said. "Use him once—just once."

"Yeah," Egypt said. "Sure! For a real killing."



He dragged Peter into the bathroom. He found tape in a medicine chest

(Continued on page 51)

First Love

By Henry Anton Steig

The woes of Mrs. Jerry Leyden, who didn't appreciate swing time, and Mr. Jerry Leyden, who gave her something else to think about. Virtuosity in the home of a champion of the bull fiddle

AFTER the show, Jerry had been so eager to go to the Chilton Hotel for a bite, a drink and a dance, that Rhoda hadn't been able to refuse. Besides, it seemed safe; she was sure that he had been successfully weaned away from his former interests. But after they had found a table in the Gold Room and she had had a chance to note his reactions, she wondered whether it would not have been wiser to have gone right home with him from the theater.

Jerry had eyes only for Bunny Porter's swing band. "Same old Bunny," he said. "Watch him make that box talk! Did you ever hear such a dirty left hand? And Paul on suitcase—what a drummer! What a band! All riffers, even better than when I was with them."

"A club sandwich," Rhoda said to the waiter, "a Manhattan and then coffee."

Jerry, lost in the brilliantly rhythmic waves of sound, didn't hear the waiter ask, "And what will the gentleman have?"

"Jerry!" Rhoda said a bit sharply.

"Oh, pardon me. Double it, please," Jerry said to the waiter. Then to Rhoda: "This music is too good to waste. How about a few turns on the floor?"

Dancing with Rhoda past the bandstand, Jerry waved to the musicians and to pretty Anne Morris, singer with the band, who had just come forward to the microphone to sing a chorus. Anne smiled at him and the musicians who had noticed his greeting warmly acknowledged, it. Jerry sighed, resignedly, and guided Rhoda around a pillar. He rubbed his cheek against hers.

"Gee, Honey," he said, "you haven't got rusty at all. I knew you'd snap into the old form as soon as you got a dose of this shake music. Come on, let's see if you can still do the Lindy!"

"No, please, I'd rather not," she said.

Jerry didn't coax because he knew it was futile. Six months of marriage had made an almost unbelievable change in Rhoda. Strange how that slim, girlish figure and round, childish face could be made to express grave stateliness merely by the substitution of one set of mannerisms for another. For Jerry she was much too consciously The Wife.

AT THE end of the tune, Jerry joined in the applause that came from the crowd of happy dancers. "I don't feel like dancing any more," Rhoda said, as the band swung into another selection. Disappointedly, Jerry took her back to their table. Food and drink were waiting for them. They sipped their cocktails.

"Boy, wouldn't it be fun to slap the old doghouse around again—just for a coupla numbers!" Jerry said. His face saddened. "You know I miss it, don't you, Rhoda?"

"Nonsense! You're a businessman now."

"I wonder," Jerry said.

He was thinking of the promise he had made to Rhoda before they were married, that he would abandon the bass viol and try to become a successful businessman. That was what he had started out to do, years ago, anyway. As Rhoda argued, the bass viol had been intended only as a means to an end: to help him earn his way through college. That he had pursued his music for a long time after he had won his bachelor's degree in business administration seemed to her to have been a criminal waste of time. She could not understand it. But the explanation was simple enough. Jerry hadn't met Rhoda until four years after he had got out of college. He had been satisfied to remain a musician, had, in fact, completely forgotten the degree. But Rhoda had changed all that. He was still a young man—only twenty-five—and her uncle, John Bailey of the Bailey Sporting-Goods Company, had room in his firm for a bright young man who could be counted on to keep the best interests of the business at heart. Fifty dollars was a good initial salary. Jerry had taken the job, married Rhoda, and they had settled down in a small midtown apartment. Jerry's salary was expected to be increased steadily and, for Rhoda at least, the outlook was bright. Uncle John would have to retire some day. All Jerry had to do was to be a good boy and mark time for ten or fifteen years. But he was already tired of being a good boy.

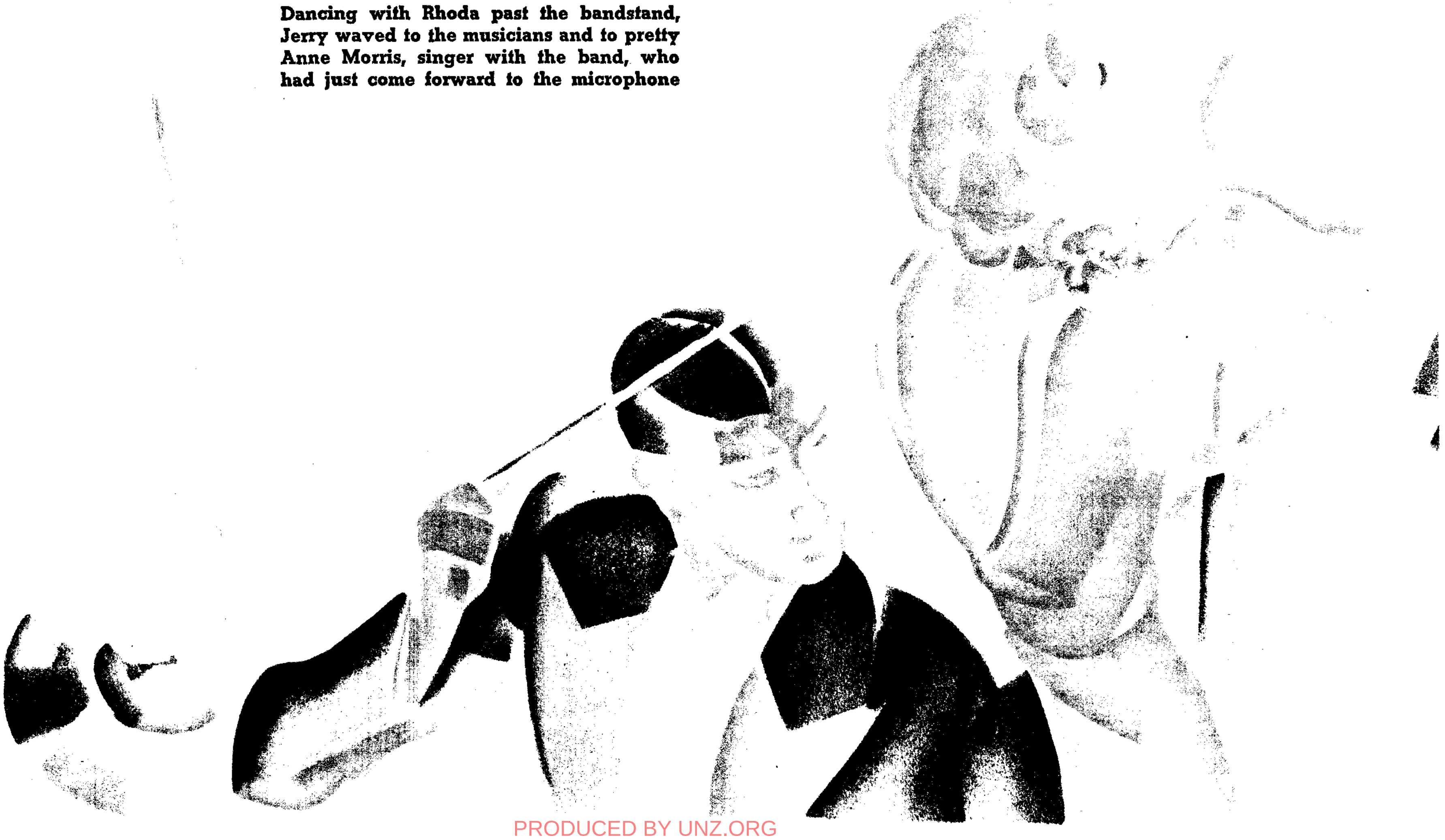
"Must we go over the whole thing again?" Rhoda wearily said.

"No—I guess we'll always be like that about swing," said Jerry, raising a hand with two fingers extended and spread apart as far as possible.

"How can you even dream of going back to that crazy life?" Rhoda said. "Working nights and sleeping days!"

"Yeah, I know. According to you, musicians are just a bunch of night owls. But lots of them are married and they seem to get along all right. They adjust their lives accordingly. Work late, sleep late. It's really quite simple."

"I could never get used to it—never being able to go anywhere evenings. It's not normal and swing isn't worth the sacrifice. It isn't even serious music.



Dancing with Rhoda past the bandstand, Jerry waved to the musicians and to pretty Anne Morris, singer with the band, who had just come forward to the microphone

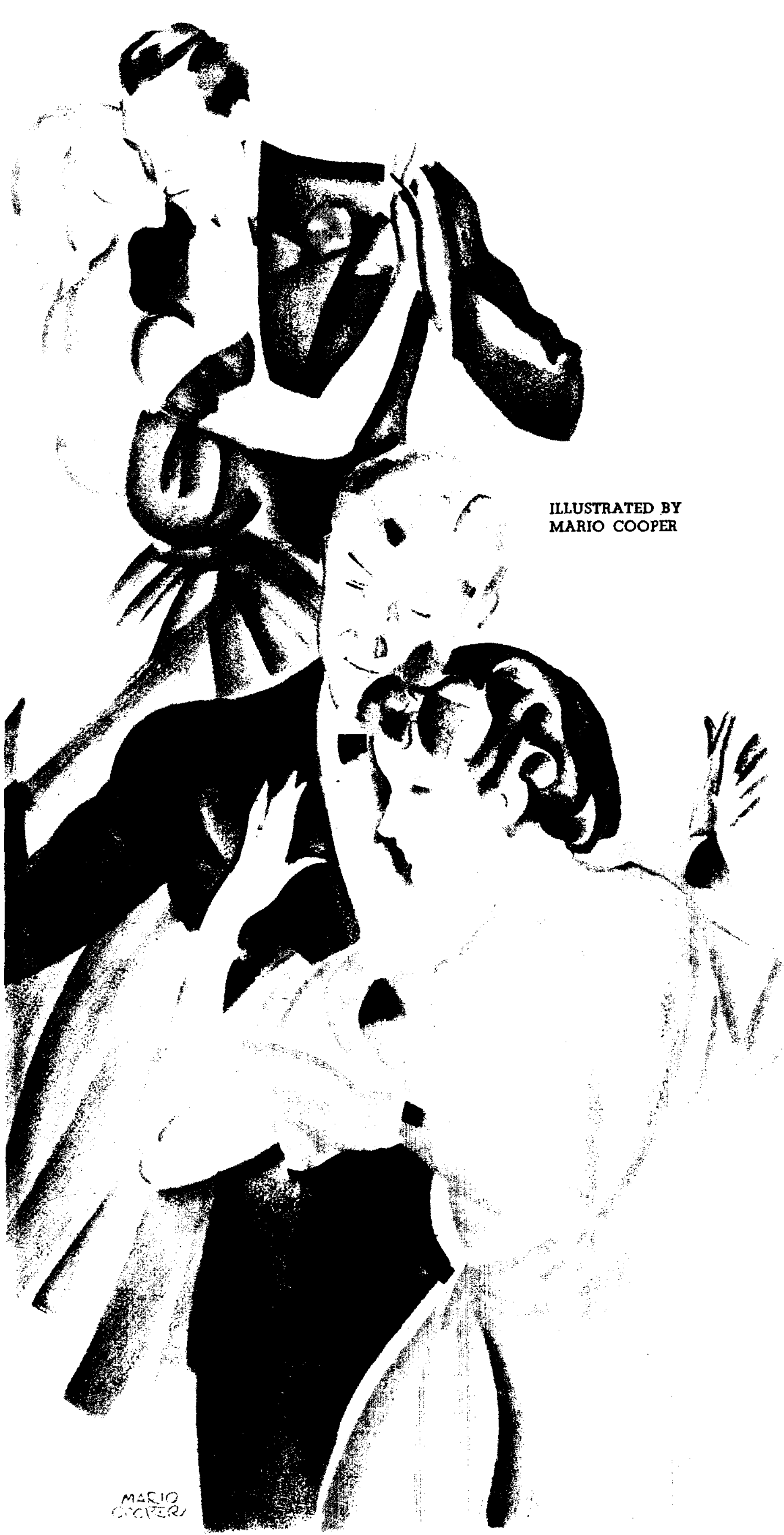
And the bass viol isn't a serious instrument."

"Why must music be serious?" Jerry protested. "Swing makes people sing and dance and laugh. Isn't that important? Does music, to be worth while, have to make you rest your chin in your hand and frown? Does it have to have a snob appeal? And as for the bass viol—it's the guts of the band. There wouldn't be any bottom without it. And I'd like to remind you that I was earning more than twice as much with it as I am now—even including the bonuses."

"Yes, and as much as you were ever likely to earn," Rhoda said. "We're getting along on your present income and the important thing is that there's almost no limit to what it may reach. I'm thinking of the future."

The discussion was cut short by Bunny Porter, pianist-leader of the band, Paul Sachs, the drummer, and Anne Morris, who had appeared at the Leydens' table. They were old friends of Jerry's—swing mates from way back. Anne felt a bit uncomfortable. When the dance medley had ended and Porter had asked her to come along and say hello to Jerry, she hadn't wanted to. Seeing Jerry had upset her. That smile, from the platform, had cost an effort; she'd had difficulty singing. But, "Don't be silly," Bunny had teased. "Just because you're nuts about the guy is no reason for being unsociable. Jerry'll be glad to see you." And she had easily been coaxed.

"May we join you?" Bunny asked. He shook one of Jerry's hands and Paul shook the other.



ILLUSTRATED BY
MARIO COOPER

"You bet!" Jerry said, smiling eagerly at Anne.

Rhoda answered Anne's "Hello" none too warmly.

Jerry's friends seated themselves and he called the waiter and ordered drinks for them.

"How're the cats swingin' tonight?" Bunny asked.

"High—right in the groove!" Jerry said. "Good man you got in my corner."

"Not bad," Paul said. "But he ain't got half your stuff. There ain't many who can ride the doghouse to town the way you can. And you know, I can't get over the feelin' that this guy is just subbin' for you—that some day you're comin' back."

"That's the way I feel too," Bunny said, while Rhoda nervously lit a cigarette. "Not just because for my dough you're the only bull-fiddler in the racket, but because you *belong*."

"Oh, he does, does he?" Rhoda said, arrogantly.

Jerry looked at Anne, flushed and shifted his eyes. Anne looked down at the table and began playing with a teaspoon. She wished, now, that she hadn't joined Bunny and Paul. Poor Jerry didn't seem very happy. She felt that she knew him better than Rhoda did. What if she was his wife? She, Anne, had worked with him and the boys for more than three years. They'd been all over the country together. She'd always been in love with Jerry and he had seemed fond of her. She had assumed that some day he'd ask her to marry him. Then, less than a year ago, when they'd got the engagement at the Chilton, Rhoda had come along, swept Jerry off his feet, married him and got him all tangled up in a job he wasn't fitted for. Porter, too, regarded Rhoda as an intruder.

"Yeah, he does belong with the band," he said to Rhoda. "I don't think you realize how high Jerry rated. Here, look at this!" He drew out of his pocket a wrinkled copy of a small monthly musical publication devoted to swing and to swing musicians, and handed it to Rhoda, pointing out an item in one of the gossip columns.

"The profession seems to have lost one of its aces," it said. "Last year, you gates will remember, Jerry Leyden was elected by popular vote to zoom-zoom position in our mythical all-star band. When last heard from, he was with Bunny Porter's combo at the Chilton in New York, demonstrating that he deserved the title of champ. But there's a new cat wrestling bass with the band, now, and we've learned that Jerry hasn't been around for some time. Seems he got married or something."

Rhoda frowned and reluctantly handed the magazine to Jerry, who read it wistfully. Bunny looked at his watch. Almost time for another dance. Rhoda yawned. "Pardon me," she said, "but I'm awfully tired." She felt Anne's silent hostility. She didn't have to stand for that. And the sooner she got Jerry out of there, the better.

IT LOOKED like a busy Friday. Jerry, facing several neat piles of papers, sat hunched over his desk, hemmed in by filing cabinets. Behind him, in a corner, a stenographer was loudly playing a typewriter. Jerry didn't seem to hear the monotonous tune. He was very busy—making a long chain out of paper clips.

The first few weeks hadn't been so bad, but now, after six months of bills, orders, statements, columns of figures, he had acquired an intense dislike not only for the sporting-goods industry and his own job, but for business in general. He didn't belong here—music was his calling. Working in the band had been so much like play that he hadn't realized how much it meant to him until he had been away from it for a while. Swing was in his blood; one couldn't step out of a background of eight years of creative swinging and draw a permanent curtain over it.

He had been trying, all morning, to bite into the pile of work on his desk. But with hot tunes running through his head he had been utterly unable to concentrate. It was approaching noon. He had run out of paper clips and was looking stupidly at his handiwork when a loud snort made him lift his head. Bailey, purple-faced and with tightly pursed lips, was glaring down at him.

"I'll see you in my office," the head of the firm blurted out before he turned away.

Jerry dropped the chain and followed his boss. This was the showdown, all right. He had seen it coming.

"I've warned you several times since the beginning of the month," Bailey said, "but it's done no good. Instead of coming down to earth you've been paying less and less attention to your work."

"You're right, Mr. Bailey," Jerry said.

Bailey expected him to beg for another chance and had decided to refuse. He had already begun to shake his head in anticipation, when Jerry added: "I just don't fit in here." Then, not looking at all repentant, he shook the surprised merchant's hand.

HE HAD tried his best and his conscience was clear. Rhoda could have no complaint on that score—that is, if she believed him. He thought of going directly home but decided, instead, to visit the Swing Club. It would be nice having lunch with the boys. Several members of Bunny Porter's band were there and in the lunchroom he found Bunny, himself, with Paul.

"Hi, Jerry," Bunny said. " 'Bout time you paid us a visit."

"Yeah, it is. And maybe you're going to see a lot of me from now on. Looks like I wasn't cut out for a business career."

"I coulda told you that—in fact, I did—a long time ago," said Paul. "A rideman like you don't belong behind a desk."

"Are you really gettin' wise to yourself?" Bunny asked. "Dja quit?"

"No, I was fired."

"Good enough. Best thing that coulda happened to you," Bunny said. "Hey, you cats, big news!" he announced to musicians at near-by tables. "Jerry Leyden's comin' back!"

Jerry was congratulated all around. But, "Not so fast!" he said, to Bunny and Paul.

"Whadaya mean?" Paul said. "You oughta be back in there swingin' with the rest of us gates, and there's no reason why you shouldn't. You—a bookkeeper—it ain't natural!" For Paul there were just two kinds of people: musicians and bookkeepers.

Jerry laughed. "Well, I guess maybe I am going back to swing—if I can manage not to break up my happy home. You know how it is. Rhoda's a great girl, but she's got some funny ideas."

"Maybe we can dope out something while we eat," Bunny said.

"I think I got it," said Paul, after a while, having dunked up the last bit of gravy in which his hot roast beef sandwich had been submerged. "Couldn' you act as if staying away from music was gettin' you down? You know, just a little bit screwy, sort of?"

Jerry pondered. "Something in that, though it seems like a dirty trick," he said. "I wouldn't have to act—not much. I really have been getting pretty morbid about the old fiddle. More I think of it, better it sounds."

"It's a good bass viol," Rhoda said to Mr. Karper, dealer in new and used

(Continued on page 59)

He led her to the veranda. "Lovely, isn't it?" he said. "Oh, yes—" If Andy were only here to share it!

Call Back Love

By Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

ABSORBED in his work, striving desperately to make a living in Southern California, young Dr. Andrew Lane is anything but wildly excited when his wife, Cornelia, informs him that both she and their little daughter, Jennifer-Jenny (who, unlike her mother, is far from beautiful), have been "shot" in a motion picture. Nevertheless, when a few days later he actually sees them in a movie (a picture wherein they appear in a sequence made at Jennifer's school) he is interested . . . mildly.

Adoring them both, he holds the secret opinion that neither will ever achieve stardom. It so happens, though, that the great David Morris (who produced the picture) knows a great actress when he sees one. And, to the amazement of her parents, Jennifer—plain little "Jenny" Lane—is presently at work on Morris' lot at a salary of four hundred dollars a week!

Cornelia is in ecstasy; heretofore, although she has been happy with Andy, her life has been a hard one—she and Andy have had to watch every penny. Soon, if Jennifer is a success—and the brilliant von Loben, her director, believes that she may take the public's fancy—the world will be hers and Jennifer's and Andy's! But Andy views the future with trepidation; he wonders what their little girl's career, should she have one, will do to the three happy Lanes. . . .

Day after day, accompanied by her mother, Jennifer (Jenny Lane to Hollywood) goes to the lot, is put through her paces before the cameras. There Cornelia meets various celebrities of the film world: the glamorous Julia Farrel and Robert Gilman, among others. Gilman, a great star and a charming man, is interested in her, finds her "different"; Cornelia has always admired him in the movies; she is flattered by his attentions, delighted to learn that she can still attract a man.

Jennifer's life grows more complicated; hair dressers, beauticians, all sorts of experts surround her. Andy is sternly disapproving. One morning an expensive car, driven by an expensive chauffeur, arrives. "It's a gift for Jennifer," Cornelia explains. "Not the chauffeur—he only lasts through the picture." Andy's lips tighten. "The car only lasts for the picture, too," he says fiercely.

IV

SUPPER finished and Jenny asleep, Cornelia and Andy went out for a drive. The chauffeur took them along Sunset Boulevard to the ocean. They opened the windows wide and Cornelia drew the soft, warm robe closer about them. Andy glanced at her profile. How pretty she was! How perfectly framed by luxury and beauty! She was like a flower, suddenly blooming. He put his hand on her knee but she was oblivious of it. "What are you thinking?" he asked her softly.

She turned to him, and for a moment was silent. She was ashamed to say that she was picturing herself driving up to the Vendome—driving up to Thayer's . . . the car was like the coach and four, and she was Cinderella. Somehow it was only the beginning. She sighed tremulously. "What are *you* thinking?" she evaded.

"I'm thinking," said Andy, carrying out her fancy in a most ironical way, "that very soon we must go back to being what we were."

"You mean, it mightn't last?"

"It mustn't last," he corrected.

When they got back to the little house on Sycamore Street he stood on the porch for a moment, after Cornelia went in, and watched the chauffeur drive out the old coupé and park it on the street and then put the new car in the garage. He gave a short laugh when he saw that it stuck out so far that the doors couldn't be closed. "It's a case of the head getting too big for the hat," he muttered.

Those were his words to David Morris the following afternoon, incisively,

(Continued on page 26)

Holds 7 world's Records

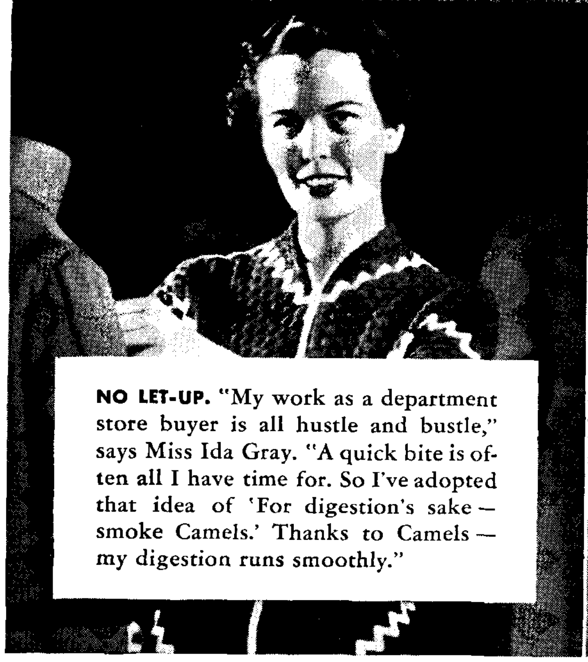
IN SPEED SWIMMING

300 yards – 440 yards – 500 yards
500 meters – 800 meters – 1500 meters
and 1 mile
plus 16 United States' Championships

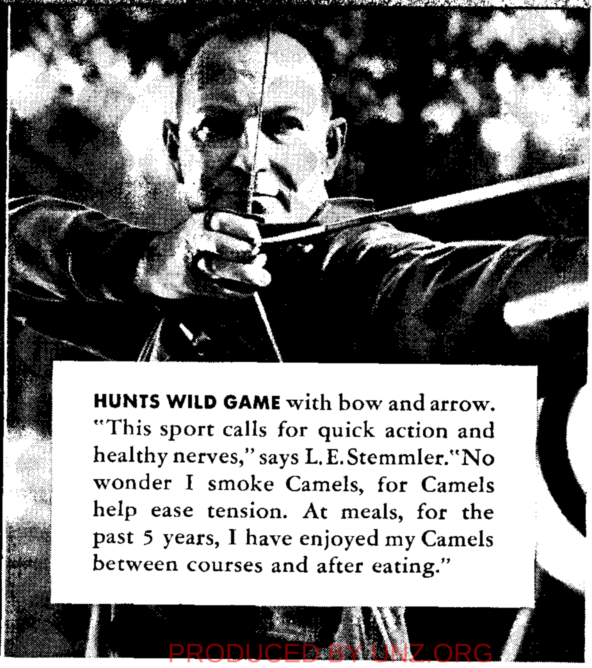
Lenore Kight Wingard

AMERICA'S PREMIERE MERMAID

OVER coffee and her after-dinner Camels, Lenore says: "'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' is a rule with me. Camels help me enjoy my food no matter how tired or tense I may be. Camels set me right! I smoke them as often as I wish and always with keen enjoyment." Because Camels are so mild—because they are made from such fine, costly tobaccos—you can enjoy them freely. At mealtimes, Camels encourage a free flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—and lend a helping hand to good digestion. Camels give you a "lift" in energy. And they don't get on the nerves or irritate the throat.



NO LET-UP. "My work as a department store buyer is all hustle and bustle," says Miss Ida Gray. "A quick bite is often all I have time for. So I've adopted that idea of 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels.' Thanks to Camels—my digestion runs smoothly."



HUNTS WILD GAME with bow and arrow. "This sport calls for quick action and healthy nerves," says L. E. Stemmler. "No wonder I smoke Camels, for Camels help ease tension. At meals, for the past 5 years, I have enjoyed my Camels between courses and after eating."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

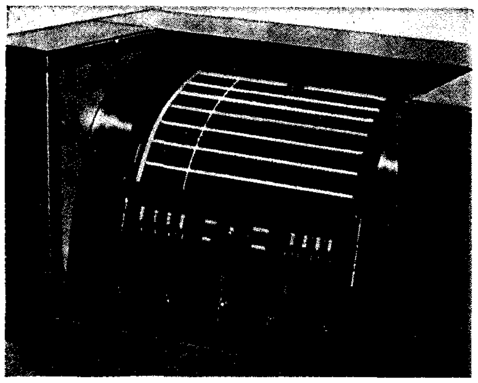
Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

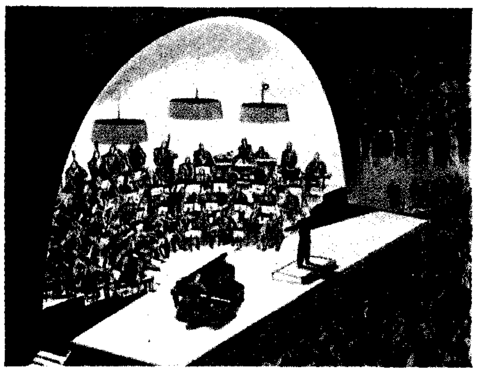
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST!

Magic Voice with 39 new 1938 models announced!

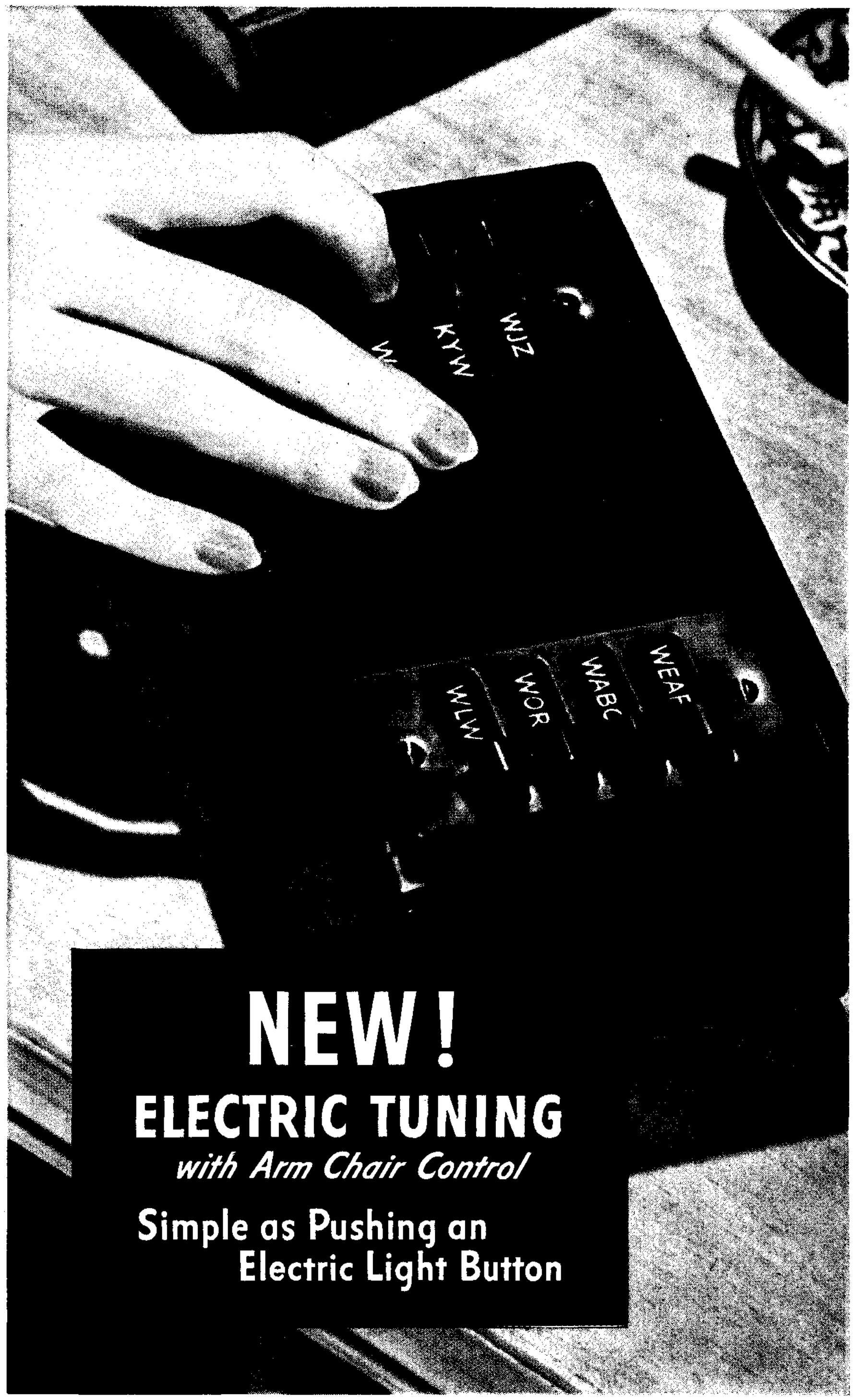


New! Overseas Dial
Foreign stations once shown in ¼ inch on dial, now get over 9½ inches. Easy to tune as domestic.



New! Sonic-Arc Magic Voice!
Simplified Tone Chamber uses "band shell" principle... delivers "boomless" tone-*full* performance.

New! Beauty-Tone Cabinets by Victor
World's largest musical cabinet shop produces superb new designs in lovely, rare woods.

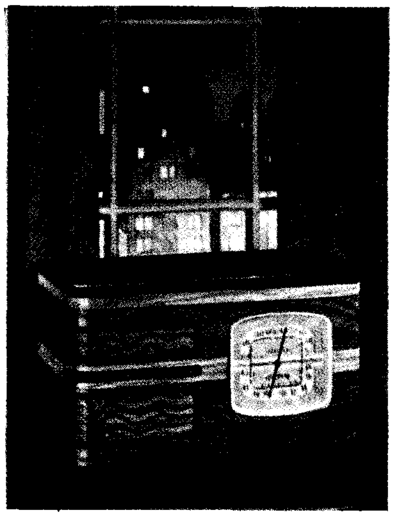


NEW!

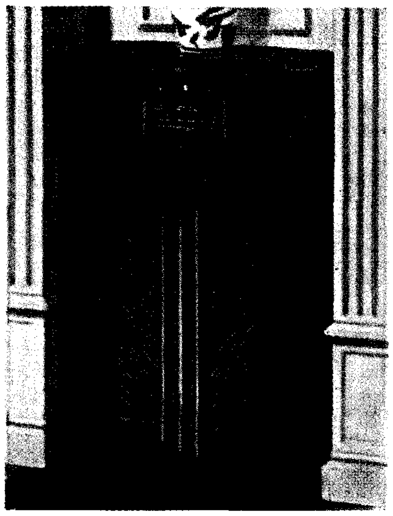
ELECTRIC TUNING

with Arm Chair Control

Simple as Pushing an Electric Light Button



Model 85T1 . . . a smartly fashioned little chest model that will give you entertainment from all over the world. New type dial simplifies tuning and enhances appearance. Cabinet reveals new and modern uses of fine, rare woods. A 2-band, 5-tube superheterodyne of fine volume and tone. Dynamic speaker, automatic volume control. . . . **$29.95***



Model 811K... has Electric Tuning—you push a button—there's your station. Also Magic Voice, Magic Brain and Magic Eye. The cabinet is thoroughly modern, with newly designed Straight-Line glass dial. This is one of the finest instruments RCA Victor has ever built, yet it sells for the moderate price of . . **$150***

MILLIONS have been asking for it! Now RCA Victor delivers it . . . a radio set with which you can tune your favorite stations to suit your whim by simply pushing a button. *Electric Tuning—truly automatic.*

The big open-faced dial is an "overseas" switchboard. Now you can tune foreign stations as easily as domestic. Push a button, and you get your favorite local station. Another button for another station. And so on, around and among your favorite stations, as you please! No dialing! No twisting anything around! Just a button to push—the same as turning on an electric light in your living room. That's RCA Victor Electric Tuning!

Nor is this all! For a few dollars more you can have Electric Tuning with Arm Chair Control. Then you automatically tune the SONIC-ARC Magic Voice from your favorite easy chair, or even from another room.

Finer tuning at every price

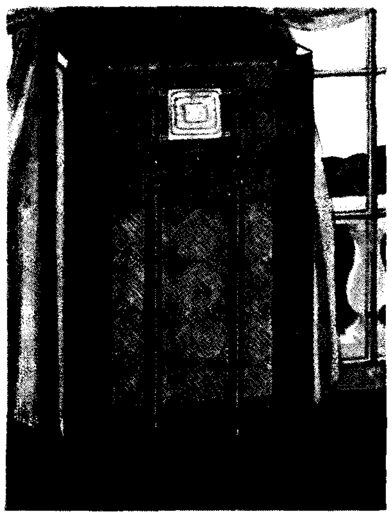
Remember this, too! The 1938 RCA Victor Radios offer you a choice among 39 models. Whatever you pay, whichever you choose, you will get an instrument with easier, finer, more exact tuning . . . an instrument that will make radio entertainment more exciting, more interesting . . . pleasanter in every way.

It is worth while to hear these new RCA Victors at your dealer's, and to learn about his liberal trade-in allowances. You will discover that RCA Victor experience creates *finer radio sets*, that cost no more *to buy*.

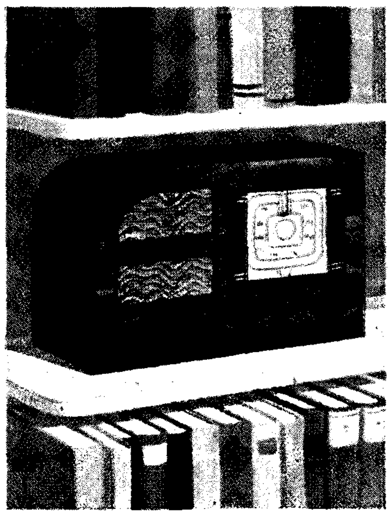
You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C. I. T. Easy Payment Plan! Any radio is better with an RCA Antenna System. *All prices f. o. b. Camden, New Jersey, subject to change without notice. Trademarks "Magic Brain," "Magic Eye," "Magic Voice," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc.

Electric Tuning!

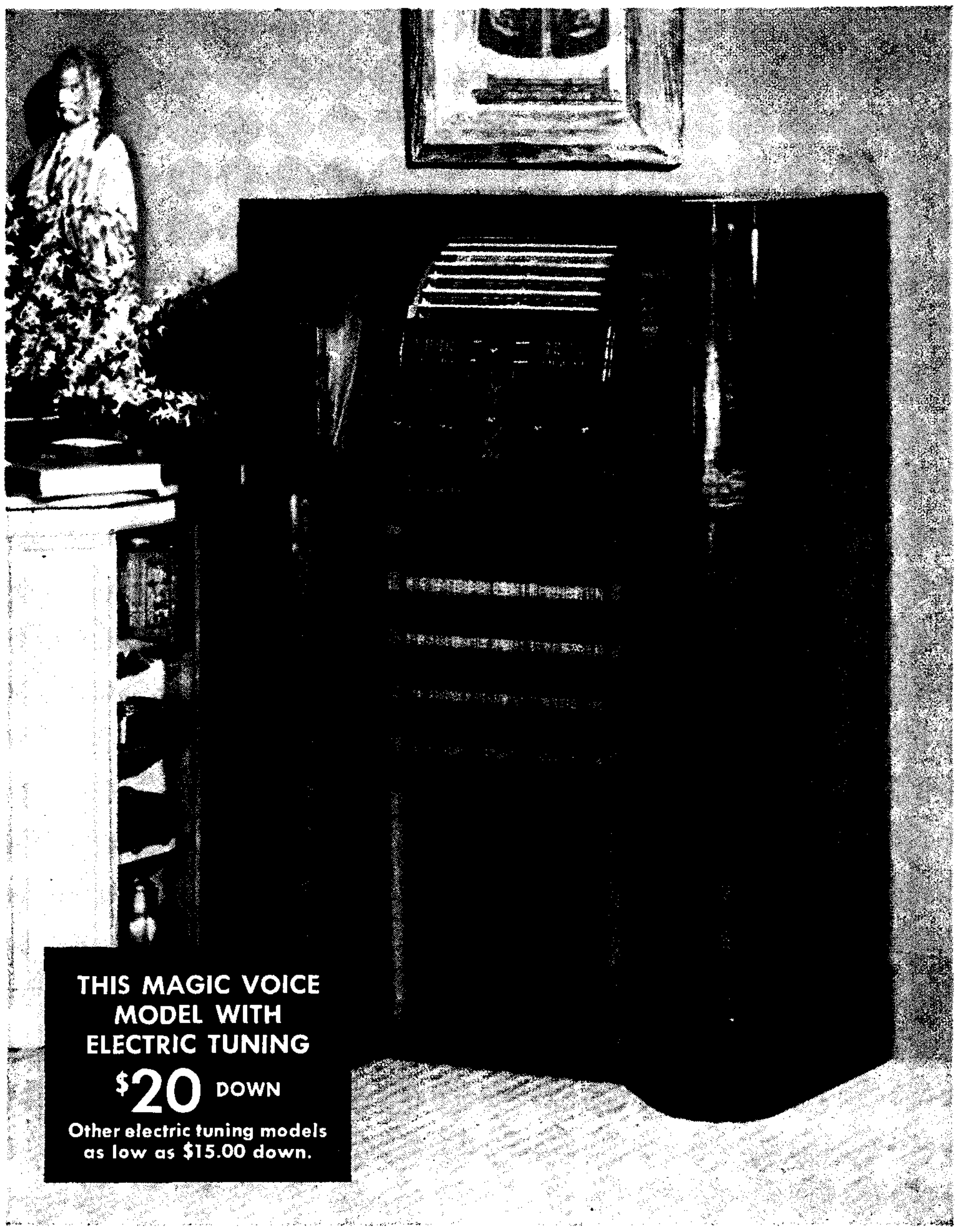
Push a button . . . there's your station



Model 86K7... here's real RCA Victor quality in a console model priced at a figure that makes it one of the season's finest values. A 6-tube superheterodyne that covers domestic and foreign broadcasts. The cabinet is designed on new, modern lines. Decorative effects of rare woods are enhanced by large, specially designed Sunburst Dial. . . **$69.95***



Model 86T... a thoroughly modern example of the popular chest type of table set. A 6-tube superheterodyne covering domestic broadcasts and short wave through the 13-meter band. New and highly improved in sensitivity and selectivity. Fits conveniently into a bookshelf or other small space. . . . **$39.95***



THIS MAGIC VOICE MODEL WITH ELECTRIC TUNING

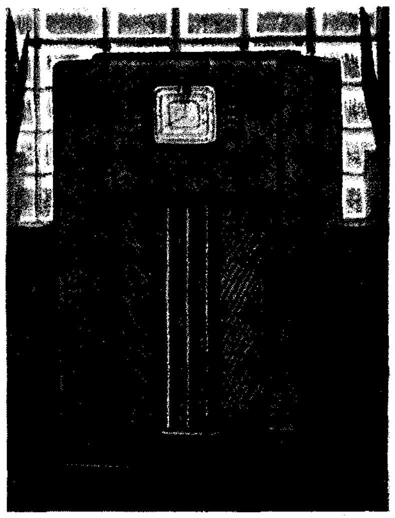
$20 DOWN

Other electric tuning models as low as $15.00 down.

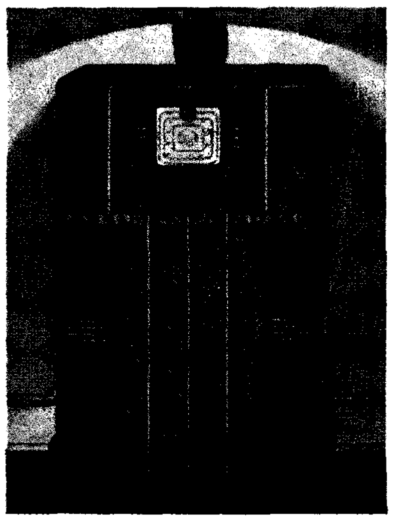
Model 813K—An entirely new conception of a radio set

Look at this big RCA Victor Electric Tuning model. See the sensational Overseas Dial with its five tuning bands over 9½ inches wide. Note the buttons that tune your favorite stations at the touch of your finger. Study the lovely proportions and fine lines of its Beauty-Tone cabinet built to share in creating the tone-*full* quality of Sonic-Arc Magic Voice. Thrilling 13-tube performance. . . . **$200***

Arm Chair Control **$14.95*** *extra.*



Model 810K1... this 10-tube Magic Voice, Magic Brain model is housed in cabinet which nicely adapts the Chippendale influence to modern use. As with all 1938 RCA Victors, sensitivity and selectivity have been greatly improved. The big new Sunburst Dial makes it easy to tune both domestic and foreign stations to perfect tone. **$119.95***



Model 88K... a genuine Magic Brain radio in a cabinet of fine design. It is an 8-tube superheterodyne with 3 tuning bands covering domestic stations and leading world broadcasts. Sunburst Dial is easy to read and adjusted to remain accurate at all times. A new low price for a Magic Brain radio. **$89.95***

Why "RCA ALL THE WAY" *means extra value to you*

Through the National Broadcasting Company, one of the RCA family, RCA creates and broadcasts the majority of network programs.

From practical experience in radio communication with 47 countries and ships on all seas, RCA knows how to build superb short wave broadcasting and receiving equipment. Through Victor, RCA has the benefit of 39 years of sound reproduction experience.

RCA is the only company that makes everything in radio—from microphone to receiving set. You get this extra value of radio that is RCA ALL THE WAY when you buy RCA Victor.

RCA Victor

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m., E. D. T., on NBC Blue Network

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

briefly bitten off. David sat behind the desk, looking out into the late afternoon, and then turned his gaze on Andy and stared at him. "Is it such a crime to have a nice car?" he mildly queried.

"You don't completely understand my position," Andy returned. "It's not the car; it's the symbol of the whole business. It's just that one thing leads to another. I'm putting my cards squarely on the table."

"Go ahead, sure, and then we can understand each other," Morris agreed with alacrity.

Andy got out his pipe and began to fill it. "I'm as successful as a young doctor usually is," he continued. "I have the beginning of a good practice and I can support my wife and child and we have everything we need—or want. We live in a simple house with a one-car garage, Mr. Morris. Last night I saw the coupé that I bought with my own money parked out in the street and an expensive car that wouldn't even fit put in its place. That's what I mean by a symbol. I can't afford that car any more than I can afford a special nursemaid for Jenny. She doesn't need it. My practice is the same, our budget is the same, but the racket is getting too much."

"Aren't some of those Jenny's expenses?" David reasonably asked. "She has an income of her own now."

"Yes, and it's hers and not her family's."

DAVID puffed slowly on his cigar. This was a new kind of problem. With Baby Kitty, David had put her mother on the pay roll for ten thousand a year just for being a mother; and a job had been found in the publicity department for Baby Kitty's father. But he couldn't offer this man a job, even in the studio hospital; and if he gave Mrs. Lane a screen test and a contract (which was what she was aching for), it would mean that Dr. Andrew Lane would be living not only on his daughter but on his wife as well. Still, there must be some way out of it. "Would you accept the car as a loan?" he asked diffidently. "Until the end of the picture?"

"Yes," said Andy, "provided that there are no further gifts or innovations that are not in keeping with our way of living. This fool's paradise isn't going to last forever, and I don't want the real values that my family will have to go on living with undermined by a temporary experience."

"I understand, and I admire you for it," said David. He rose and clapped Andy on the back. But despite his cheerful acquiescence, he knew that the matter was far from settled. After Andy left he chewed on his cigar, and sat playing with his ivory elephant.

Andy came upon Julia Farrel and Jenny in David's outer office. They were in costumes for some new scene and had come for David's approval. Jenny rushed into her father's arms and Julia smiled in greeting. "We'll only be a moment," she told him. "Wait for us, why don't you, and we'll all go back to the stage together."

Andy shook his head. "I'm sorry," he declined. "I'm on my way to the clinic."

"It's a good costume," said David, making a tour of inspection around Julia's billowing skirts. "Does a lot of nice things for you." He tilted the hat a little and then pushed it back to its original position. "That's a lousy piece of junk they made for a hat but maybe it's the color, and won't show in black and white."

"Von Loben didn't like it either, but he thought it would be all right—"

"Okay, but tell them to do something with the feathers. Too much. Makes you look like an actress instead of just a nice girl."

He watched her go to the door and then called her back.

"I want to talk to you about something else. Do you know this Doctor Lane?"

"I've met him. He seems like a very nice person."

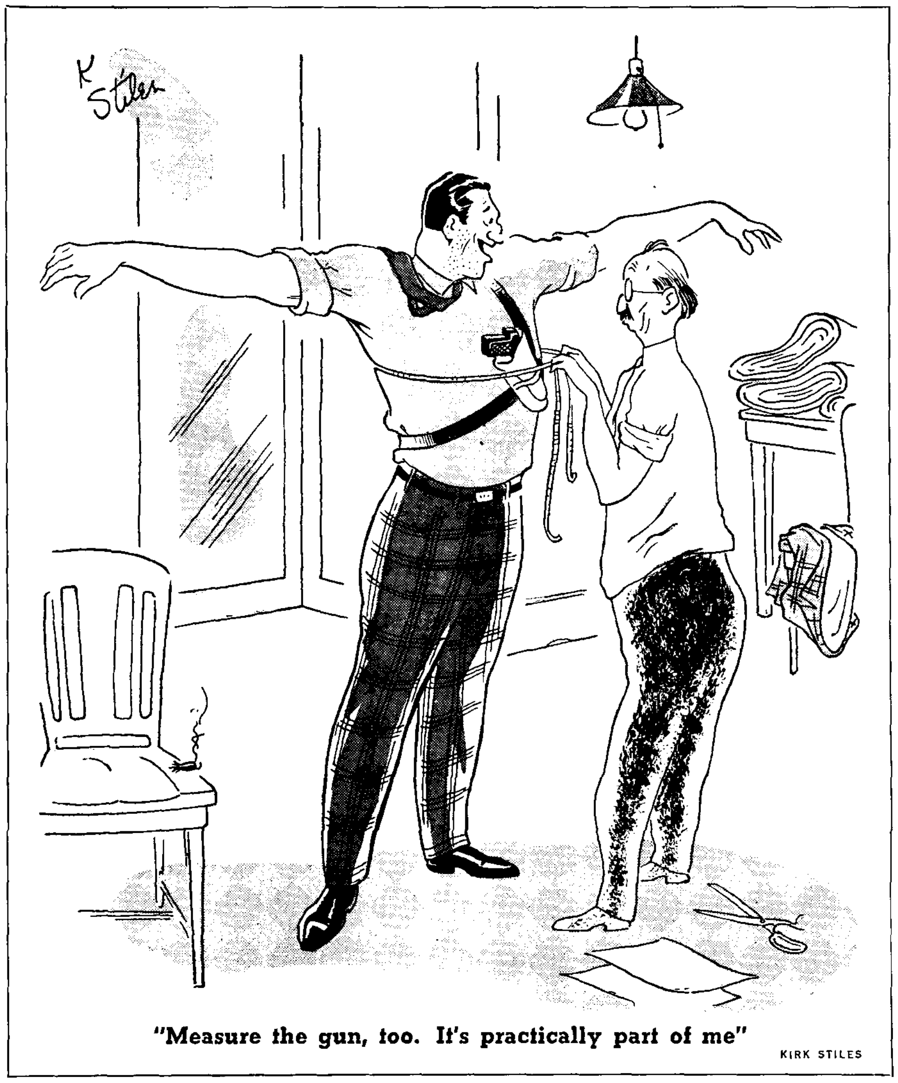
"He is." David's voice wheedled. "You haven't got anything wrong with you, have you, Julia?"

She smiled and looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "I don't know. Have I?" she drawled.

David grinned. "I'm not a doctor."

"Come on, what's it all about, Dave?"

"It's this way." He was playing with his ivory elephant again and Julia knew that levity and the elephant were not friendly relations. "This fellow isn't like most people who crash into this business. He don't want anything we've got, and he isn't going to want anything we've got. He's a doctor, and he only wants to be a doctor. I don't even guess he wants to be a successful doctor; he just wants to be a good doctor."



"Measure the gun, too. It's practically part of me"

KIRK STILES

Julia nodded slowly, several times. "I see."

"Fine. And if any of your friends feel sick—" David winked. "You get me, Julia?"

"I get you," said Julia.

As the door closed, David smiled.

THE telephone rang with the dessert. Andy's end of the conversation was a monosyllabic blank to Cornelia, but she applauded him, however, when she heard him say, "But your regular physician—have you tried to reach him?"

"It's bad enough," she commented sotto-voce, "when one's own patients get sick at night but when other people's call you just because you happen to be near, like the garage at the corner—"

With his hand over the phone, he shushed her into silence so that he could hear. Cornelia's heart sank as he wrote down an address—another of their evenings to be interrupted.

"It's your Miss Farrel," he told her in an accusing voice, as he turned from the instrument.

"My Miss—you mean Julia Farrel? Why didn't you say so? Julia Farrel calling you? My goodness!"

"Say, don't you think I'm good enough? As far as I'm concerned she's just another bellyache." He consulted the address. "Where is Isador Street?"

"IT CAN'T be—let's see." She looked over his shoulder. "Oh, you ninny, San Isidro Drive! Sylvestre'll take you over in Jennifer's car."

Andy's jaw set. "He will not."

"Oh. Andy, don't be difficult. Let the monkey do it; your time's too valuable to waste."

Andy grunted and kissed her. "Just this once," he compromised.

He found Julia on a chaise longue, heaped up with tiny pillows of lace and satin. "It's more than a pain in the arm. It's a kind of torture that I can't even begin to describe," she greeted him, with her big eyes dark pools of tragedy.

"Is that so?"

There was a modicum of sympathy and commiseration in his voice.

"What do you think it can be?"

"Maybe a little cold. Maybe a little sprain. Maybe nothing." He was getting out a packet of pills from his bag.

"You don't make it sound the least bit important."

"It isn't."

"You're a horrid man. What are the pills?"

"Aspirin."

"But I've been taking aspirin."

"Then you really didn't need a doctor."

"Could you need a drink?"

"No, I think not." He hesitated. He was tired. "Well, yes, I could. I'm not driving myself tonight."

Julia repeatedly pressed a button beside her chaise longue and from somewhere in the house a buzzer beat out the time of "How Dry I Am."

"I do everything to music," she elucidated. "When I want the car I press out 'Jingle Bells' and 'Swanee River' does for my maid. Amusing, isn't it?"

A moment later a manservant wheeled in a portable bar and Julia dismissed him.

"Cocktail or long drink? I want a cocktail."

"Neither will do your shoulder much good," he commented.

"Please just this one little one. What will you have, Martini, Old Fashioned, Manhattan or Daiquiri?"

Andy tried to think which cocktails were shaken. "Daiquiri," he chanced.

Julia mixed the rum and chipped ice and lemon juice in the shaker. He felt a detective-like guilt as he watched her start to shake it. She did it expertly and with flourishes worthy of a first-class barman.

"To be good, you've got to shake the insides out of them," she explained.

"You're good," he complimented her succinctly.

She saw that he was smiling strangely at her. She flushed and then laughed. "You beast!"

"It was a shame," said Andy with grave and subtle innuendo, "for you to have wasted your five dollars."

Julia shook her head. "I didn't waste it," she whispered. "You're a marvelous doctor."

THE last week of the picture was a madhouse of activity, and then came a sudden lull. Andy told Cornelia that it seemed like Sunday, although it was Wednesday. The house was quiet without Jenny's hairdresser, and Ivarene, and Sylvestre getting underfoot.

The empty days were endless. Suspense tore at Cornelia like a raging fever. Von Loben refused to talk about the picture and visited Andy for pains all over his body. Morris was equally noncommittal and complained of sinus trouble. "I don't know anything," he said. "You never can tell before the preview. If we could tell whether a picture will be successful, or an actress will go over, we wouldn't have any flops."

Cornelia wished that she could have talked to Gilman; he would have told her the truth or at least he would have told her what he really thought. But he had rushed off to Ensenada for a short vacation and was not expected back before the preview. Before the preview. The preview. After the preview. It seemed to her as if the preview were the most important moment in the history of the world.

Andy came on her one night as she had all her clothes out on the bed, looking at them.

"What's up? Packing to go away?"

He thought he would get a rise out of her, but all he got was a sort of abstracted despair. "Andy, I haven't got a thing fit to wear to Julia Farrel's party."

"Do we have to go? Can't we go home after the preview?"

"Andy, you're joking! It's going to be one of the most gala openings and parties ever given in Hollywood! And your daughter is the star of it!"

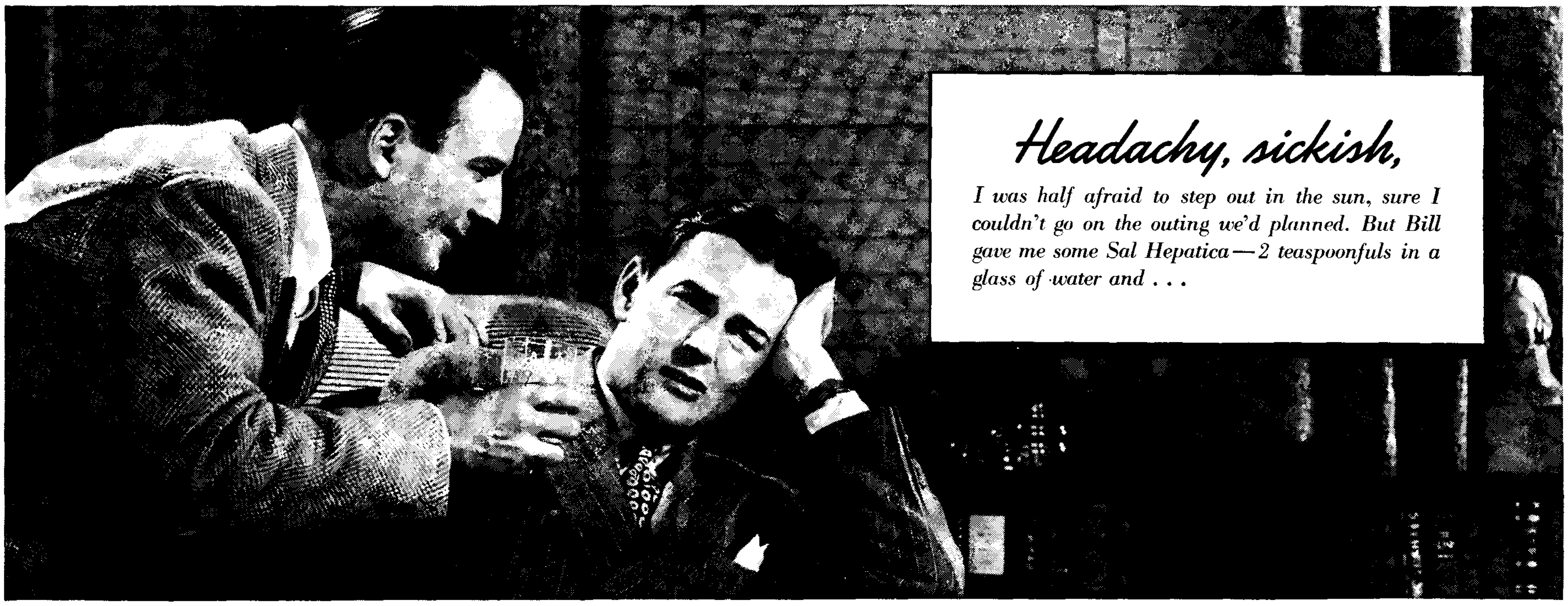
Andy made a face. "Does that mean I have to wear my dinner jacket?"

"Your dinner jacket! In the first place, it's threadbare, and in the second place, you have to wear full dress."

Andy looked pleased. "I haven't got full dress, so that lets me out."

"No, it doesn't. It doesn't at all. You have to go, and you have to go right. I'll make something that I have do, and borrow one of Florabel's capes, and you get the clothes you need."

Neither of them quite knew why they were so close at that moment. Andy crushed her to him and hugged her so tight that she lost her breath. When he let her go, he said, "Look." He drew three checks out of his pocket. *"Voilà*



Headachy, sickish,

I was half afraid to step out in the sun, sure I couldn't go on the outing we'd planned. But Bill gave me some Sal Hepatica—2 teaspoonfuls in a glass of water and . . .

I came back fast!

My head cleared...my pep returned. "Know why?" commented Bill. "It's because Sal Hepatica does more than cleanse the intestinal tract—important as that is. Sal Hepatica also counteracts gastric acidity. It helps two ways at once!"

Hot weather tip! ...take a laxative that COUNTERACTS GASTRIC ACIDITY, too

WHEN OVEREXERCISE, overindulgence or change of food or water has "upset" you remember this:

You're pretty certain to have a double trouble.

Not only clogged intestines, but the gastric acidity that often accompanies that condition.

And you can get after both of those things promptly by taking Sal Hepatica.

First, *Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestines—quickly and gently.*

Second, *this mineral salt laxative brings about an alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to counteract gastric acidity—chase those "sour stomach" symptoms away.*

Soon you feel more energetic, in better spirits, more like your old self.

Take a bottle with you

So on week-ends, on vacation, take a bottle of Sal Hepatica with you. It may make all the difference between a dull, unhappy time and a gay one!

TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama and fun. Every Wednesday night—N.B.C.—coast to coast.

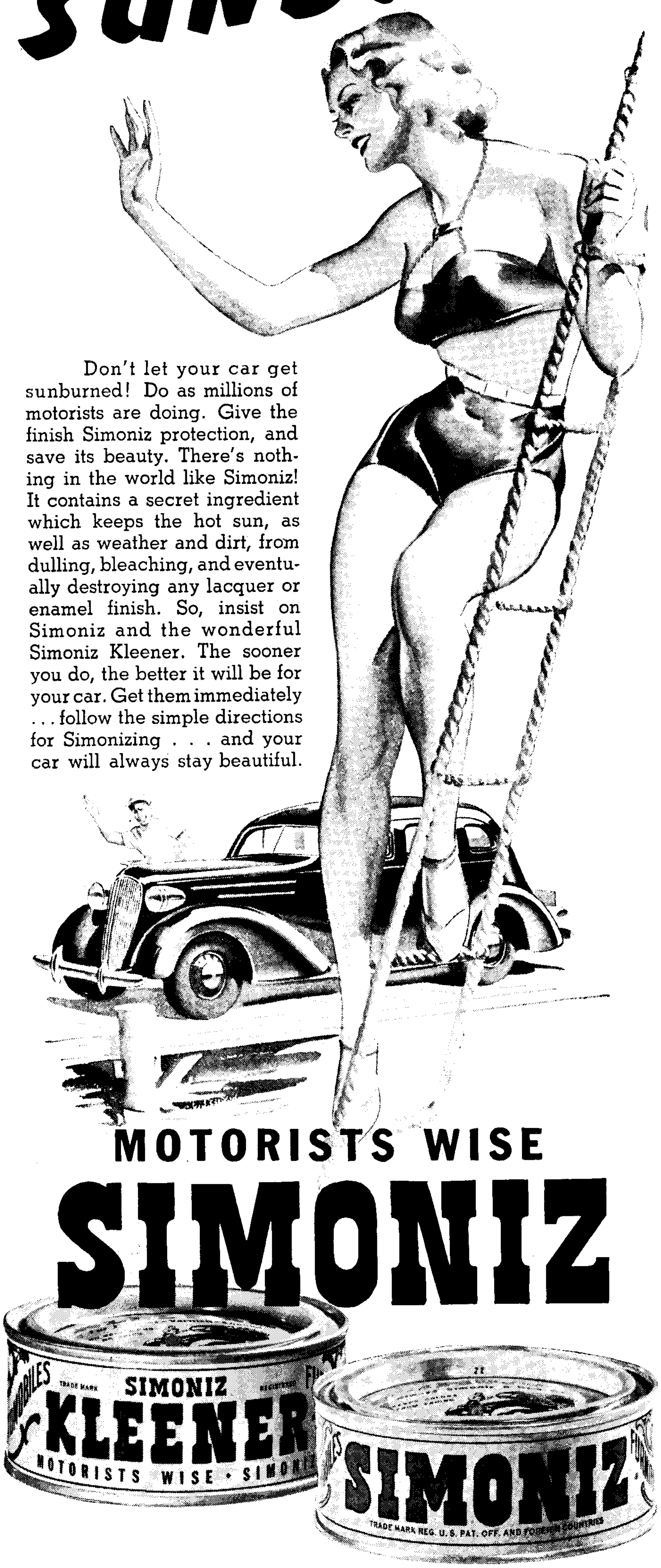
Sal Hepatica
Effervescent
Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO NEW YORK

Take Sal Hepatica when you're troubled with any of these ill effects of constipation or overindulgence!

Headaches
Acid Indigestion
Upset Stomach
Sluggishness

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

CARS, TOO, SUNBURN



Don't let your car get sunburned! Do as millions of motorists are doing. Give the finish Simoniz protection, and save its beauty. There's nothing in the world like Simoniz! It contains a secret ingredient which keeps the hot sun, as well as weather and dirt, from dulling, bleaching, and eventually destroying any lacquer or enamel finish. So, insist on Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. The sooner you do, the better it will be for your car. Get them immediately . . . follow the simple directions for Simonizing . . . and your car will always stay beautiful.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

your dress and never mind Florabel's cape."

"Andy!"

"Neal, it's moon pitcher business! I'm no better doctor, but I suddenly got a raft of new patients this last month and most of them paid their bills!"

THE boulevard seemed to be bathed in sunlight and great sky-cutting columns of calcium whiteness threw their brilliance across the city and pierced into the light fog which blew in from the sea. Crowds milled about the theater, slowing traffic for blocks on end.

"Has this sort of madness been going on all the time, or did they arrange it just for us?" asked Andy with interest, as their car crept along in a travesty of motion.

"They arranged it especially for us, darling." Cornelia's hand met his beneath the robe. "No, silly, it's always like this at an important opening. Don't you ever read the newspapers?"

"I read the news," replied Andy, pleasantly. "Does it mean that it's a good picture, or what?"

"It means it's supposed to be a good picture, but no one can tell yet." Her heart was jumping so heavily that she could hardly talk. "Oh, Andy," she whispered, "I'm so nervous."

"So am I," he acknowledged sheepishly.

When Sylvestre finally managed to bring the car up before the theater one of the searchlights was suddenly turned full on them and the mob surged forward, brushing the police aside. The carrot-topped head of a street gamin peered through the open car window. He subjected both of them to a belligerent scrutiny and then announced with disgust to the crowd, "It ain't nobody."

Inside the theater, Dave Morris was standing among a group of studio executives. Cornelia pulled Andy over toward him, but one of his assistants rushed up to him, jostling them aside.

"I just had New York on the phone, Boss!"

New York! She had forgotten about the picture opening in New York. Somehow, to those who lived here, the world seemed to begin and end with Hollywood. Yet New York had already seen Jennifer. People were going home on the subways, catching an after-theater snack at cafés, preparing to go to bed, knowing whether they liked her or not, whether she was a failure or a success; they had lived there hours longer.

Cornelia edged closer to hear the verdict. Morris' rasping query was the echo of her own screaming nerves. "Well, go on," he shouted, "what did they say? Don't stand there gaping at me, what did they say?"

"They didn't say anything, Boss."

"What do you mean, they didn't say anything? An hour and a half already the audience has left the theater and you say they didn't say anything! Give it to me, whatever it is!"

"I did give it to you, Morris. They didn't say anything. The audience saw the picture and they left the theater, that's all. They said the people just left and you could've heard a pin drop. It'll be forty minutes before the New York reviews are on the street, so we just got to sit tight and wait."

"It can't be too bad or they'd have yelled." Morris was talking to himself, but he scanned the group about him for confirmation. There was none. They evaded his glance.

Cornelia felt sick. Andy pressed her arm. "Cheer up. It'll all be the same in a hundred years from now." It was his way of preparing her for the worst.

A buzzer rang somewhere. The great theater was dark as Cornelia and Andy found their seats in the reserved section at the back of the orchestra.

And then all at once Jennifer was there before them, playing hopscotch by herself in a sordid city street. People jostled past her, a boy pushed her rudely and taunted her with having match-stick legs. She kept on hopping, hopping on the crudely chalked-out pavement. The camera closed on her. She was crying, in silent little gulps. A tradesman came to the door behind her, and her voice did things as she asked him what time it was. What urgency could time have in this child's mind and heart? She went back to her playing and then gave it up, and turned into a tenement, her steps lagging, and entered a room where a casket lay with burning candles . . .

The tears were streaming down Cornelia's face. Someone in the darkness behind her coughed through a tight throat. In the press row in front of them a man's voice whispered huskily, "Morris is pulling out all the stops."

She was aware of Andy's hand about her own, his clutch cutting her wedding ring deep into her flesh. "Neal, it isn't Jenny. It's all of childhood, and all the grief that childhood can know. But she's never known it. Where does she get it from?"

She couldn't answer him, for she did not know the answer. She did not even know the answer to the laughter which so swiftly came upon the heels of pain and was like a balm to tears. The audience rocked in delight as Jenny, in a later sequence, doubled up with merriment and swallowed water to hold her hiccoughs back. Then once more they were quiet, and here and there people coughed and sniffed and blew their noses. . . .

When the lights finally went up there was a deep stillness in the theater. No one moved. It was as if a huge clock were in Cornelia's mind, inexorably counting out the seconds. It counted to a great number, and then the audience started to rise and silently leave their seats.

Andy made no motion. She glanced at him. His face was set and strained. She touched him gently on the shoulder. "Come, dear, we have to go—"

They were wedged in the aisle beside Dave Morris. He grabbed their hands and held them wordlessly. He seemed awed, and a little frightened, and a vast loneliness stared out of his eyes. "I didn't know it was going to be this way," he mumbled. "I didn't know."

His young assistant pressed through to his side. His hair was wild and his tie pulled loose from his collar. He had a moment's difficulty with his chewing gum before he found his voice.

"Boss, ain't it great!" he cried hoarsely. "Listen to how they ain't talking here either; you can hear a pin drop!"

IN THE lobby, however, the strange lull broke into the buzzing refrain of Jenny's name. It was a refrain that seemed to knit the mob into an eager intimacy. As they pushed and bustled toward the chill night air of the boulevard, Jenny was the only thing they talked about. A portly man in evening clothes, who looked as though he might have been someone important, trod on Cornelia's toe and begged her pardon.

"That's all right," she answered tremulously, and dabbed at her reddened eyes with a powder puff. He smiled sympathetically. "Some performance, wasn't it?" Cornelia nodded mutely, her heart overflowing. She turned toward Andy; their fingers interlocked and they pressed on with the crowd until they finally gained the sidewalk.

"Let's go home," suggested Andy. "Must we go to that party?"

"We have to, darling—please. I'd love to go home too, and be alone together, but we can't."

She was glad, afterward, that she had resisted the impulse, for no sooner did she enter the Trocadero, where Julia's gay party was already in progress, than she realized what it was going to mean to be the young and not-unattractive mother of a new motion-picture star. Celebrities she had known for months or years, depending on the tenure of their pictures in the fan magazines, clustered about her and Andy, congratulating them and, after a shrewd glance of appraisal, accepting them into their world.

"When I left the house this evening," Andy whispered, "I was Dr. Lane, and now what am I? Just Jenny Lane's poppa."

CORNELIA had to laugh at the mixture of pride and outrage in his voice. Then Robert Gilman appeared and whisked her off into a dance.

"I know exactly how you feel." Andy wheeled at the sound of Julia's voice at his elbow, and saw her leaning against the wall. She looked white and tired.

"I didn't know you were standing there. What's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"Fine. Only just imagine how my nose is out of joint. Two hours ago Julia Farrel was a star in her own right. Now she's merely a member of the supporting cast to Jenny Lane, Hollywood's latest sensation."

"That's tough. I'm sorry, I really am!"

"It's all in the game. And if it had to be, I'm glad that it's your daughter." She smiled, but Andy noticed that it was an effort for her to be light about it. Her lips moved woodenly and her blue eyes had gone a little gray. For all her nonchalance, Jenny's success must have been a cruel blow to her. "I'm rusty in my dancing, but if you'd care to—" he offered, a little lamely.

For answer, she held out her arms and drifted toward him.

"Cornelia and I don't get much chance to dance," he said, as they moved out onto the crowded floor.

"That's a shame. She's so lovely. Lovely women ought to dance."

"I wish I knew what to do about it," Andy soberly conceded.

"Put away a night a week to be gay in—like church."

"A doctor can't—"

"There ought to be a way—" She dragged suddenly to a halt, with her weight sagging against him. "Let's stop a minute—"

"Hey, am I as bad as all that?"

"No, it's me—" Her breath came shortly. "I've a cramp in my side."

She found him suddenly competent and sure. His arm was strong about her and he was piloting her through the jostling couples toward a cleared space beyond the tables. She pulled away from him. "It's all right; I'm all right, now. Let's go back."

He released his hold on her but he still kept her hand, his fingers circling her wrist. He said firmly, "There'll be no more dancing for you tonight, young lady."

"Oh, is that so? Stop holding hands with me." She laughed shakily. "Your wife doesn't know what to make of you."

"I'm not holding hands with you; I'm taking your pulse." He nodded briefly to Cornelia as she danced past with Gilman. "Come along," he said to Julia. "Let's get out of this jam."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, you idiot. I'm the hostess of a hundred people here tonight."

"Would you like me to carry you?"

She stared at him. "Andy, you crazy thing, you actually would, I believe—" A spasm of discomfort crossed her face. "I'll go," she submitted meekly. "I feel rotten, I really do."

The ladies' room maid came forward, as Andy boldly entered with Julia. He anticipated her objections with a terse command. "Stand outside the door, please, and keep everybody out for ten minutes." He turned to Julia. "Take your dress off and lie down on that couch."

The maid's eyes described a circle of delicious horror. This was something new and novel in the way of scandal. Andy lit a cigarette and waited. Julia burst out laughing at the girl's expression. She ended in a little moan. "It hurts when I laugh. It's all right, Grace, go on—and keep your mouth shut."

The maid backed out.

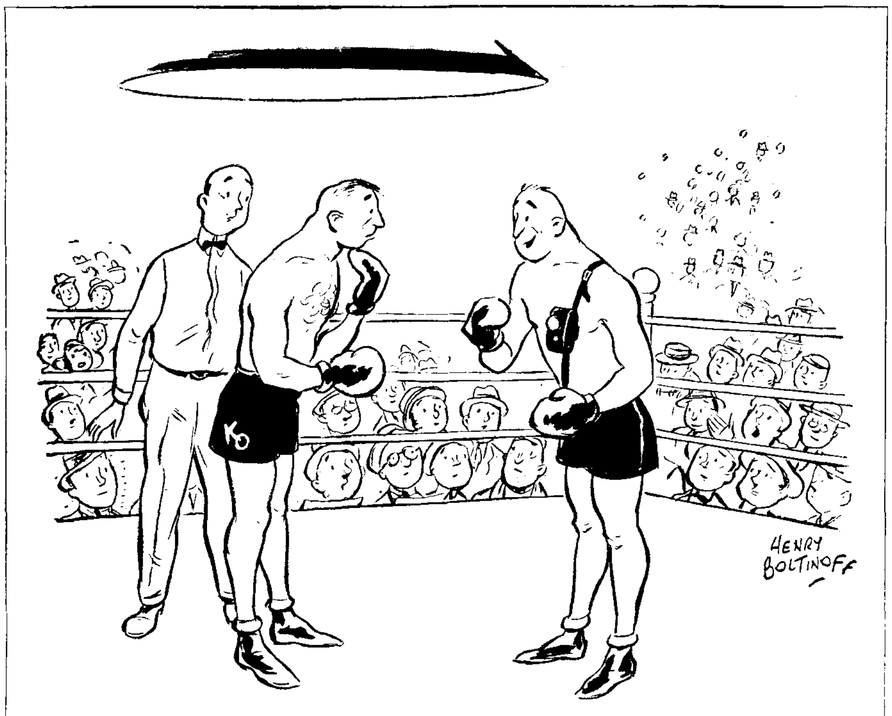
ANDY'S hands were gentle and cognizant. "This is where it hurts?"

"Yes. Not quite as badly today as yesterday, though."

"You darned little fool." His voice tried to be angry. "You fake a pain in the shoulder, but when you've got something real the matter with you, you keep it to yourself."

"Is it something real?"

"I'm afraid so, Julia. Here's the story: If we don't work fast, we're going to run into trouble with a ruptured appendix.



"I want to get some candid camera shots of this fight!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

Hair the Sun shines on

Summer days are dry scalp days. . . Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly before every shampoo if you want to keep your hair soft and lustrous the whole summer through. . . It corrects dry scalp . . . softens brittle, hard-to-manage hair . . . removes loose dandruff and tends to prevent its recurrence. . . Try a Tonic treatment and see for yourself how stimulating it feels to your scalp . . . how beautifully soft and shiny it leaves your hair!

1. Part the hair and apply 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic with cotton directly to the scalp. For a real 'salon' treatment the Tonic may be warmed before applying.

2. Steam the head for several minutes in towels wrung out of hot water, and shampoo. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is for sale at all druggists. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

40¢ and 70¢

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

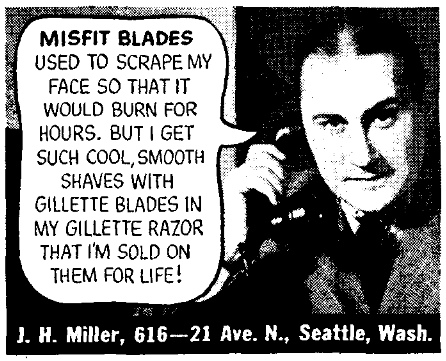
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1937, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

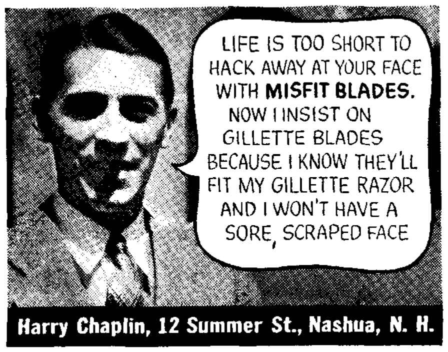
"Misfit Blades Made My Face Smart, Burn"

... says Seattle man

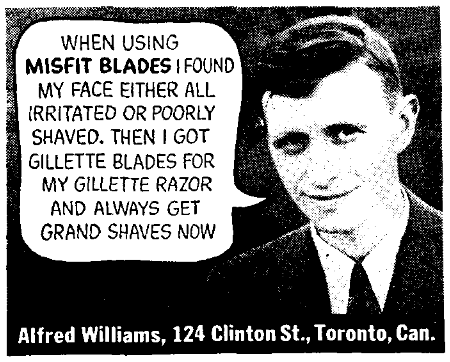
Read What Men Everywhere Are Saying About the Comfort of the "All-Gillette" Shave


MISFIT BLADES USED TO SCRAPE MY FACE SO THAT IT WOULD BURN FOR HOURS. BUT I GET SUCH COOL, SMOOTH SHAVES WITH GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR THAT I'M SOLD ON THEM FOR LIFE!

J. H. Miller, 616—21 Ave. N., Seattle, Wash.


LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO HACK AWAY AT YOUR FACE WITH MISFIT BLADES. NOW I INSIST ON GILLETTE BLADES BECAUSE I KNOW THEY'LL FIT MY GILLETTE RAZOR AND I WON'T HAVE A SORE, SCRAPED FACE

Harry Chaplin, 12 Summer St., Nashua, N. H.


WHEN USING MISFIT BLADES I FOUND MY FACE EITHER ALL IRRITATED OR POORLY SHAVED. THEN I GOT GILLETTE BLADES FOR MY GILLETTE RAZOR AND ALWAYS GET GRAND SHAVES NOW

Alfred Williams, 124 Clinton St., Toronto, Can.

Easy to Get Smooth Shaves

when your razor and blade match

MEN, if you are getting poor shaves, don't be surprised if the blades you are using are misfits! MISFIT blades do not fit properly in your Gillette Razor. An over-exposed shaving edge may scrape and irritate your skin; while too little shaving edge means a "spotty", unclean shave. Play safe the way millions of men everywhere are doing! Always use a genuine Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor and notice the difference. These two are made for each other. They are matched as carefully as the parts of a fine watch to assure you the smoothest shaves obtainable. Buy a package of Gillette Blades for your Gillette Razor today.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Now be a good girl and take orders. Who's your doctor?"

"My doctor?" She smiled in a pain-lined grimace. "Why, you are, of course."

"I mean your regular doctor."

"You're the only regular doctor I have. And even if you weren't, I'd want you to take care of me. Does this mean an operation?"

"Possibly."

"When?"

"I'll know more about it when I get you to the hospital and take a blood count," he returned evasively. "Here's your cape. Never mind your dress." He summoned the maid. "Call Miss Farrel's car at once—"

He helped her through the foyer, past avid, prying eyes. She had to lean against him, for it was as if having once admitted the pain it was the easier to give in to, and the harder to bear.

She made an attempt to be gay, for the benefit of the curious onlookers. "Do you always take your ladies to the Troc in an evening cloak and very little else underneath?"

HE PRESSED her arm, admiring her grit. "Always," he acknowledged. "Especially when they're spunky ladies."

"Spunky. That's a nice little word. Funny, isn't it, how happy your saying it makes me. Hadn't you better explain things to your wife?" she broke off, as they passed the threshold to the huge dining room.

"I never explain things to Neal. Doctors' wives get used to things like this."

"But I'll bet they don't like it. At least I shouldn't."

She made him pause and look in the door for a moment. He couldn't see Cornelia among the dancers. "Come on, I'll get in touch with her later," he said.

Julia's sleek gray car slid down Sunset Boulevard toward the hospital.

"Is an operation very terrible?"

"You won't feel anything. Afraid?"

"Yes," she answered honestly. "Are you disappointed in me?"

He shook his head. "Not a bit. To admit fear is courage of a high sort."

"Do you mean that?"

"Certainly. Anyone can be brave without significance."

"Andy, you make me feel a much finer person than I really am. That's why you're such a wonderful doctor, I suppose."

"All doctors seem wonderful when you need them."

"Maybe. You're going to do the operation yourself, aren't you?"

"I'd intended to call my chief in on the case unless, of course, you'd prefer someone else."

"I do, emphatically. Never mind your chief; I want you to do it. Promise."

"Are you sure—" he hesitated.

"Promise!" she insisted earnestly.

"Promise," he assented.

She took his hand under the lap robe. "Now that that's settled, let's pretend that we aren't going to the hospital. Let's make believe we're just running off to some gay place to have a good time and celebrate our knowing each other—and Jenny's success. I wonder if the morning papers have the reviews yet—"

"If they have, it's not important."

"Yes, it is. How much has happened tonight," she mused.

"Yes."

"I wonder what tomorrow will bring."

"Don't let's think about tomorrow."

"I'm not afraid any more."

"Good."

They were silent for a moment. Then he said, "Have you anyone—"

"No one," she interrupted, "except Dave Morris. Funny, when you think of it, isn't it? Hundreds of fan letters a day, and not a friend among them."

He looked deep into her loneliness. "You have a friend. Believe that, won't you?"

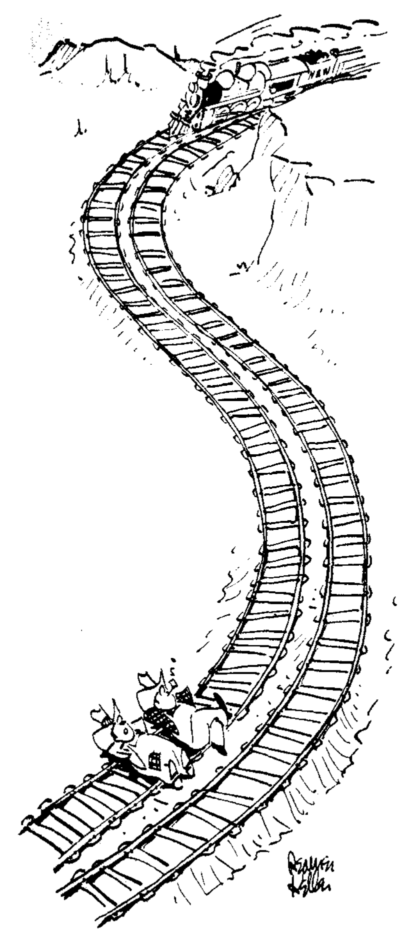
She put her arm about him and kissed him. "Thank you, Andy. I'm sorry I didn't meet you a long, long time ago."

His hand gripped hers in hard male strength. "We're here," he said.

"I'm glad." The way she said it made him know that she was almost at the end of her strength. "About kissing you just now, Andy. A girl has a right to be indiscreet at a time like this. I do like you, more than I thought I could ever like anyone again. I wish you'd tell me just once that you return that liking. It would make it easier and it wouldn't hurt anybody—"

Andy did not say anything for a long moment. Julia's slim hand, dry and hot with fever, still rested in his large cool palm. Her breathing sounded quick and shallow. "I admire good sportsmanship," he answered fervently, "more than anything else in the world."

Julia patted his hand and took away her own. "Sorry, Andy, I shouldn't have asked you that. Forget it, will you?"



"If it's on this track, Gus, we're sunk"

REAMER KELLER

She fastened her cape about her as the car drew up to a halt before the hospital, and the chauffeur opened the door.

CORNELIA had looked up from her table and had seen them standing in the distant doorway. She had waved, but they evidently hadn't seen her, and before she knew it they had disappeared. A little later she realized that Julia was wearing her cloak, and that they had evidently gone out together. Where? she wondered. It wasn't like Andy to do a thing like that. She had begged him to be pleasant, but, she reflected with wry humor, he didn't have to carry his affability to extremes. She sipped her drink, her eyes raking the shifting crowds that came and went. Gilman leaned across the table and laid his hand on hers. "You mustn't mind a little thing like that," he said softly.

She flushed. "Like what?"

"Don't put up a wall between us, Neal. I think I know you better than you know yourself. You mustn't take trifles so seriously; you mustn't be so vulnerable."

"Vulnerable is a pleasanter adjective than jealous," she replied, by way of an admission. "I'm terribly ashamed of myself."

"Don't be ashamed, merely be equal to it. After all, this is your big evening."

"That's why I wanted Andy to share it with me."

"Old-fashioned," he accused her. "Worse than old-fashioned. I'd say you were small-town, if I wanted to shake you to your senses."

She winced a little, but she took it. "Thank you, you have shaken me to my senses. Shall we dance?"

As they glided into the intricacies of a tango, he murmured, "You're the incarnate spirit of thistledown—"

"I used to be a good dancer but I'm all out of practice; it's been years, without exaggeration."

"That's unmoral. Why has it been years?"

"Young doctors have no time for parties."

"Which means that young doctors' wives sit at home and twiddle their thumbs?"

"Not really. Young doctors' wives are kept too busy. I sound like I'm whining, and there's no reason to. Andy and I have a wonderful time out of life—"

"Of course you do," he readily agreed. "Only tonight you've ceased to be a young doctor's wife; you're a celebrity."

"No, I'm not. The celebrity is home asleep in bed in an old flannel pajama suit and a box of ten-cent toys on the chair to play with when she wakes up in the morning—"

"And you have nothing to do with her success, I suppose."

"No, I haven't. It's just an ironic trick of fate—"

"Why ironic?"

"It sounds idiotic, but I'd been crazy enough to dream of this sort of thing happening to me, not Jennifer. Tonight, when I saw her on the screen, I came to my senses with a jolt. She has real greatness. I'm just a second-rate pretender."

"YOU'RE foolish." His voice was like a caress against her wounded spirit. "Where do you think Jennifer gets her greatness from?"

"I'd like to think it was from me, but it isn't. It's something bigger than I am, something I don't know anything about."

"Perhaps," he rejoined softly, "you're much bigger than you think you are—"

The music thinned out to a lingering, sensuous close. They melted into stillness and then, after an enthralled moment, broke apart. He led her out to the veranda. Beneath them, the twinkling lights of the city stretched out like strings of gleaming, gaudy beads, and a moon hung opulently in the starry heavens. "Lovely, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh, yes—" If Andy were only here to share it with her! She closed her eyes, cutting off the scene before her, but it still persisted like a dream against her lowered lids. It was easier with her eyes closed. Then everything was unreal. She was unreal, and all this night was unreal, and anything that could happen in it was unreal, even Andy's disappearance with Julia Farrel.

Gilman's hands were on her arms, persuasive and unmistakably meaningful. She kept her eyes shut tight. Then nothing could matter. Even when she knew that he was going to kiss her, it didn't seem to matter. But when his lips pressed hard against her own, feeling flooded back to her. Part of her wanted to break away from him, but another part of her—headstrong, hurt and willful, responded to his nearness, and wanted him to go on kissing her. *It was so good to be desired!*

(To be continued next week)

Through the City of TOMORROW Without a STOP

—*predicts*

NORMAN BEL GEDDES

"All vehicles will be routed through the cities of 1960 on thoroughfares specifically designed to carry traffic moving at several established speeds," ***says Mr. Geddes, authority on future trends.***

"A network of 50-mile-an-hour Express Highways in the city will handle all traffic going ten blocks or more, creating a continuous flow of cars, uninterrupted by stoplights, intersections or pedestrians.

"On Local Streets elevated sidewalks will carry pedestrian traffic above streets . . . building entrances and shop windows will be on second-story level. Trucks will be loaded, cars parked in open areas beneath buildings. Thus the entire width of streets —from building-line to building-line—will be clear for motor traffic . . ."

..but TODAY, 4 miles in 5 are Stop and Go

YOU can drive up to ten miles on the amount of gasoline wasted by your 30 daily stops—the nation-wide average!

The costliest kind of driving you do, both in time and money, is stop and go.

While traffic authorities are planning "the City of Tomorrow," Shell engineers have developed a fuel, Super-Shell, to meet today's driving problem TODAY.

Automotive engineers refer to Super-Shell as "motor-digestible," so quickly and completely is its energy changed into power . . . at ALL motor speeds.

You'll cut the cost of your stop-and-go driving by the regular use of Super-Shell Gasoline. There's a Shell dealer in your neighborhood.

SHELL

SUPER-SHELL

Drums on the Wind

Continued from page 16

The apple-cheeked German shook his head.

"I cannot agree," he said earnestly. He was very happy, with a good dinner inside him and a glass of wine at his elbow. And somewhat famous in his own field, that of ethnology, he was always in earnest when talking of natives and their ways. "No, I cannot agree. The human mind is fundamentally the same all over the world. Firmness, yes. But also kindness. Reason before bullets. That is my policy."

A faint smile flickered across the impassive face of Chang See, politely and instantly wiped away. Stan Collins, whose whole torso was scarred with spear and tomahawk wounds, looked at Leferve, and Leferve, the same whose whaleboat boys had only recently and without apparent cause turned on him and nearly killed him before he shot all seven of them, stroked his black beard and winked.

WALLABY JIM himself wondered what the enthusiastic little ethnologist would say if *he* knew why the houseboys were strained and sweating, why barbed wire had been strung outside the veranda and window screens, and why some dozen men from Wallaby's bark, the Kestrel, scarcely three hours anchored in the harbor, even then patrolled the jungle dark about the bungalow, carbines in the crooks of their arms and revolvers sagging at their thighs. A guest, however, was not to be worried with such matters and no one mentioned them, particularly when Fraulein Goddefrey, an ample but nervous woman, had already retired, complaining of the drums.

A houseboy leaned down and whispered in Wallaby's ear and he rose, excusing himself, as Herr Goddefrey started a new deal.

"I'll rest for a spell," he drawled easily. "Here, Banning!" He called one of the plantation's assistant white managers from inside the bungalow. "Take my hand."

The assistant wiped sweat from his palms and controlled some of his jerkiness as he came onto the veranda and slid into Wallaby's chair. Wallaby touched him on the shoulder.

"Better take a double brandy, son," he said quietly. "You're pretty jumpy."

He went into the bungalow then, dismissed the houseboy who had whispered to him, and found Jackson, his plantation manager, in the main room. The air was electric.

"Well," said Wallaby crisply, "where in hell have you been? I anchored three hours ago, before sunset."

Jackson mopped his bald head and breathed hard. His ducks were a sight, torn and stained. He was in his shirt sleeves and armed with twin gun belts. Fragments of jungle flowers and vines still clung to him.

"I didn't know you'd be here, sir," he apologized. "I've been trying to get matters straightened out. Didn't Banning tell you what the trouble was?"

"He gave me a rough idea," said Wallaby grimly. "Some of it I knew before I arrived. I landed a dozen men as guards as soon as I got the drift. But you talk."

JACKSON drank half a tumbler of straight brandy, coughed and stared at his employer.

"It started about two months ago. A fellow named Beruit or something blew in with one of those big Malay proas and a crew that didn't look like peaceful trading. A Zanzibar Arab, I think. He didn't stay here long but went up the coast a way, and the next I heard he was pretty friendly with coast villages. Soon after that Kiwi, he's my personal boy, told me Beruit had penetrated inland and was in touch with the hill tribes. He must have nerve; I'll give him credit. But, anyway, it seems he's been negotiating to bring the coast and hill men together."

"Find out just why?"

"Not exactly, but it's all war talk and it's directed against us. That much is certain. You know how the coast and hill villages love each other. They've raided back and forth for generations. Heads, slaves and women. Until you established the truce. We've smashed them both . . . separately. Six years back the coast boys, when they tried to wipe us out. A year later the hill men. Neither of them would care to tackle us again alone. But together . . ." Jackson spread his hands eloquently.

"If it could be managed," Wallaby muttered in agreement. "To get them to combine . . . as friends. When I came here first they were at each other's throats continually. Then we smashed them both, as you say, and enforced the truce. Not a friendly truce but one that worked. You know the word I gave, Jackson. The first side that started raiding or head-hunting again I would join the other side against them. They've known I meant it and we've had peace. But if they ever do combine, as allies, the chances are we'd be wiped out. Do you think that's Beruit's plan?"

"What else can it be?" asked the manager wearily. "He eliminates us and steps in. Starts his own trading post and plantation. We've no protection. Chatham Island's borderland territory, between German and British zones of influence. At that we might handle the situation with a few extra men, but if Beruit throws his own crew behind the uprising, armed with rifles like as not, we're sunk. And on top of all this mess Goddefrey and his wife have to land! I see you've met them."

Jackson was bitter about that. He resented it. Of all times for strangers to call! . . . Wallaby interrupted him.

"Did you try to discourage Goddefrey?"

"Certainly, sir. But look at it. They came in the Keilshaven, the flagship of the German Pacific fleet, guests of their government. I argued with the commander, told him the natives were in a bad mood, but he only laughed. Said Goddefrey just wished to spend a month or so getting data. And what could I say? I couldn't throw the old man off the beach. I just had to take him and look happy."

Wallaby paced up and down the room, chewing on his cheroot, his tanned face grim and hard.

"I don't blame you, Jackson," he said curtly. "It's a rotten mess all round. More to it than you think. I'll explain later. But how's Beruit working? Through the chiefs and witch doctors?"

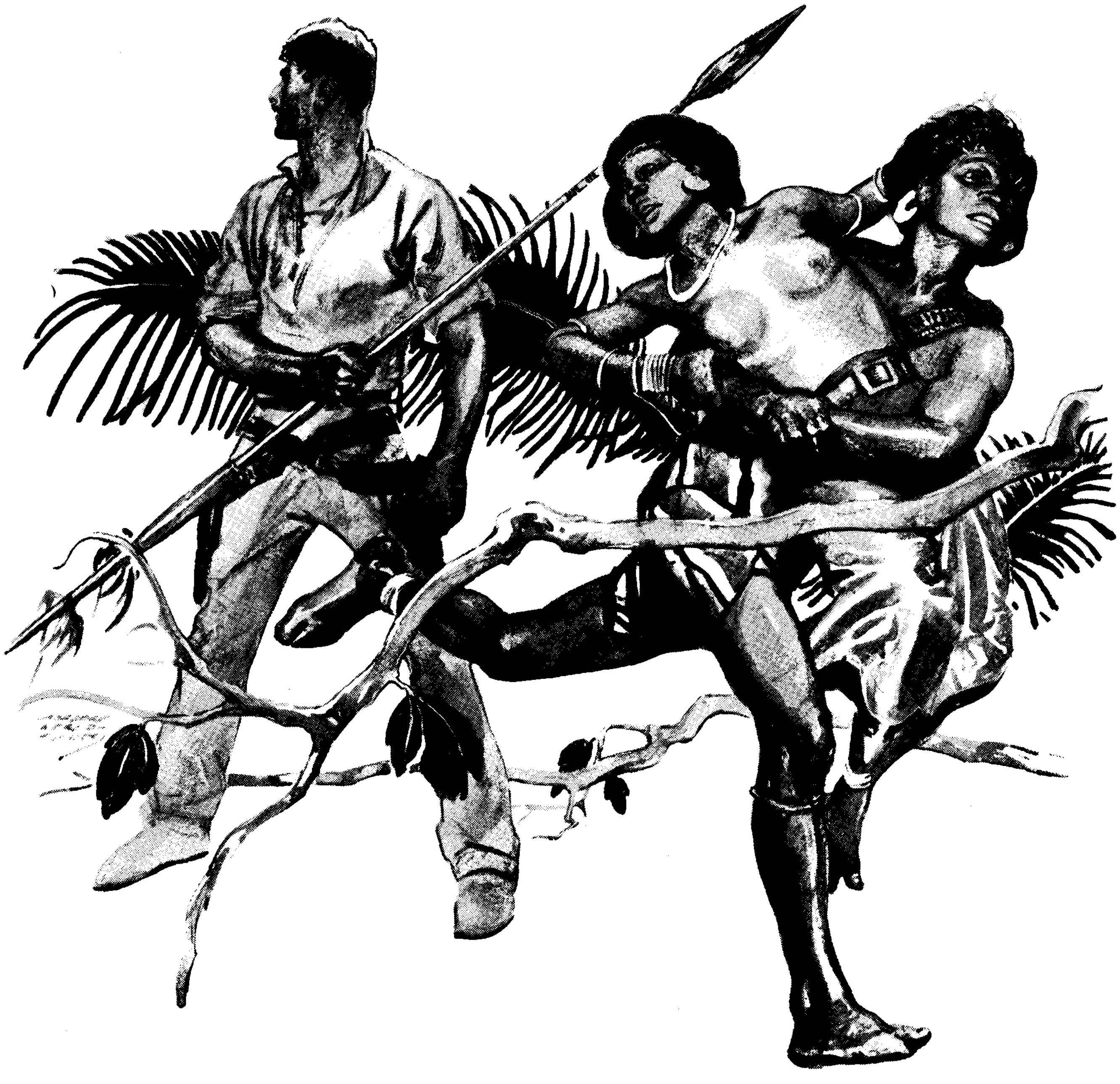
"GIN, bribery and promises," agreed Jackson morosely. "I tried counter-bribing, but he must have promised or given more than I did. It looks serious. Tonight Kiwi—that is my personal boy I mentioned—told me there's to be a big powwow on a little island about halfway up the Bay River. Sort of neutral ground where the chiefs and witch doctors are all to meet. If they come to any agreement our goose is cooked." He poured another drink and then a thought occurred to him: "But how did you happen along, sir? I thought you were up Singapore way."

"Should be," snapped Wallaby, "but I got wind of this mess in Port Moresby and ran down here instead." He fastened his flint-gray eyes on the locked arms racked against the wall and drew hard on his cheroot. "The governor gave me a hint. There's a lot more to it than just grabbing my plantation."

"More?" echoed the harassed Jackson. "What more could there be?"

Wallaby made an impatient gesture.

"Hasn't it struck you as queer that a comparatively unimportant man like Goddefrey should be afforded a passage from New Guinea on board the German



Kiwi crept close, made a sudden dash, and then was back into the jungle with the screaming woman

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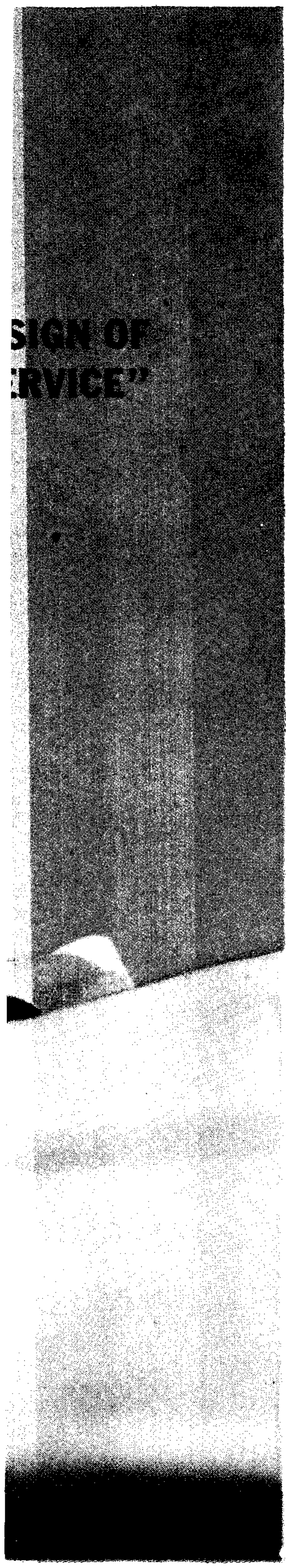

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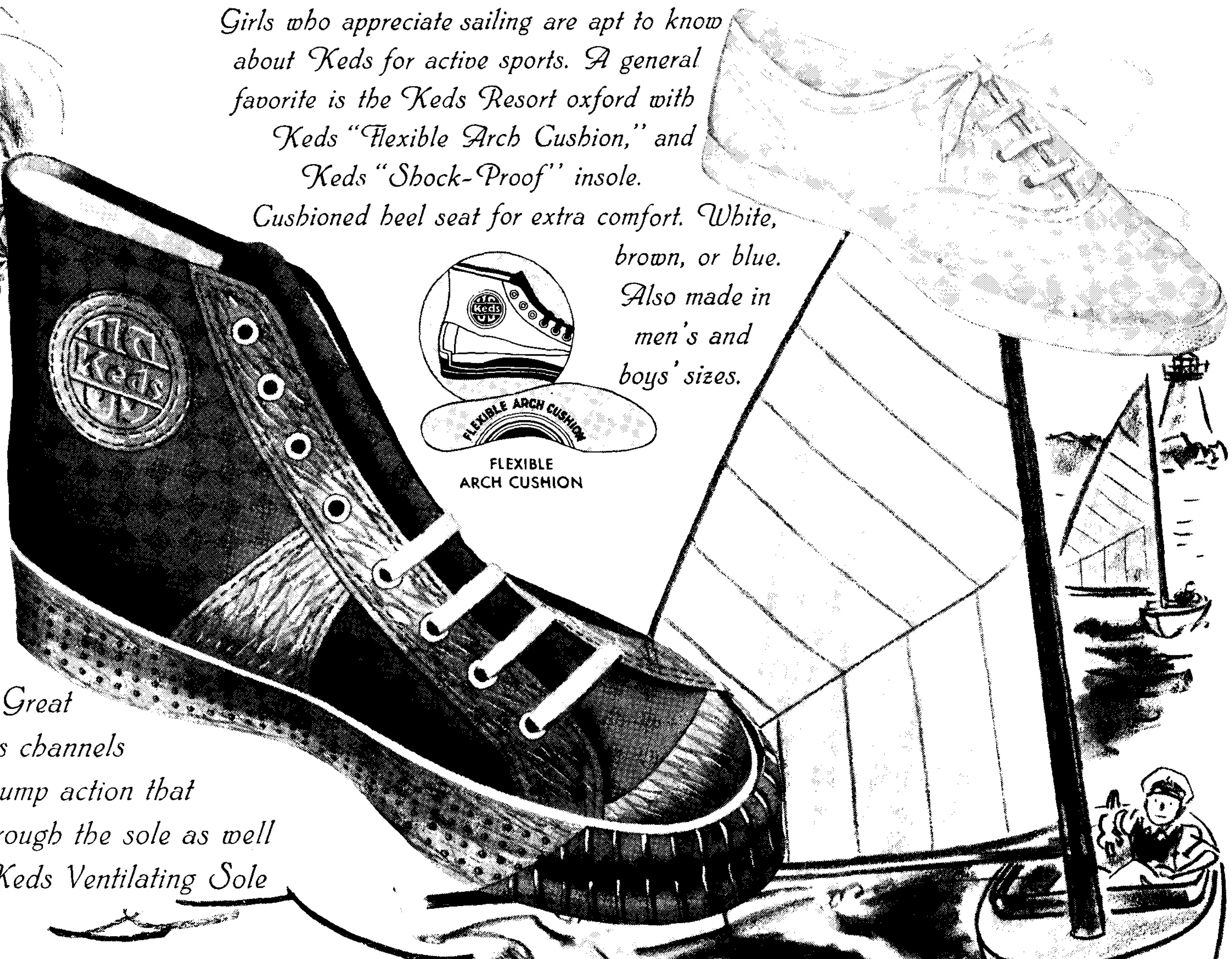

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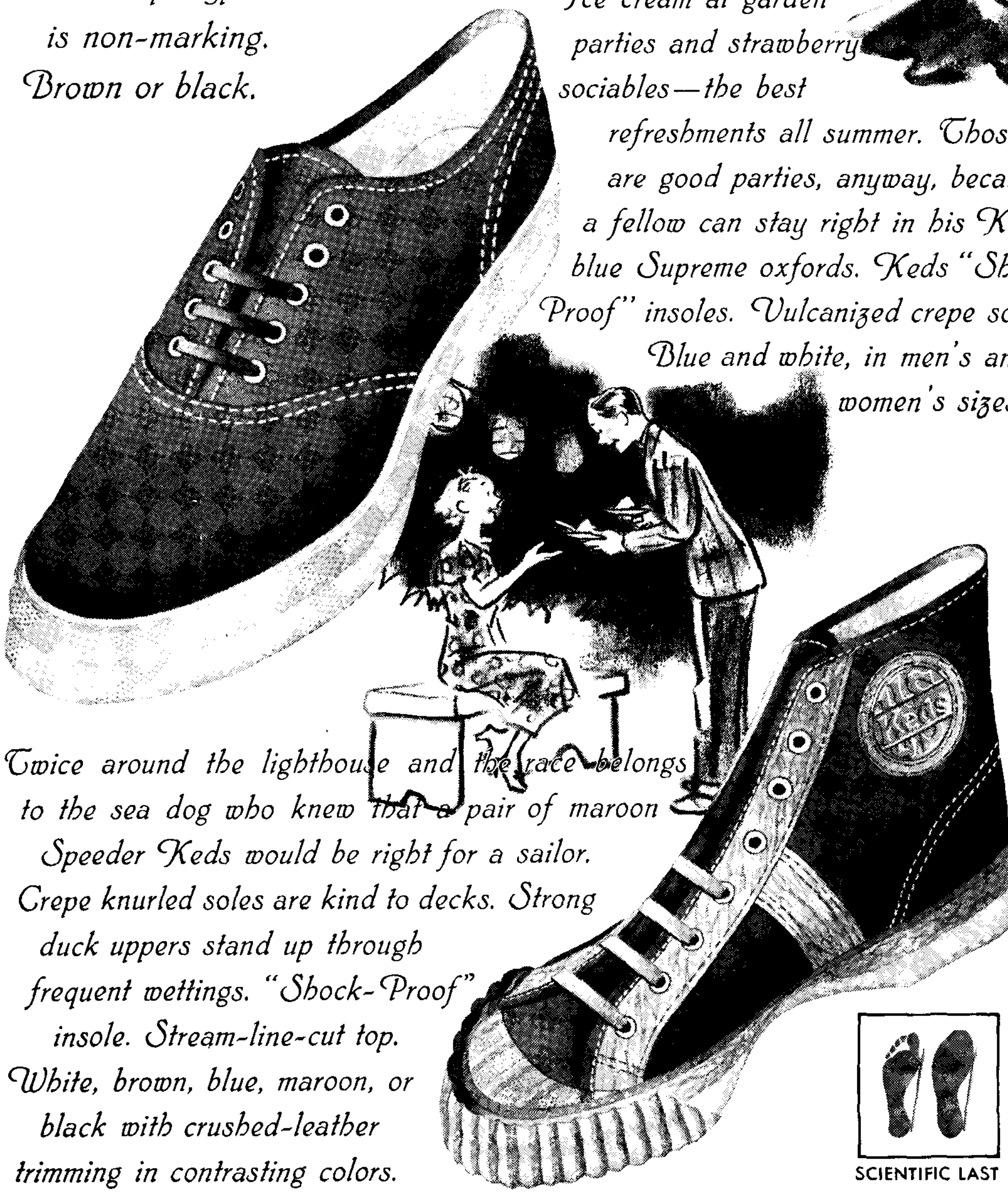

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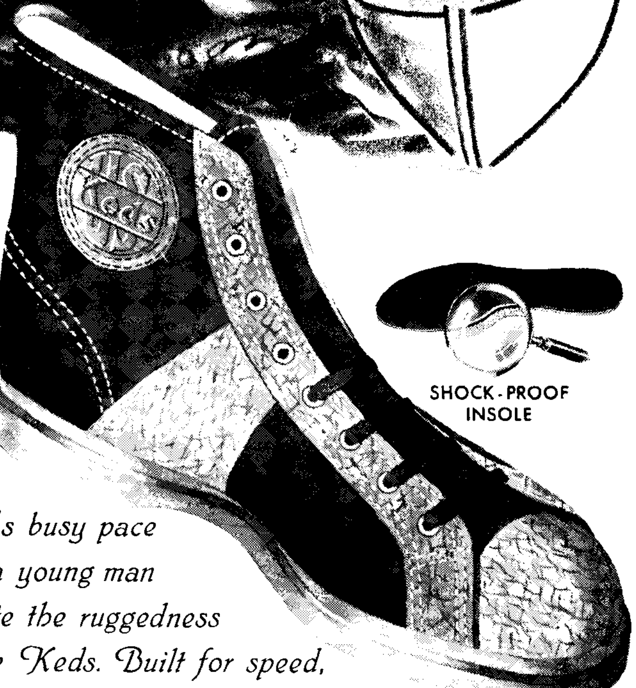

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flagship? We've had scientists drift in before, and men more famous than Goddefrey, but they always arrived as best they could, on whatever ship happened to be coming this way. And I might add the Keilshaven has not gone back to port. She's lying off and on at sea. Waiting."

Jackson stared at Wallaby Jim and wondered if the sun had affected him at last.

"What are you talking about?" he managed. "Waiting?"

Wallaby jammed his cheroot into an ash tray and swore.

"That's what I said. I passed her on my way in. Waiting for some signal, I judge. Figure it out, Jackson. Chatham Island belongs to no one in particular. We'll say Germany wants it. She doesn't care to annex it without excuse. There's native trouble here. Goddefrey and his wife, German citizens of some little prominence, are killed or are in danger. The Keilshaven sees a signal and thinks something must be wrong . . . that's how her report will read anyway . . . and steams back. Lands a force to protect her nationals, or to avenge them, and the landing force just plain forgets to re-embark. A first-class excuse. And the British couldn't very well complain. Certainly they couldn't or wouldn't make an issue of it. At least that's what the governor intimated."

"THE governor," Jackson demanded. "You mean old Jigsaw?"

"Since when have you known His Excellency the Governor-General of New Guinea as Jigsaw?" snapped Wallaby irritably. "Oh, yes. I forgot you were partners with him in the McQuarrie gold rush twenty years back. Never mind. I was all set to leave Moresby for Singapore when Jigsaw called me in. He'd had confidential word that a coup was planned down here and he was all pins and needles because his yacht was out of service and he couldn't run down himself to forestall things. He remembered then I ran the only plantation here and suggested I look after things. So that's the situation. We not only stand to lose the plantation but the whole island as well. And it's up to us to make it unnecessary for the Keilshaven to land men. No court of arbitration would uphold them if they annexed without cause."

Jackson mopped his bald head again and hitched up his heavy cartridge belts.

"So this Beruit's been sent just to start the circus, eh?" he muttered. "I thought he was going to a lot of trouble, more than necessary."

"Tell me," said Wallaby shortly. "What's happened to old Moeean? He used to be paramount chief of the coast villages. And a good friend of ours."

"I've just come from Moeean," explained Jackson. "That's why I didn't meet you when you anchored. Had a long talk with him. He's lost face the past few years, ever since one of his young wives ran off with one of his brothers, and he failed to take his head. He's getting old. He told the young bucks this is all a madness, but they don't listen to him any more. He doesn't even live in his own village, but in a hut on the beach. His prestige is gone."

Wallaby lighted a fresh cheroot and listened to the drums.

"Well, we've got to restore it and stop all this nonsense!" he said savagely. "We've got to fix it so the coast and hill tribes keep the truce, not only against each other but against us. We must have peace. We've no choice. Half a dozen white men against twenty thousand blacks. And twenty years of my work in danger of destruction. I've practically stamped out head-hunting and raiding on this island, but if Germany gets control and I'm thrown out . . . well, you remember what they did in Samoa." He swore. "I wonder what Goddefrey would say about reasoning with our black cousins if he knew the situation?"

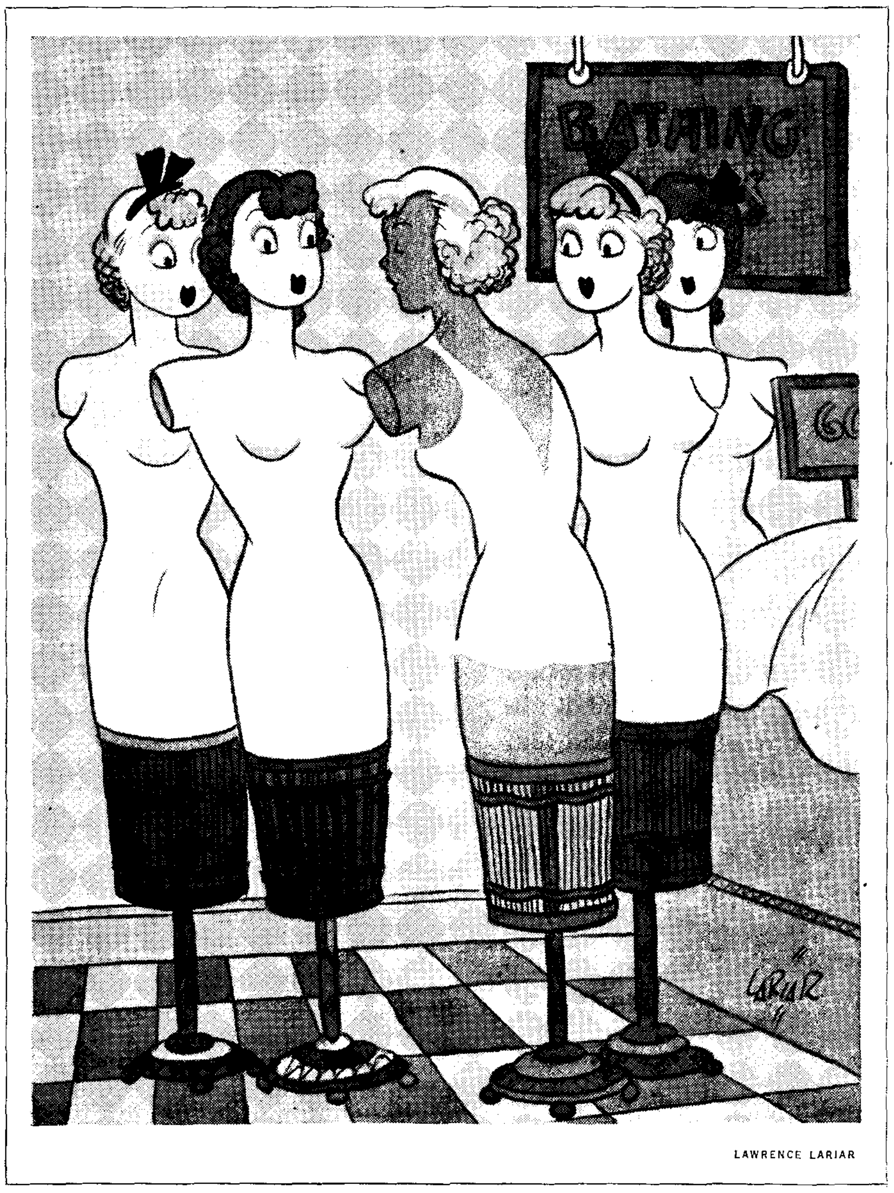
Jackson laughed a little.

"We might put him ashore on that island up Bay River and let him see what he could do," he suggested sarcastically. "He'd be long-pig before dawn." He paused and listened. "Hear the drums? That's a different note from what they were sounding at sunset."

"This Kiwi, your personal boy," said Wallaby shortly, "can he speak *bêche-de-mer* or English? I'm not very good with this dialect."

"He's mission-raised," said Jackson. "And he's spent two years on a Yankee whaler. From the coast villages. He's a sort of an outcast. When he came back from the whaling and told what he'd seen they said he was a liar and threw him out. They were going to long-pig him until I interfered. That's why he sticks to me."

"Well, get him!" snapped Wallaby. He chewed on his cheroot, more worried than he had been in a long time. It was twenty years since he had started his first trading post and plantation on Chatham Island. He had had three wiped clean before he had finally smashed the native raids and enforced peace on all the land, and he did not intend to see the labor and grief of all that time blotted out. He was Wallaby Jim, a legend on all the verandas, the fastest and straightest shot in the south, a name to conjure with from Hawaii to the Kermadecs, and if he ever went down he would go down fighting.



LAWRENCE LARIAR

"FIRMNESS and kindness," he muttered sarcastically. "Reason before bullets." He thought of the men he had known, the explorers, the prospectors, the traders, buried in obscure graves; dead in the jungle; dead along the reefs; tortured incredibly; going down under the spears; facing alone and unaided the screaming, childish, brutal and unreasoning hordes of savages who had not yet risen from the Stone Age. "We tame the south," he brooded. "We make the islands safe for the Goddefreys to potter about in, and then they come and tell us we're making a mess of the job!" He tightened his cartridge belts and swore.

"THAT is the hut of Moeean, master," said Kiwi quietly, in pidgin English, pushing aside a screen of lianas that backed the beach. Wallaby looked at the tall, heavily muscled native, the starlight glinting on the cartridges in the bandolier across his naked chest, and on the steel of his bush knife thrust into his loincloth. Kiwi pointed with the hand in which he carried his carbine, and Wallaby nodded and went forward. Moeean, once paramount chief of the coast villages, was crouched over a small fire before his hut, where a young girl was carefully broiling a fish for him. He looked up slowly as the white man approached, wrinkled, seamed, white-haired, but still with something of authority in his faded eyes and the poise of his head.

"You have forgotten, Moeean?" said Wallaby. The old chief looked at Kiwi and Kiwi translated. Then Moeean rose to his feet and dismissed the girl.

"My granddaughter," he explained. "The last woman in my hut. I am nothing in these times. But I remember now. It is my old eyes . . . misty . . . and the firelight. It is Wallaby Jim come back." There was more than welcome in his voice; there was relief.

"Aye," said Wallaby. He seated himself cross-legged. "I have come back because of whispers of a great madness. They have reached me across the world, across the great sea, even to Samarai, where the Big Master holds council."

"I have whitened my face with ashes," said Moeean humbly.

"There is no blame," said Wallaby. "I have heard that you labored to keep the truce. When I first came to this country there was blood and a taking of heads. When I left there was peace. There will be peace again. Now tell me!"

And Moeean burst forth with the indignation and garrulity of the aged, so that it was a full half-hour before Wallaby had learned what he wished to know, and rose to his feet again.

"This Beruit," he said. "The dog of a dog. Thou and I know. But the tribes, and the young men of the tribes?"

"They listen to talk of the old days," Moeean quavered.

"They listen too much," Wallaby assented. "I left them with the truce, so there was little killing, and the villages of all the tribes increased fast. Now this madness, and this Beruit who talks of friendship and would bring all tribes together for a strange war. Should that be accomplished? The killer whale was not meant to mate with the shark, nor the coast men take as brothers the men of the hills. Rather shall they remain each to himself, but in peace, as I set forth long ago."

He paused and studied the old chief, conjuring up all his understanding of natives learned in the bitter years.

"This is my word," he went on, at last. "And before morning the villages shall listen to you again. But you must be ready when the time comes to render counsel that the old truce be kept. Also you must find a man to counsel the hill tribes likewise."

"My third wife's sister's husband was born in the hills," said Moeean.

"Then the way is smooth. Send him. And go to the villages now and tell them Wallaby Jim has come again, and that all this madness is over."

"I MAKE ready," quavered the old man. "The word of Wallaby Jim is known." And he rose to enter his hut. Wallaby whispered to Kiwi and Kiwi followed Moeean, to reappear again, carrying two spears.

"This," said Kiwi, holding up one, "is the spear of the hill men. The pattern's so. The cockatoo feathers at this end. And the other," he raised the second spear, "is the spear of the coast men. The end wrapped in sharkskin." He paused and chuckled. "It will be a great game, master."

"We will play it at least," said Wallaby impatiently. "Time runs."

He motioned to Kiwi and the native plunged back into the jungle, while behind them they heard the shrill chant that is sounded by a chief when he calls his villages to council. There was blood in the wind that night.

Silent as a ghost, Kiwi padded along paths Wallaby could not even see, so that, bushman as he was, he stumbled and jarred against upflung roots and the rough trunks of trees that seemed to lunge out of the blackness toward him. Yet for a white man he moved quietly and Kiwi more than once clucked his approval. They came to the banks of the Bay River at last, a sullen, swollen stream of no great width, and they groped through the fringing mangroves conscious that somewhere ahead, on each side of the water, there were hundreds of motionless, intent savages, their eyes glued to midstream where rose a small, flat island. Rounding a bend Wallaby sighted it at last and Kiwi checked him, pointing.

There was a great fire in the center of the island, the red flames reflected in the water and flickering almost as far as the mangroves. Lining the mangroves on either side, in the shallows, were dozens of canoes, each filled with natives, ready to surge forward to battle at the first intimation that the island meeting had

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failed. But from what Wallaby could see it was not failing.

A white-robed, turbaned figure was on its feet, waving arms and haranguing two opposing semicircles of silent savages. The man who was talking (they could hear him but not catch the words) must be Beruit, the Zanzibar Arab, thought Wallaby; at his feet squatted six waist-naked men in turbans who must have been Malays, with bandoliers running diagonally across their muscular chests and carbines resting on their knees. What was worse, from Wallaby's point of view, gin bottles were passing freely from hand to hand.

"What name coast feller hill feller want too much?" Wallaby whispered in pidgin. Kiwi grinned in the dark and ran a significant finger across his throat, then took his hair and pulled it upward.

"Heads," said Wallaby, understanding. "I might have guessed. Currency in these islands." He frowned, thinking. "What name coast feller hill feller wantum longa head."

"*Vahine.* Plenty too much Mary. Hill feller run longa sea catchum *vahine*. Sea feller run longa hill catchum too."

"WOMEN? I should have remembered that, too. They used to raid back and forth." He hesitated, then set his jaw. There was no choice. In the islands a white man lived if he could and died when he had to, invariably with his boots on and his guns spitting flame. But until that time . . . war is war. "Can you throw that coast man's spear to the island?" he muttered, forgetting himself. Then he remembered and translated it to pidgin.

"Big feller far," whispered Kiwi, and he was trembling with excitement. "No gammon. Me strong feller. You see!"

He poised the spear, balanced and threw. It was a long throw, and the spear fell short, but it struck in the shallows and remained upright, its head under water, the long haft quivering. There was a sudden shocked silence and heads turned, glistening dark eyes rolling. On the island the Arab had checked and involuntarily slipped his carbine free. Wallaby did not wait. He seized Kiwi's arm and dragged him back into the jungle.

"We go longa coast village and steal Mary," he explained. Kiwi gasped, suddenly afraid.

"Me no feller take Mary. Plenty black feller *kai-kai* me."

"I'll attend to that," rasped Wallaby. "Come on. Me plenty big feller master."

He convinced the reluctant Kiwi at last and they half ran, half fell, through the jungle, while behind them they could hear the rising roar of voices and challenges as the gathered chiefs inspected the hostile flung spear, and discovered what tribe and village it came from. The coast men! A challenge in the face of a council of peace. Beruit the Arab had all he could do to check the impact, and he hastily opened another case of gin.

On the outskirts of the nearest coast village Wallaby and Kiwi crouched for a moment. By the light of the late fires they could see the place was occupied only by women, old men and boys. One young woman was chewing kava root and spitting into a great bowl as she squatted before the nearest hut, and Wallaby motioned.

"That one plenty good. You takum Mary."

"Me takum," agreed Kiwi, but he was uneasy. Wallaby gripped the spear of the hill men and waited. Kiwi crept close, made a sudden dash, and then was back into the jungle with the screaming woman over his shoulder. There was a startled outcry. Old men and boys seized tomahawks and spears and came running. Deftly, considering he was unaccustomed to the weapon, Wallaby Jim sent the hill men's spear humming through the air, to plunge quivering into the ground before the vanguard, checking them. That done he turned and ran in the wake of the fleeing Kiwi. Three hundred yards in the jungle he caught him and stopped him. Kiwi had one great hand over the woman's mouth now, and his eyes were rolling with excitement.

"What feller game now, master? We take Mary to ship?"

"No, you fool!" snapped Wallaby. He was jumpy himself. He was playing for big stakes. He put his hands on his gun butts and motioned Kiwi to silence. The native woman was unexpectedly quiet, probably enjoying the sensation of being taken by capture as most of the tribal women were, and in any event Kiwi's great arms checked struggles and his great hand checked any outcry. They stood motionless in the dark jungle and then heard the excited voices of natives as group after group ran along the narrow path near them.

Wallaby nodded. That was good. They had gone to inform the fighting men at the council that the hill tribes were raiding for women. Couple that with the uneasiness of the hill men at finding a coast spear in the shallows of the island, and much should happen.

"Let the woman go," said Wallaby suddenly in pidgin. The surprised Kiwi reluctantly did as he was ordered and the woman, standing expectantly for a moment, gave a half-resentful laugh and plunged scornfully into the dark. It was an insult to be taken and then discarded. Was she not young and a good worker?

"Now we find Beruit's proa," said Wallaby. "We might as well clean up while we're about it."

"Black feller master ship?" said Kiwi when he understood. "Too far no. We findum longa this way." And they plunged into the jungle again, while from the coast village from which they had taken the woman there rose imperious and compelling the great council drum of Moeean the paramount chief. Tradition, if nothing else, would bring the warriors even from battle to listen to him.

BERUIT, the Zanzibar Arab, was not only perplexed, he was furious. He had done the impossible—brought hereditary enemies together in peace, smoothed the way for centuries of old hates to be forgotten, spent incredible weeks and squandered enormous amounts of gin and trade goods. There had been scarcely a check and he had earned his pay. He had won the witch doctors of both sides to his cause; had stage-managed the meeting on the island in Bay River; had had the chiefs worked up to the point where another hour would have seen them moved enough and mellow enough to take the blood-brother rite each with each. And then, amazingly, there had come a spear out of the blackness along the shore. A coast man's spear. Some too-revengeful native, of course, sulky at the prospect of a peace pact and the resultant burying of all blood feuds.

Well, he had overcome even that by dint of more gin and fast, passionate talk, though there had been moments when he felt his own life had not been worth a pinch of salt, and he had stood with arms outspread between the hostile spears. And then, just as everything was settling again, who should come running and screaming along the river bank but boys and old men from the nearest coast village, howling that the hill men had raided for women and carried one away. Nothing could stop the carnage then.

In thirty seconds the island was a battleground, and the waiting canoes of both sides were surging forward, filled with screaming savages, to take part in the game. All the old hates revived. All the heritage of a hundred generations urging both sides to kill . . . kill . . . kill! Heads for the taking. And the kidney fat of warriors to roast over slow fires. Beruit had barely escaped with his own life. He and his six Malays had literally had to blow a path to the water, blow a canoe clear of occupants, and then run a gantlet of spears and tomahawks all the way down the Bay River to the sea. Four of the Malays had died. Beruit arrived on the beach with his remaining two men bleeding from a dozen wounds, his own robe crimson and ragged and his eyes murderous. It was not possible to take the canoe right out to his waiting proa. There was an ugly sandbar across the river's mouth. He would have to transfer to his whaleboat, which he had beached a short way up the coast.

"The dogs!" he snarled. "The black dogs! Tonight we will light the signal fire so the warship shall come in. Allah knows, I have done my best!"

He stopped halfway across the now moonlit sand because a tall, broad-shouldered man, backed by a muscular Kanaka, suddenly confronted him.

"Is the game finished, Beruit?" said the tall man calmly. Beruit saw the man was white then, and he dropped his nervous hands to his gun butts.

"What is this?" he managed in fair English. "And who are you?"

WALLABY JIM stared at him through eyes that were mere icy slits.

"Carstairs and Company, Beruit. Wallaby Jim. Was it my plantation you wanted so, you had to stir up the natives?"

"Wallaby Jim?" Beruit licked his lips. That name was known from Hawaii to the Kermadecs, from the Celebes to Peru, where Beruit had once sold a cargo of slaves. He recovered himself with an effort. He had two Malays with him yet, men fast with a kris, as he was fast with his guns. He laughed and spat.

"You are small before nations," he jeered. "Tomorrow there will be no Carstairs and Company on Chatham Island. There comes a warship at my signal."

"Perhaps," agreed Wallaby quietly. "But I think not. The game is finished."

Comprehension came to the Arab.

"So it was you who flung the spear and stole the woman, to start the tribes at war again. Allah . . ." Rage choked him.

"Not to start war again," Wallaby corrected. "To establish the truce you used for other ends. To stop war."

"Can you stop death!" Beruit screamed and drew both his guns so fast the silver moonlight made them seem like arcs of polished steel as they flashed up.

There were two reports. The first was from Wallaby Jim's own .45 aimed from the hip. The second was from Beruit as he pulled one trigger while he pitched forward in the sand. Kiwi slammed the butt of his carbine into the face of one Malay as the man lifted a kris for a throw. The other Malay turned and ran.

Wallaby turned Beruit over with his foot, saw the dark stain over the heart and nodded, satisfied.

Then without a word he holstered his gun and started back for the big plantation bungalow.

HE WAS washed and had changed when he slid into his chair at the poker game again, deposing young Banning, who relinquished three queens with a sigh. Jackson, the plantation manager, all tension gone, ordered a houseboy to serve fresh drinks, for it looked as if it were going to be an all-night session.

"You have been walking, yes?" asked Herr Goddefrey happily as he looked at Wallaby Jim. Wallaby riffled his cards and nodded, laughing. He had been gone just three hours.

"Yes, it's a fine night," he explained. "Just a little walk."

Herr Goddefrey cocked his head to one side and listened.

"Ach, the drums. They have stopped at last. All save one. I wonder."

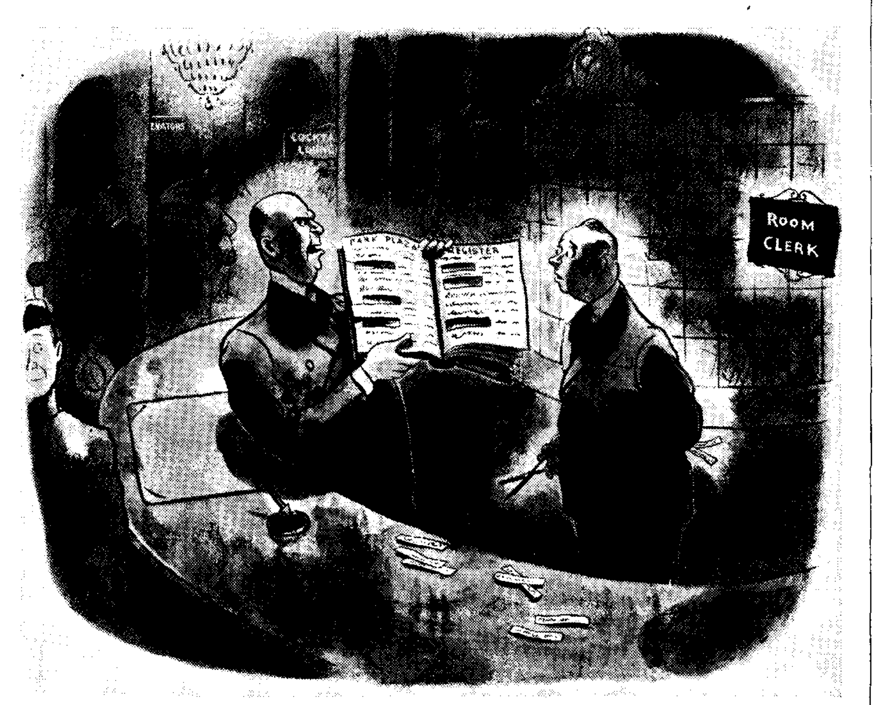
"They probably got tired," put in Jackson, mopping his bald head.

"And why not?" inquired Herr Goddefrey. "All afternoon and evening they play. Like children, no? One must treat them as such. Kindness and firmness, that is all. Just children."

"I guess you're right, Professor," Wallaby agreed, smiling. "But I handle things sometimes along a different line and get results."

"A different line?" inquired Herr Goddefrey, a little puzzled by the unaccustomed phrase. "Ach, yes. A different way. So?"

"It's pretty old," said Wallaby carelessly. "It was old when Caesar played both ends against the middle in Rome. And quite simple. Divide the rule." He inspected with gratification the fourth queen he had drawn. . . . "Will anyone raise me?"



"Listen, Albert, you'll have to stop cutting out names for your autograph collection!"

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"It saved you a hundred dollars"

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Shipwreck by Arrangement

Continued from page 15

Then we came around the edge and got the whole picture. There was the complete aft deck of a liner, superstructure and all, mounted upon a cradle with big hydraulic jacks underneath. That was to toss it around. Under those glaring lights shooting down, the thing was fantastic but I knew it would look real enough when they got it on film. The shock I got was the size of the crew. I'd never seen so many on one set. And everyone had a slicker on, everyone but *the actors. They got paid for getting wet.*

Ann was hanging on to my hand tight; she was fairly jumping with excitement. "What's that for?" she asked, and pointed with her other hand.

I looked. On the other side of the deck was a black tar wall that must have been seventy-five feet high. On top of it and overhanging was a row of big tanks.

"They'll shoot toward that black and superimpose the film on stock shots of ocean later," I told her. I looked up at the tanks. "I'm not sure about those, but, unless I'm dumber than I think I am, they're full of water—and it's going to be dumped right on *us!*"

A very tall angular guy with pince-nez glasses and a yellow slicker came striding in our direction. The combination was so funny I almost laughed. He looked us over and said, "Okay, get 'em up on deck, Sammy," and walked off. It wasn't hard to figure he was Sterner.

WE WENT under a platform where the cameras were and over a tin sluiceway that caught the water as it came down off the ship. Then there were cleated runways going up to the deck and we climbed them. I hung on to Ann going up. When we got on the deck I looked around at the crowd but there wasn't anyone there I knew. They all had on evening clothes except the sailors, but they were extras. I guessed they'd be using doubles for the principals in this scene. Well, if I were a star, I wouldn't want to get soaked either.

They had three cameras up on the platform and Sterner was busy making sure they were getting the right angles. There was another one overhead on a boom that they could swing anywhere.

There were wind-machines on the platform too, big airplane propellers with motors. Sammy, the black-haired boy, was giving directions.

"You're all running for that lifeboat." He pointed to a big lifeboat swinging on the davits and near the cameras. "That side of the deck will be up in the air when we get the jacks going. Sailors will hold the others back for a minute and then break themselves—the ship's going down fast. Now make it good, but be careful. We don't want anybody hurt."

I took Ann away over to the other side of the deck where the rail met the superstructure. It looked like a safe spot and there was an iron ladder you could hang on to. "Stay here," I said, "you keep out of this scramble. We'll give them a start across the deck for that boat." I felt responsible for her, though I couldn't have told you why.

"You look cute when you scowl that way," she said. "I'm all right, Bob; I'll get along."

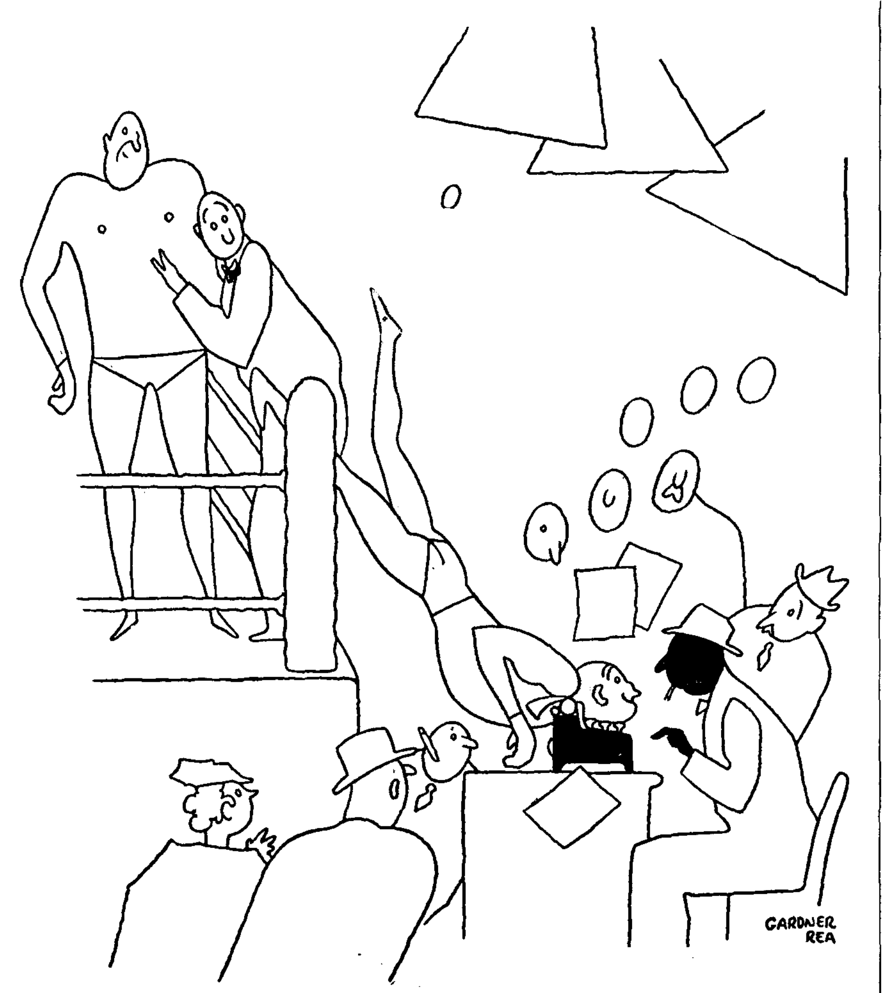
Sterner was yelling through his megaphone. "We'll try it once without the water," he said. "Ready down below? Start your motors!"

The deck lifted under our feet and then fell away. It was like being in a crazy house at an amusement park. I hung on to Ann until the crowd was well started up that slanting deck toward the boat. Then we ran too. I had my arm around Ann's waist.

Halfway across, the deck tilted even more sharply. I managed to keep my balance and hold on to Ann. It was nice holding on to her. I felt very big and protective. The deck stopped rocking and leveled off again. When I looked down at her she was grinning.

"This is fun," she said. Trying to make me think she didn't need that ten bucks, huh? *But I liked her for it.*

"THAT was pretty good." It was Sterner yelling through the megaphone. "We'll shoot it this time with the water." I looked up at the big tanks and over them I could see the black sky and the stars. "Hit those irons up there," Sterner yelled and a battery of lights on the top of the superstructure flashed on and I couldn't see the stars any more. I looked up at Sterner on the platform and then I ducked for the far corner. Cedric Evans was standing right next to him.



"Those rubber-capped keys are softer to the touch, aren't they?"

GARDNER REA

"What's the matter?" Ann was right in back of me. "Don't look so upset. What difference does it make if somebody sees you? There's nothing dishonest about it, is there?"

"It isn't that," I said. "You don't understand, kid." Lord, I'd forgotten Cedric was in the picture. Otherwise a tractor couldn't have dragged me out there. I used to live with Cedric before he got to be America's heart's delight and I knew how big he was taking himself. I didn't want him condescending to me.

"Ready, everybody! Make it good, now!" The last cleated gangway was cleared away. "Don't start your action until I wave my arms!" The big propellers started with a roar and you knew the reason for that direction. Anything less than an explosion wouldn't have been noticed.

The deck moved under us suddenly and then the water hit us. They'd turned big fire hoses into those propellers and they practically threw water at us. We were soaked in a minute and that rain was plenty cold. I tightened up my hold on Ann.

Sterner was waving his arms. The deck tilted up sharply again and I kept *my head down running toward the cameras.* It was slippery enough going on that slanting deck. We had hardly started when they let the first tank go.

They pulled the whole bottom out of it and that water came down in a solid chunk and hit a curved piece of galvanized iron and bounced up again. And then it fell right on top of us. It came down so hard it knocked the breath out of you. They made high-class waves in that studio, all right.

I wasn't half organized when they let the next tank go. This time I got it right in the face and I thought I was in the middle of the Pacific for sure. I made up my mind right then to avoid any real shipwrecks if this was what they were like. I looked down at Ann. She was pushing the wet hair out of her eyes but she was grinning.

ALL of a sudden the noise stopped and there wasn't any more water coming down. I let go of Ann and wiped my eyes clear. I would have appreciated a towel.

"Everybody down and into blankets!" Sammy of the big voice was yelling up at us. I hustled Ann to the side and down one of the runways the minute they got it up. Well, I didn't want her to get pneumonia.

Sterner was calling down to the guys on the jacks. "Get it higher," he said, "I want more slant on that deck. We'll try it again as soon as they fill the tanks." What did they want to do, pitch us out in the overflow chutes? That deck had been hard enough to run on before.

I got Ann bundled up in a blanket and left her in a chair in front of a salamander while I got some coffee and brought it back. That's a portable stove with a tall chimney and they get them red-hot. This steam was coming up from our *wet clothes* in about a minute and Ann and I drank the coffee. Then I pulled another chair close to Ann's and sat down. There was a newspaper on the chair and I opened it at the theatrical page. There might be a picture coming up I could work in.

I started to read Harrison's column but something pulled my eyes to the half-tone next to it. Maybe you've guessed it but you can imagine it was a shock to me. It wasn't a very good likeness but you couldn't miss the fact that it was Ann.

Underneath it said, "Famous radio songbird goes to Hollywood. Ann Reyburn, who has been carrying the Johnson hour, signed for a featured part in the Broadway musical hit, Top of the Moon." I dropped the paper on the ground and looked at Ann. She had seen it, too.

"Well?" I said. "What's the idea?"

"Oh, I—I don't know." She was stumbling in her effort to make it look real. "I guess I just wanted to see how a studio looked from the bottom—or something. That's all it was—honest."

I NEVER felt more like a jackass. And I'd been condescending to her! I could feel the red burning up in my face and there wasn't any make-up to hide it.

"Look," I said, "I guess you meant to help—and it was quite a gesture. But I don't need any examples in stooping to honest labor." I stood up and all I wanted was to go away and hide somewhere. Ann was looking up and trying to smile.

"Bob, I didn't mean to—"

"Yeah, I know. It was a hot afternoon and you felt like a shower. Well, thanks just the same." I walked away and my shoulders may have been straight but my pride wasn't.

I headed toward the entrance of the lot but Sammy caught me before I got far. "Hey, where you going?" he said. "We're going to shoot in a minute. This'll be the last."

I kept walking. "I've had my last," I said.

"What's the matter, can't you take it? A little water too much for you?" The way he said it made me want to sock him. Somebody was coming from the entrance and I saw it was Cedric. If I kept going I'd meet him sure.

"Okay," I said, "it wasn't the water exactly." I ducked back before Cedric came up to us and I climbed upon the deck. The rest of them were going up too. I saw Ann down in the corner by the rail where we'd been standing before, so I got up in the middle of the deck by a windlass where I was inconspicuous. Sammy was up there distributing the crowd in their original positions but he didn't pay any attention to me. I heard Sterner yelling through his megaphone and I had a hunch we were going to get both barrels this time. Well, it couldn't be too much for me.

"All set, over there? Remember, I want a good lift on these jacks." He pointed his megaphone toward the black wall. "Spill the tanks two at a time! I want those waves higher!"

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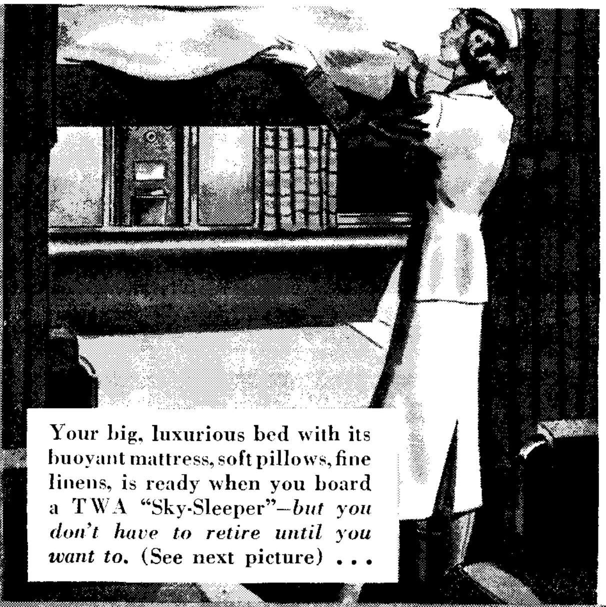

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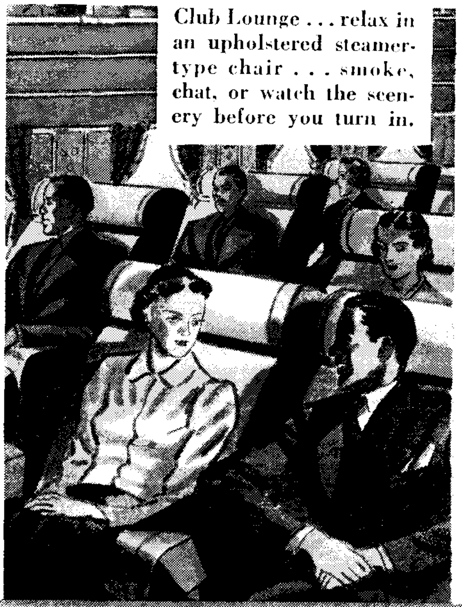

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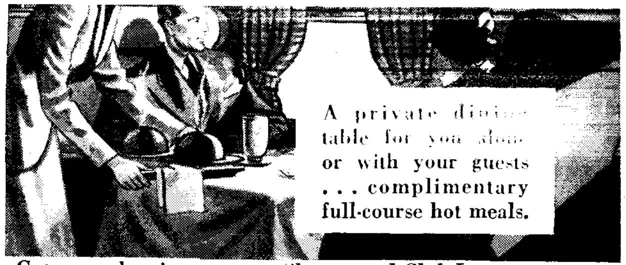

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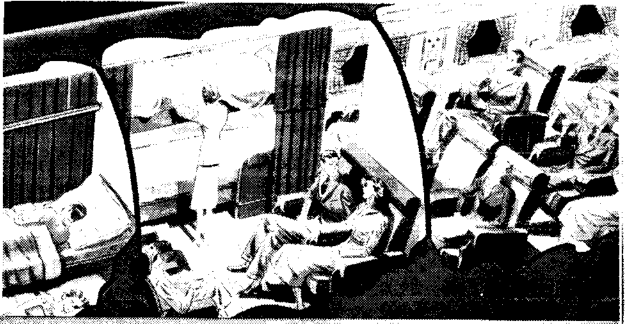

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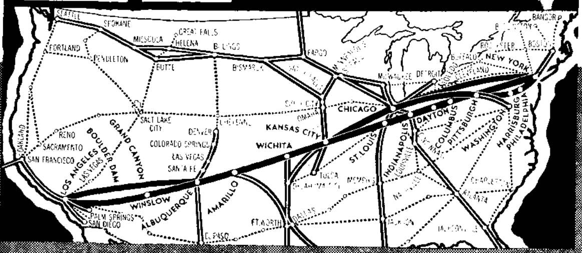

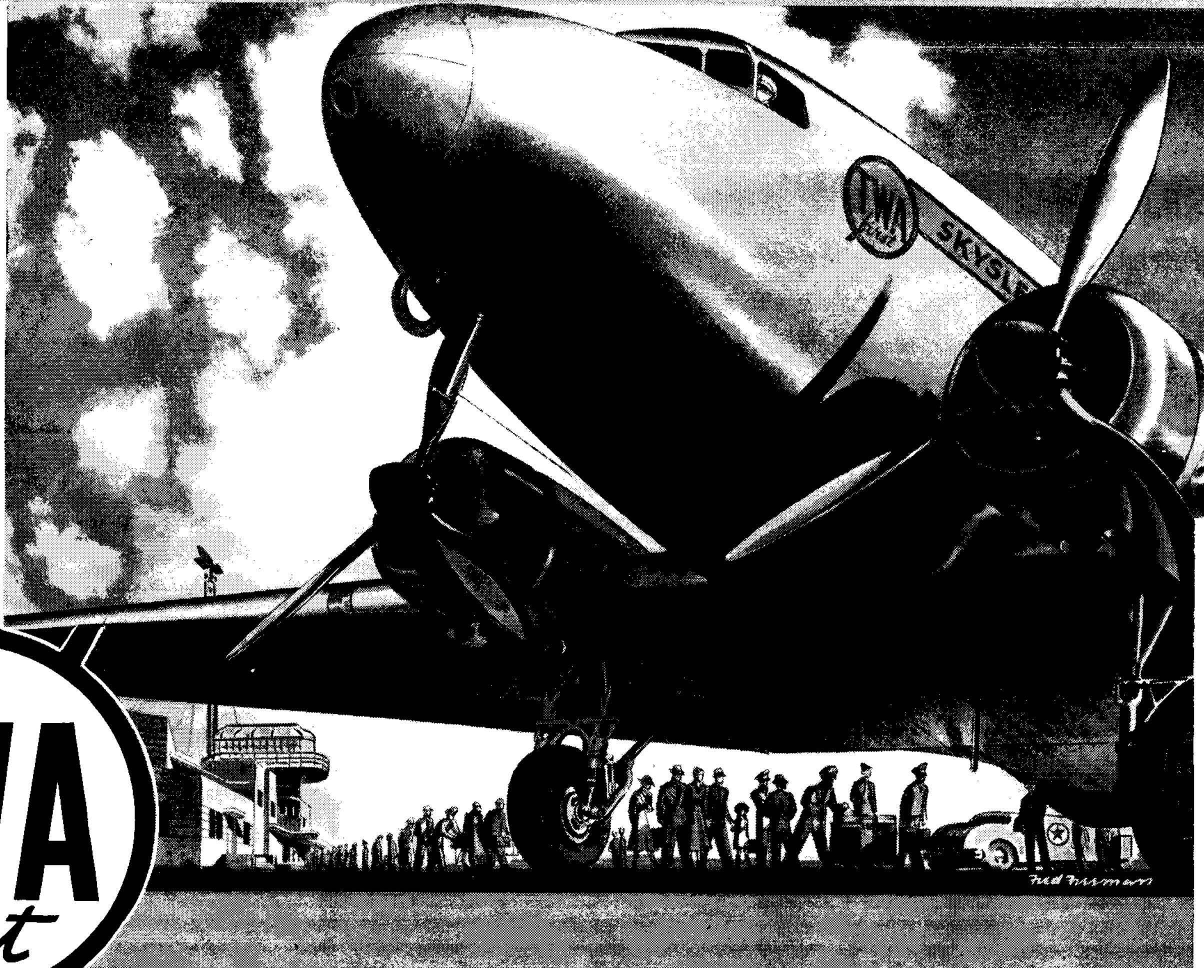

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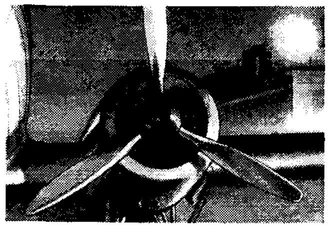

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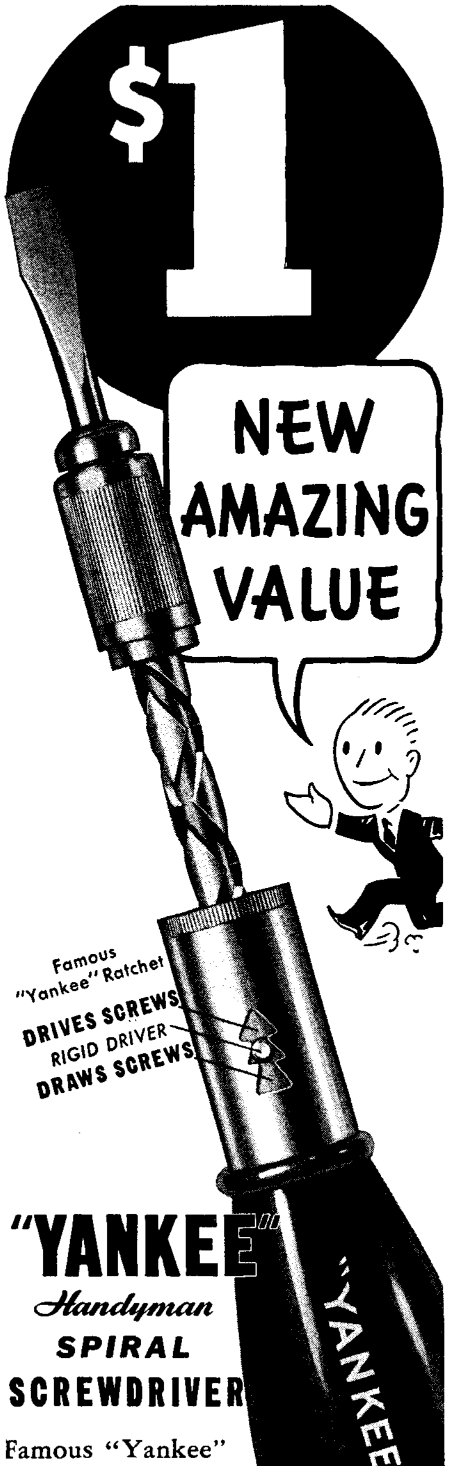

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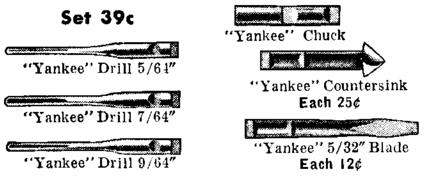

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Well, Sterner seemed to be a guy that went in for realism in a big way. The crew pulled the runways down and we waited.

"Everybody ready? Remember—hold it till I wave my arms! Start your motors!"

The deck dipped suddenly again and it was sharper than before. The big motors on the props were roaring now and the water was driving at us hard. I hung on to a stanchion—that deck was twisting like a bronc—and looked down the lower side at Ann. Well, she'd be all right if she stayed down in the corner there. Sterner was waving his arms frantically and I started up toward the lifeboat but the deck tilted even higher and the first wave came down on the iron return with a crash. Then I slipped and I was on my knees when I felt the wave hit us and right after it something solid landed and I could feel the deck tremble. I looked up from where I was and I saw the water had hit the lifeboat square and torn it off one davit and its keel was scraping as it swung in an arc down that steeply pitched deck.

EVERYBODY was scrambling to give it room but evidently the guys on the tanks hadn't seen it, for I heard the next two let go and crash on the return and the water came down again. They made another bull's-eye too, for the other davit let go and that heavy boat started coasting down that slippery deck like a bobsled. It was picking up speed as it went and it was headed straight for Ann's corner.

She took one step and slipped and went down. It was all happening a lot faster than you can put it on paper but I knew I was running down that wet deck and praying I wouldn't fall before I got there and that the boat was going almost as fast as I was. It must have been right behind me, for Ann was just on her feet and I had time only to grab her in one arm and make a running jump for that iron ladder when it hit. It smashed right on through the rail as if it were paper and then something flew up and walloped me in the head. The last thing I knew I was landing flat on my shoulders on the deck with Ann on top of me. Then I went out.

Somebody was throwing water in my face when I woke up. I pushed them away. "Lay off," I said, "I've had enough water." I sat up and found I'd been stretched out on a bench; they must have carried me down off the ship. There was a whole crowd around gaping at me.

Sammy was patting at my head and he looked worried.

"Where's the girl?" I asked him.

"She's okay. Here she comes." Ann slipped through the crowd wearing her blanket over her head like a squaw.

"Bob," she said. She sort of caught her breath when it came out. Then she grinned. "I almost got myself scared to death for real, didn't I?" But the way her eyes were going over me I knew she'd been worried.

"Yeah," I said, "you did at that. *Now* will you stop setting examples?" Sammy and the crowd were looking curious and I got up and tried my legs. "I'm all right," I said to Ann. "Let's get out of here."

The crowd made room and Sterner came through. In back of him was Harry Susskin. Susskin was the biggest producer in the studio and I'd known him for years.

"Holy Moses, what a shot!" Sterner said. "They caught it with the overhead camera and if it's as good as I think it is—why, I could see your expressions from the platform—marvelous!"

"I'll admit I wasn't acting much," I told him. Susskin was looking at me and then I saw him get a load of Ann and he almost fainted. He knew her even in the blanket.

"Miss Reyburn!" he said. Then he got his breath back. "What are you doing here?"

She looked at me and then back at him. "Well," she told him, "it was a kind of bet I made with Mr. MacAllister. You see—"

"MacAllister?" Susskin glared at me. "You know better than this kind of clowning. Miss Reyburn might have been hurt—who do you think you are, doing stunts with her?"

STERNER explained it wasn't a stunt but Susskin still couldn't figure out what Ann was doing on the set. I didn't see much point in my telling him, so I just waited. Then Sterner started raving about the shot again. Ann listened to him and then she looked over at Susskin.

"Of course, I don't know anything about it, Mr. Susskin," she said, "but it seems to me the scene would be even better if Bob had a more important part in the picture. Wouldn't it be an idea to build it up—or something?"

She stood there looking very innocent and then Susskin snapped his fingers. "Naturally," he said, "naturally." He swung around on Sterner. "You see? I have to have little girls from radio telling you how to make pictures! We will fix that script immediately for MacAllister!"

Sterner said wearily, "It's okay with me, Mr. Susskin. I might even have thought of it myself eventually." Then he looked over at me and winked. I gathered he meant it.

The crowd had faded away and there were just the four of us. Susskin was beaming at me now.

"Thanks," I said. "Howard Bello's been promising me a job in this picture but I didn't know I'd have to be a stunt man to get it. Maybe that's what I was cut out for."

SUSSKIN patted me on the shoulder, still beaming. "Never mind, Bob, you work plenty for us from now on." Then he and Sterner walked off together.

Ann looked up at me. "See?" she said, "the reward of virtue. Now aren't you glad?"

"Remember what I told you about those Hollywood promises," I said to her. "Well, maybe he'll fool me and remember this time." Then *I* remembered that I'd given her that little-girl-from-the-country stuff and I felt like a fool again.

"You'd better get some dry clothes on," I told her and I started to walk away. She had hold of my hand tight with hers and they were both still damp.

"When are you going to stop being a big idiot?" she asked. "Don't you like me any more?"

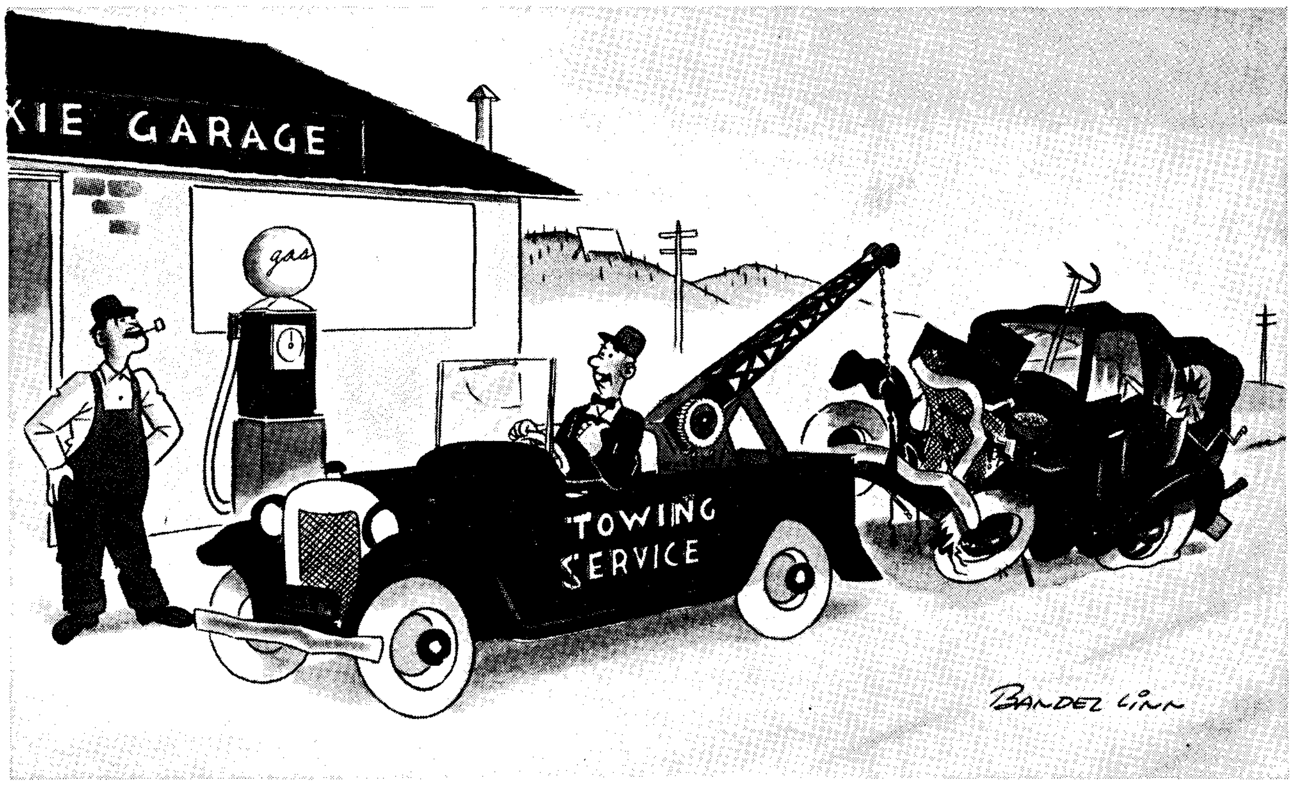
"Where'd you get the idea I ever did?"

"Well, you wouldn't have followed me in that line for just the ten dollars, I know that."

"You know a lot, don't you?" I said. "You knew I'd follow you and earn ten bucks I needed; you knew how to get a part built up for me after that stunt with the boat—what else do you know?"

She looked up at me and she only waited a minute before she said, "Why, I know you're going to kiss me."

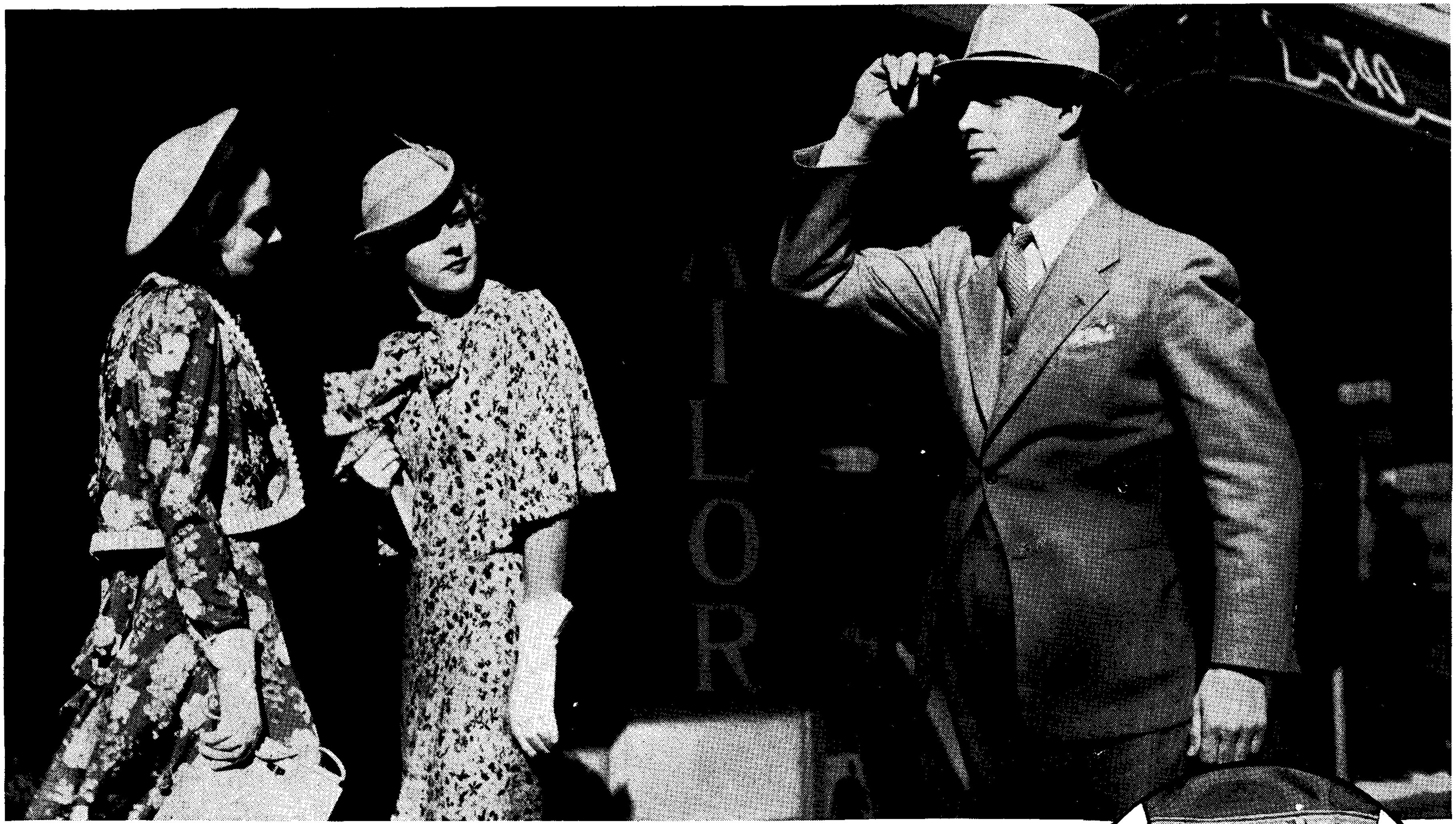
And she was perfectly right.



"You should have seen the one that got away!"

BANDEL LINN

He spends plenty for clothes —but he always looks a mess



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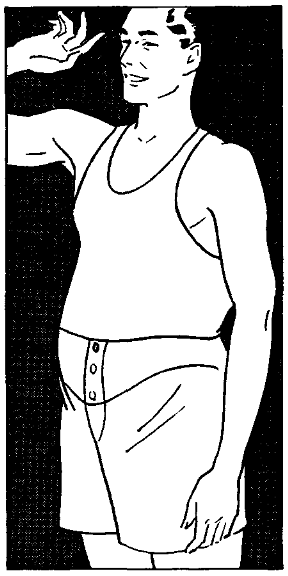
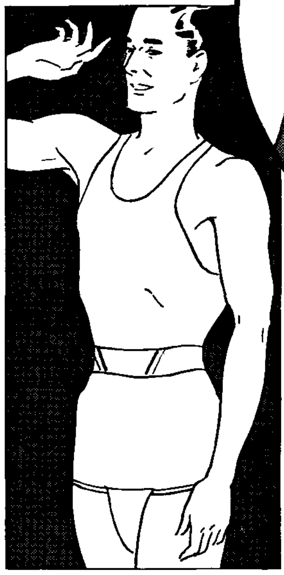


BEFORE—Sagging stomach muscles make you feel tired—make you look old.



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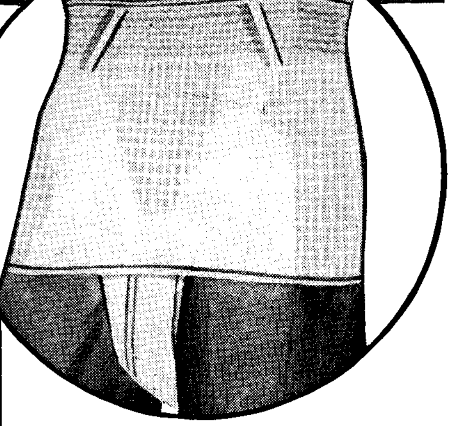

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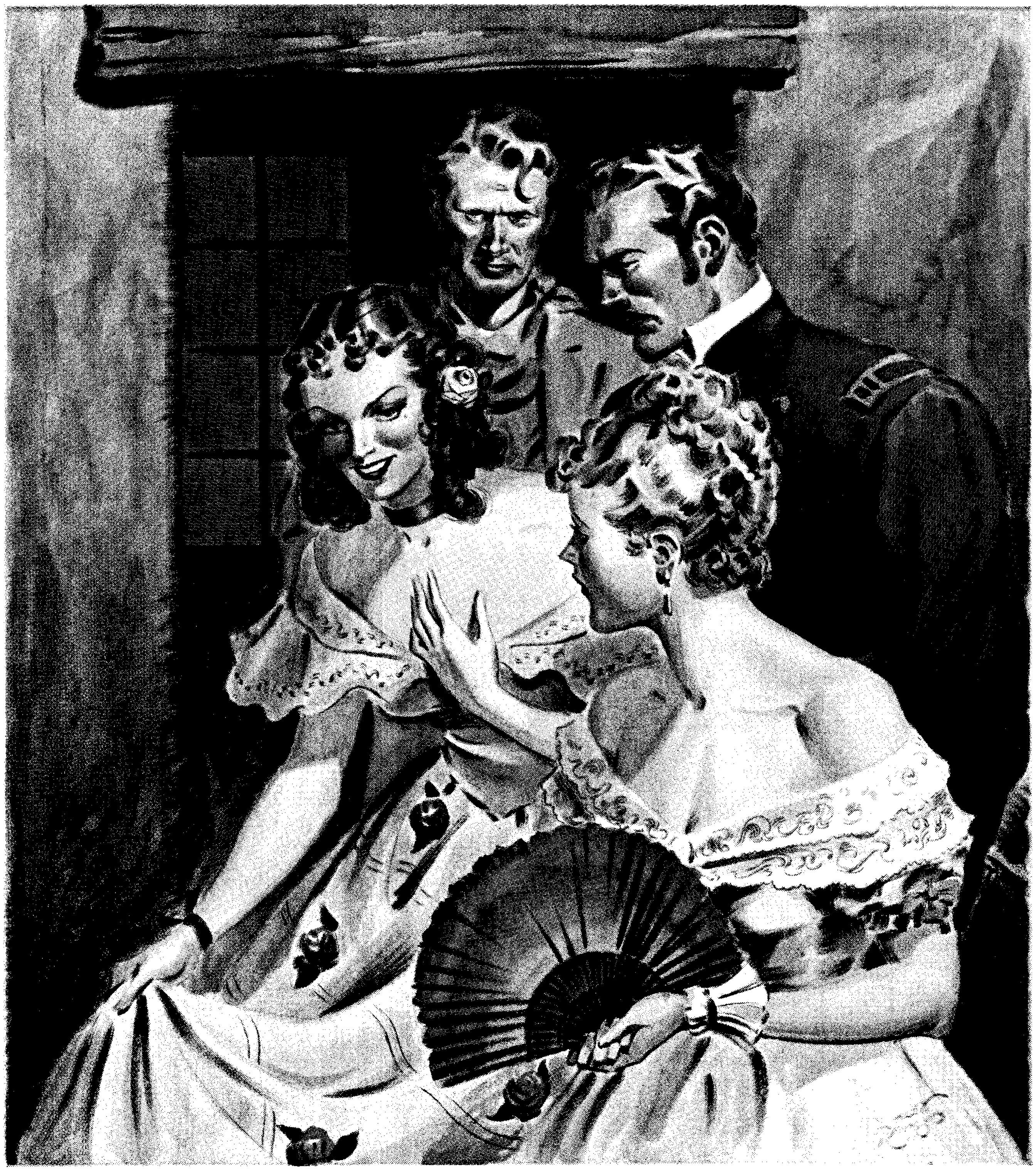
Collier's for July 17, 1937

A Question of Blood

By Ernest Haycox



Fair, pleasant girls went by. He saw their eyes touch him and pass on. He was a squaw man

THAT fall of 1869 when Frank Isabel settled in the Yellow Hills the nearest town was a four-day ride to the north and his closest white neighbor lived at the newly established Hat ranch, seventy miles over in Two Dance Valley. The Indians were on reservation but it was still risky for a man to be alone in the country.

It made no difference to Isabel. He was young and self-willed. The land was free, well grassed and watered and ideal for a poor man who had ambition. This was why he had come.

Yet, cool and smart as he was, he had made no calculation for the imperious hungers that soon or late come to a lonely man. And presently, seeing no hope of a white woman in the land for many years, he went down to the reservation and took unto himself a Crow girl, the bargain being sealed by the payment to her father of one horse and a quart of whisky.

She was more than he had expected in an Indian woman: quick to perceive the way his mind ran, showing him sudden streaks of gay mischief-making calm, and sometimes an odd flash of affection. Before the boy baby was born he drove her three hundred miles to Cheyenne and married her in the white way.

It was a sense of justice in him rather than any need in her eyes that impelled him to do this. For he was learning that though an Indian woman was a dutiful woman immemorial customs guided her in a way he could not hope to touch or change.

Often at night, smoking before the fire and watching his boy crawl so awkwardly across the floor, he felt a strangeness at seeing her darkly crouched in a corner, lost in thoughts he could never reach. He talked her tongue poorly and she would speak no English; and so silence lay between them.

Meanwhile Two Dance town grew out of the empty prairie sixty miles away and the valley below him began to fill up with cattlemen long before he had thought they would come.

One by one the few trappers who had pioneered the Yellows began to send their squaws and their half-breed children back to the reservation as a shamefaced gesture of a mistake that had to be righted. He said nothing of this to the Crow woman, yet when fear showed in her eyes he knew she had heard. He said then: "Those men are fools. I am not ashamed of you." And was happy to see the fear die.

This was why he took her to Two Dance. It pleased him to have her be seen in that drumming little cattle town, for she was a pretty woman with her black hair braided and her clothes neat and colorful under the sun. But he had forgotten her customs and when they walked up the street she followed behind him as a squaw always did, obediently and with her head faintly lowered. He knew how Two Dance would see that and anger colored his talk to her on the way home. "A white man's wife walks beside him, not behind."

He saw that dark fear in her eyes again, and had no way of softening it. Never afterward did she come to town.

HE KNEW then how it was to be. At hay time, when he went down to help out on Hat, he could feel that faint line drawn between him and the others; at the roundup fire he sat apart, with the strangeness there—a white man who was yet not quite white. One fall night at town he stepped in to watch a dance at the Army post; fair, pleasant girls went by and he saw their eyes touch him and pass on. He was a squaw man. . . .

He went home late that night quite drunk. In the morning the Crow girl was gone with her boy.

He didn't follow, for he knew that either she would return or wouldn't, and that nothing he did could change her mind. Late in the third day she came back without a word. When he went in to supper that night he sat down to a single plate on the table. Her own plate and that of the boy's were on a floor blanket in a corner of the room.

It was, he saw, her decision. He was white and might eat at his table. But she was Indian and so was the boy, and the table was not for them.

There was a kindness in Frank Isabel that governed the coolest and longest of his thoughts and this was what held him still as the days went on. He could see the depth and the length of his mistake now. For himself, Frank Isabel thought, there was no help. For the girl, none. It was the boy he kept weighing in his mind, so slowly and so painfully.

One winter night, at mealtime, Jim Benbow of Hat dropped in for a cup of coffee. There was a little talk of cattle snowed into the timber and afterward Benbow put on his hat and went to the door. As he left, his glance crossed to the Crow woman and to the boy crouched in the corner and he said briefly, "Your youngster's growin' up, Frank," and left.

There was the rush of wind along the cabin eaves and deep silence inside. Isabel sat with his long arms idle on the table, remembering Benbow's words, which had contained a note of judgment. Presently he rose and brought another chair to the table and went over to where the Crow girl crouched mutely in the corner. He lifted the boy and put him in the chair at the table and stood there a moment. He said: "Hereafter he eats at the table."

She drew farther and farther back into the corner, like a shadow vanishing. And then, with his face turned suddenly away, he heard her stifled and terrible crying tremble the room's silence.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND

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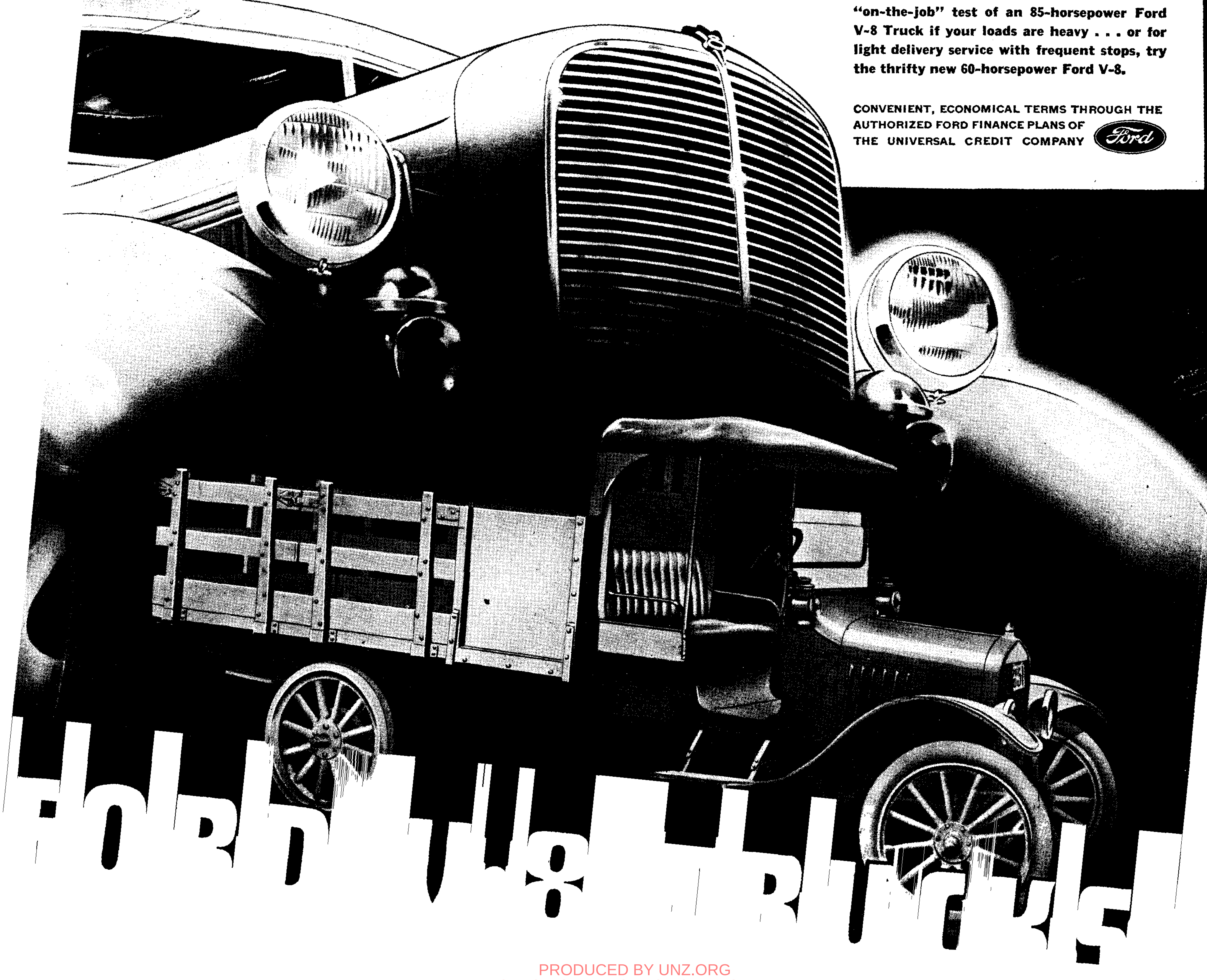
CONVENIENT, ECONOMICAL TERMS THROUGH THE AUTHORIZED FORD FINANCE PLANS OF THE UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY



KEEP COOL

By Victor G. Heiser, M.D.

IVAN DMITRI

Summer's blistering months can be as enjoyable as any if you learn how to adjust yourself to them

See that you're well ventilated and not too well fed, and you'll be surprised how the dog days start looking up. Dr. Heiser tells you how experiments in the tropics point the way to greater summer comfort for all of us

WHEN the burning sun stands high overhead on summer noons and the heat waves shimmer from hot asphalt or dusty roads, and clothes stick damply to your body, have you never envied the person who does not suffer from heat, who remains cool and calm while those around him are dripping?

Feeling well in summer is largely associated with the innumerable chemical and physical reactions taking place in body cells. Each of us has a regulating apparatus which makes adjustments to varying degrees of temperature. Our friend of the unwilted collar may be fortunate enough to have a mechanism more perfectly adapted to extremes of heat than yours.

But do not give way to despair. When hot winds blow upon you, keep mentally cool. You actually increase your discomfort if you worry about the weather too much. If you fret and fuss, "Oh, it's going to be another hot day; I don't see how I'm going to stand it," you not only make yourself miserable, but everybody around you as well. It is even conceivable that turning heat into a mental obsession may interfere with the proper secretion of gastric juices and bring on an attack of indigestion.

If you are easily affected, then how are you to keep that vitality which used to spur you to work on crisp cool days of spring? To make yourself comfortable you must consider outside factors. Advice is cheap and free. "Don't work too hard, be sure to get plenty of diversion, take a dip every day, or drink lots of cold water." But these are largely in the nature of palliatives. You can, however, go about your daily life with unruffled disposition and unjaundiced eye if you grasp the two real fundamentals of summer comfort—ventilation and diet; adapt them to your individual needs, and observe them faithfully.

As I am writing this the Franconia, bound for Cape Town, South Africa, is crossing the equator. Various persons in abbreviated bathing suits are stretched out in deck chairs sunning themselves. Tanning the body has been a popular fad for some years. Thousands of people spend long hours browning on beaches or under sun lamps. But this tan of which they are so proud is really Nature's effort to prevent the entrance of too much light. There is even some reason to believe that concentrated sun bathing may do actual harm. In Australia, skin cancer has shown a sharp increase among those who have been too zealously exposing themselves.

I can also see a half dozen American girls in similarly scanty costumes playing deck tennis. They are bounding and leaping with agility about the upper deck after the ring, fully exposed to the midday sun. Certainly they are not worrying about the temperature or even about getting sunstroke. These girls have been engaged in such activity for two weeks, and not one of them has yet suffered any ill effects. According to the old textbooks on tropical hygiene, this would have been regarded as inviting suicide by sunstroke. How can the disparity between old theory and present practice be reconciled?

The dangers of sunstroke have been stressed by all old residents in the tropics. To this day Europeans are of the firm opinion that to go out in the equatorial sun without a helmet is courting disaster. At one time the British believed the entire backbone from neck to pelvis should be covered by a long cumbersome cork-insulated spinal pad. No experiments had been made to prove the necessity for such an apparatus, yet it was accepted generally.

When our own soldiers started out for the Philippines, at the same time initiating our first imperial experiment in the tropics, they were wearing the regulation felt campaign hats. As they marched along they would push these back off their streaming foreheads to capture a little breeze. So loud were their complaints that an extensive series of experiments was carried out to test the heat-resisting effect of various types of headgear.

A group was equipped with the typical helmet of sola topee of the Orient. The temperature inside the hats and the helmets was then compared. That in the hats was much higher. The same type of leather sweatband used in the helmet, set away from the rim to permit passage of air over the top of the head, was then tried out in the hats. The temperature was found identical in both hat and topee.

In other words, the merit of the topee lay not in its cumbersome pith or cork insulation but in the free ventilation that the adjustment of the sweatband made possible. Consequently, we did not feel the necessity for adopting the topee, and continued to use in warm-weather field operations the ordinary campaign hat of felt, perforated for tropical use with the ventilating leather sweatband.

In 1898 our soldiers were also wearing the heavy thick wool uniform, differing little from that of the Civil War. But so obviously enervating was the effect on the dispositions, health and efficiency of the soldiers that cotton khaki was soon substituted. Army officials went on to make experiments, chiefly by the trial-and-error method. White could be worn on ships where everything was spotlessly clean, but not by men who must lie on the ground. It was possible also that the accepted white for hot weather might not serve so well as color in keeping out an excess of the sun's rays. A thousand unfortunate men were dressed in orange-red underwear, but they were just as uncomfortable physically and more so mentally, because of the ridicule of their fellows, and this idea was abandoned.

Some years later it was suspected that the differing effects of light and heat waves might require different safeguards in the way of tropical clothing. It was found that when white rabbits and black rabbits were placed in the sun, the white ones died, the black ones lived. Similar results were obtained when monkeys were placed in the sun under white and black umbrellas. A white man was found to suffer heat prostration much more rapidly than the dark-skinned Filipino. In accordance with this seemingly conclusive evidence, a special type of actinic ray-resisting cloth was manufactured.

Before, however, the general use of this cloth could become established, other factors which might contribute to maintaining comfort in the midst of heat were discovered. Monkeys would survive in the direct sun if a current of air, as from an electric fan, was played upon them.

To Avoid Catching Cold

These experiments in faraway lands have a direct application to our keeping fit during the summer months in the United States. From them has grown the belief that shifting air, especially in warm weather, has a tremendous influence upon comfort and feeling of well-being. Gently moving and constantly changing air is, therefore, as important as protection against the direct rays of the sun in avoiding injury from heat.

Many a person who now spends an uncomfortable summer could pass it far more pleasantly if he would choose clothing made of the newer, more loosely woven fabrics, instead of the usual flannels, wools and silks. In America, however, a great advance has been made in the substitution of short, light underwear for the long, heavy undergarments still so common in Europe.

Though men and women alike have discarded the old high button or lace shoe, men still linger behind in the march of progress. They cling to thick, heavy leather, while women have changed to airy feminine sandals.

Through the air conditioning of offices, houses and trains we are just beginning to find out how much we can add to our health and comfort. Often a great improvement may be effected without the use of mechanical ventilating apparatus. If, in planning a new house, architects would place windows or vents directly opposite each other, cross currents of air could usually be provided for in a simple manner.

It goes without saying that it is foolhardy to place yourself in a direct draft after violent exercise, such as a set of tennis, has brought on active perspiration. Evaporation then is too rapid and a chill frequently follows which may be the preliminary to a cold. This applies particularly to direct exposure to an electric fan. A simple expedient to avoid catching cold is to take deep inhalations just as the first signs of chilliness manifest themselves. Never sit or lie on the ground if it is damp.

Just Enough Calories

I have been asked frequently whether, if you are overheated, it is essential to bathe and change immediately after strenuous exercise, or whether you can safely have your cooling drink immediately. It is usually enough to put on a jacket or sweater. It might be wise to substitute hot drinks for the cold toward which you are naturally inclined.

Whether our cold drinks actually have much influence in reducing bodily temperature is open to question. Europeans who adhere to uniced beverages claim there is no merit whatever in the American practice. No satisfactory experimental evidence is available to prove the case either way. Probably it is largely a matter of taste and custom.

But more important than anything else in keeping fit in summer is food. One of the great calamities afflicting the American people of the upper and middle classes is that they eat too much. Scientists have proved twenty-five hundred calories are enough to keep in good running order the body of a person of average weight engaged in light occupation.

Much of the food shoveled into the human furnace is used to generate heat to keep the body temperature at a constant 98.6 degrees. When summer comes and the outside temperature approaches that of the body, it is obvious that not nearly so much heat is required, and consequently not so much food need be consumed. In actual practice, however, you usually eat just as much in summer as in winter. This excess often becomes deposited in the form of fat, resulting in distorted stout bodies and travesties of the human form.

What is more important, this means the eliminating organs often cannot cope with the added strain put upon them, and physical distress or illness may result. How do we know this? By experimenting on animals.

Hygiene of the intestinal tract is especially important in summer. You can assure yourself of good irrigation by drinking before breakfast, twice a week, preferably on consecutive days, from two to four pints of hot saline solution. The normal solution can easily be made by adding a saline tablet to each pint of water. This practice creates no habit, can be carried out frequently without harm, and is far simpler than colonic irrigations which serve the same purpose.

But this should not be necessary if, from childhood, your diet has been properly controlled. If it is balanced—proteins, carbohydrates, fats, vitamins and mineral salts in the correct proportions—you will be surprised to find how little food is necessary to satisfy you.

If you follow this regimen conscientiously, you will get through your summers much more comfortably, and with much less ultimate damage to your health.

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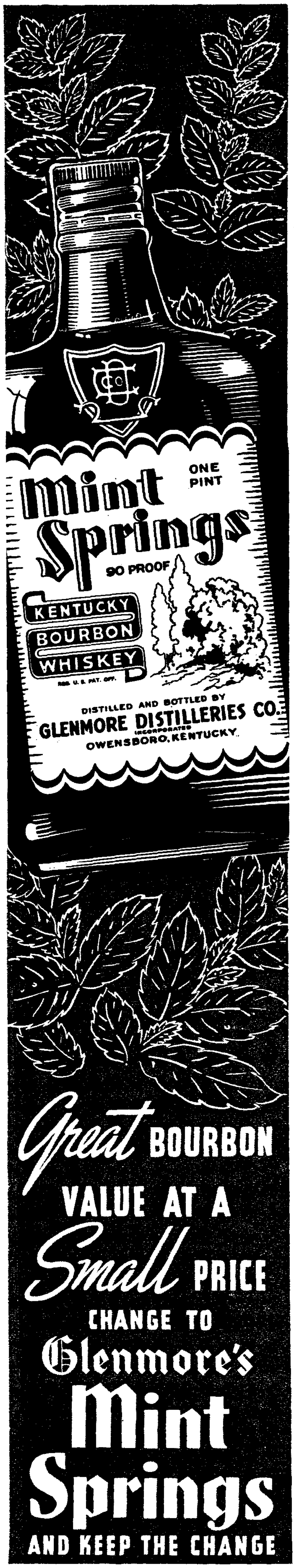


Case Against Women

Continued from page 10

confidence. Watch any telegrams he may leave lying around. Listen to telephone calls. Watch letters. Or men he may meet—and get their names." He paused. He was finding it hard to say these things, for her eyes, turning bitter now, and her mouth, warping faintly into a grimace, disturbed him. But he went on: "And secure a key to his apartment. A wax impression of his own would be preferable, since then I could have one made. And of course, report to me daily." He picked up his hat, feeling a sudden flush at the back of his neck. "You need not decide this minute. Tomorrow at noon I'll be sitting at a table on the terrace of the Hidalgo Café, in the Calle O'Reilly."

He put his hand into his pocket. There was a natural impulse to drop a few bills on the table but he put the reins on himself; it was not in his plan. Craddock would call him a damned fool. He said, "At noon tomorrow."

He dined alone at El Patio, took a walk along the Maleçon and got back to his hotel at ten. He didn't sleep well and several times during the night he got up and smoked a cigarette. The air was cool and a wind was blowing in the laurels. After more than a month of failure, he felt he was finally on the right track. He had an idea Catherine Banks would be at the Hidalgo tomorrow. She was disturbingly beautiful, not only in face and figure but in the way life moved in her eyes and hovered at her lips. But he knew he must toss those fancies aside.

He was having a gin sling on the terrace of the Hidalgo at noon next day when she came up to his table. He rose and pushed a chair in under her. She sat down and looked round the terrace with her large, brown, wise eyes.

"You've decided then?" he said.

"I am here, you know."

He nodded. He took a drink and watched the traffic in the street and for a moment he wished circumstances hadn't come to this head. But presently he gave a mental shrug and dug in. He said, "You remember Maximo De Roca?"

"Who?"

"The elegant Spaniard who had his nails trimmed by you three days running. He lives at the Imperio."

He saw her breast rise and stay up for several seconds. When it went down, she said, "Oh," quietly and flatly.

He looked at the table. "Does that make any difference?"

"Nothing makes any difference."

THE way she said that touched him and he moved uneasily on his chair. He finished his drink. "De Roca is the man," he said. "He is a Spanish citizen. He is the go-between, the money man, for a banking and munitions combination in the States that is shipping arms, munitions, knocked-down trucks and tanks. I want to find out the personnel of the combination. I wish no harm done to him, you understand. My only desire is to find out his connections in the States."

"How are you going to arrange our meeting?"

"I'm not. He's in and out of the Imperio lobby all day. You merely sit there. He'll see you."

She put on no show. She spoke quietly, evenly, and listened attentively. He suggested that she remove to better quarters, to a hotel, nearer the center of things. He said that he would call on her at noon each day for her report.

"You have a name, I suppose," she said, with half a smile.

"Yes, but you won't need it."

"Is it fair, your knowing mine and my not knowing yours?"

"Catherine, you've probably gathered the nature of my job."

She shrugged. "Very well. But how will I get in touch with you?"

"There will be no way you can get in touch with me."

"Even if I'm in trouble?"

"Especially," he said, "if you're in trouble."

She studied him for a moment. Her mouth softened and she dropped her eyes and gave a confused, rueful little laugh.

He said, "Let's go somewhere and have luncheon."

He came away from luncheon feeling her personality still round him like light and shadow. Walking through Fraternidad Park, he whistled gaily. He was pretty sure that results would be obtained, that De Roca would pick Catherine up and that having entered into this bargain she would carry through to the end. She was intelligent and the only hitch that could happen would be for her to fall in love with the Spaniard. But the element of chance there was slight, for she had refused his advances at first and he was obviously not the type she might fall for. Later that afternoon Halloran saw her removed to a hotel.

THE next afternoon he was lounging behind a newspaper in the Imperio lobby when he saw her come out of the cocktail lounge with De Roca. They stood waiting for an elevator. They made a fine-looking couple, Halloran thought. De Roca wore a brown jacket and white flannels and Catherine wore a tea gown of pale amethyst. When they went up together in the elevator Halloran felt a twinge in his chest. He rose abruptly and headed for the door but before he reached it he paused and frowned. He was curious to know how long she would remain upstairs. But in a minute he caught himself, and continued on his way out. He ate alone at his hotel and afterward he could not have told what he had eaten. He went to a movie but left before the picture was half run and returned to his hotel.

At noon next day he knocked on Catherine's door and she let him in. She was in a yellow dressing gown.

"I got in late," she said, "and slept late."

"You enjoyed yourself?"

HER eyes sparkled. "Marvelously. He's a wonderful dancer. He's really very polite too and not at all what I expected him to be. He's not at all like a villain."

"No one said he was a villain. He has a job to do, the same as I have. It's a game. Like chess."

"He's very well educated."

"He'd have to be. I don't suppose he talked about his work."

She shook her head. "No. He was very jolly and amusing."

"Does he drink much? It's good to know."

"No, very little. I don't really remember what we talked about. Just small talk. I didn't think I ought to try to steer it one way or the other."

Halloran nodded. "You're right. In fact, be careful of steering it at any time. But listen, always listen, for some chance remark he may let slip. Does he leave his door key around?"

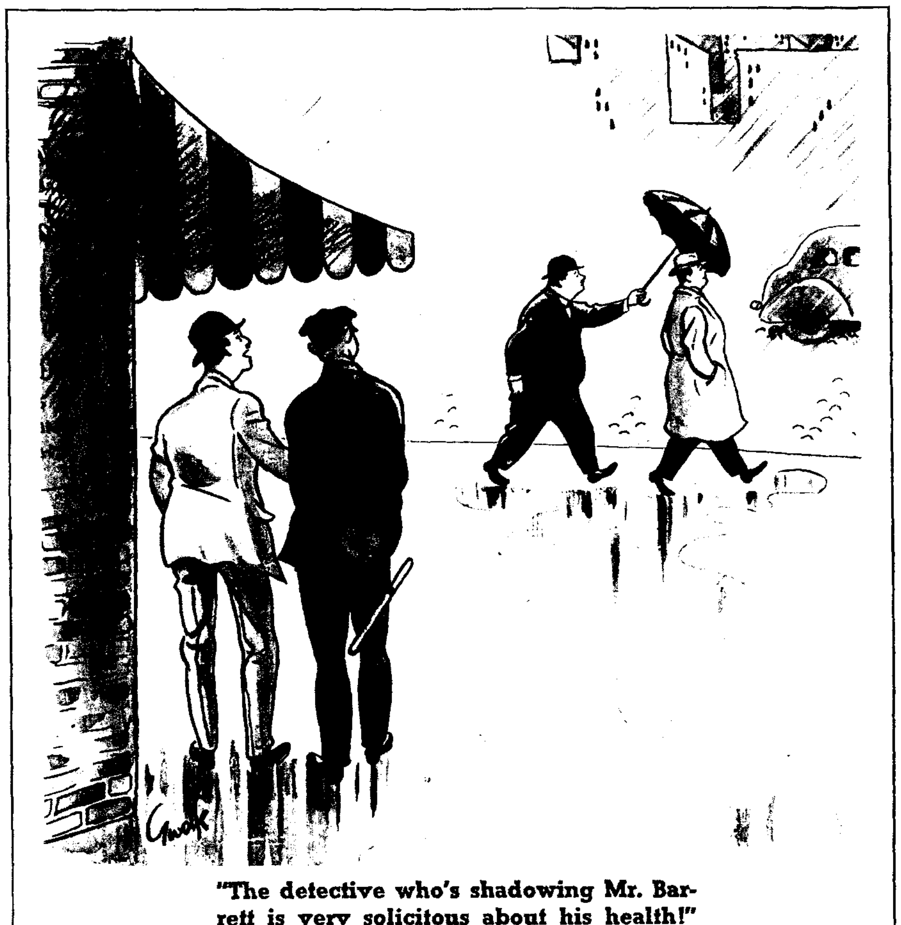
"No. It's on a chain with others and the chain is fastened to his belt."

"That's not so good."

"His desk is locked, also. I have a date with him for tonight." She turned and looked at herself in the mirror and tucked down a strand of hair. "It's too bad, really, things are the way they are. You'd like him. You're both gentlemen."

Halloran felt a little uncomfortable. He said, "Where are you going tonight?"

"The Casa Valencia." She turned from the mirror and cocked her head



"The detective who's shadowing Mr. Barrett is very solicitous about his health!"

GEORGE WOLFE

gaily on one side. "I'm really stepping out."

He looked at the inside of his hat. "I'll see you at noon tomorrow," he said, and went out. A pulse was beating in his throat and it annoyed him and he pressed his finger against the spot. For a week she went out with De Roca every night and twice they spent afternoons on the beach. Halloran went to her room every day at noon but she had nothing of consequence to report. She had seen no telegrams, no letters lying around his apartment and while she was there no one ever telephoned.

Halloran took her to luncheon. They went separately and met at a patio restaurant in the country. They ate leisurely and afterward, while they were dancing, he said:

"Possibly you're not making love to him."

"Well, he's making love to me."

"Much?"

"I let him kiss me for the first time the other night. He was quite passionate."

"You mustn't mind it too much, you know."

She looked at his tie. "But I don't. I rather like it. In fact, last night I *may* have made a little love to him. It was probably the wine."

"You shouldn't drink too much."

"Oh, don't worry, I don't. But I could become very fond of him."

Halloran gave a covert look. "Not too fond, though. Remember, this is business."

She gave him that straight, wide-open look again.

He frowned. "Don't look at me that way."

"Which way?"

"That way."

"But, my dear, I don't know how I look at you."

He quickened their dancing and said, "Forget it." He was impatient with himself for having mentioned it. He wanted to stop dancing but it was nice, it was wonderful, really, holding her in his arms. It was a lot of nonsense, of course, and from now on he would stop taking her to luncheon; he would see her only for the daily report and then leave.

HE KEPT to his resolve for a week and each day when he saw her he schooled himself to be matter-of-fact, and look directly at her not oftener than he had to. There was a change in her manner also: she kept her laughter, her vivacity, in check and her answers came slowly and were accompanied by a sidelong, curious look. Even her voice changed, becoming lower, and her breathing was not natural. At the end of the week he said:

"You don't seem to be making much headway."

She spread her palms and sighed. "I've tried my best. I've gone out with him every night, and we've been to the beach. I've let him make love to me; I've encouraged it by making love to him." Color crept across her face.

He felt warm and disturbed but he made his voice casual, offhand, almost ironic. "It's been no hardship, I dare say."

"He's awfully kind."

"Possibly you're not telling me all you know."

She dropped her eyes and he saw her lashes lying against her cheeks. He took hold of her arms and shook her. She looked up at him without raising her head and her eyes slid away across his face and downward again.

He said, "I want no double-dealing here!" He shook her. "Have you told him about me?"

"No," she murmured.

"I can find out if you're lying, you know."

"I've told him nothing." Her chin quivered and she seemed near tears.

"This is no time to cry," he warned her.

"You're hurting my arms," she said quietly.

He took his hands away and saw the marks his fingers had left on her arms. His throat thickened. He turned and moved to the window and stared fretfully down into the street, his brain full of indecision and doubt and his heart thumping dully in his chest. Without taking his eyes off the traffic, he said grimly:

"You're letting sentiment get in the way of business."

HER voice came wearily across the room: "Have patience with me. Let me get my second wind. Don't think I'll go back on my word. I shan't, I promise you."

He got his hat and went to the door.

"Wait," she said.

He took his hand off the knob and looked at her. She was staring at him as though he were far away, or not in the room at all.

She said, "He wants me to spend a week end with him at Veradero. This week end. I'll probably come back with the information you want."

Halloran felt his throat close up tight. He watched her get up and move slowly across the room away from him. She powdered her nose, smoothed down her eyebrows, used lipstick and then patted her hair.

"We'll leave tomorrow morning," she said. "He'll rent a car and chauffeur."

Halloran moistened his lips. He felt as though his eyeballs were jigging in their sockets and that his throat would never open.

She was still patting her hair, tucking away ends. "Have you any special instructions?" When he made no reply, she glanced over her shoulder, her eyebrows raised in droll inquiry.

"None," he found himself saying. "I imagine you'll know how to handle everything. I hope you won't find it too unpleasant."

She turned back to the mirror and said lightly, "Oh, it'll probably be a lark."

"I'll be anxious for your report."

He opened the door and went out and when the elevator reached the lobby the operator had to call his attention to it. Halloran gave him a blank look and strode out. He walked a dozen blocks without seeing anybody.

It was a good plan, all right; it was probably the best he had ever cooked up. It was practically perfect. No rough stuff. She'd get the information. It might take a little time, but she'd get it. There was never, really, any rough stuff. Plans. You always made elaborate plans. You made a move and then the other fellow made a move. Like chess. You found a man's weakness and you moved in on it; carefully, though, move by move. And sometimes there was a woman. Yes, there was always a woman. When you fell in love with her—that was just too bad.

In his apartment, he got out of his clothes and took a bath and then put on a pair of shorts and made himself a long gin drink. Yes, when you fell in love with her— But you weren't supposed to fall in love with her. You weren't supposed to lose your head. The world was full of women. *That was it: the world* was full of women and yet you had to fall for one. For one who was going away on a week end with a good-looking Spaniard.

Halloran laughed, but it was strange laughter, short and chopped. He began dressing and every once in a while stopped and stared absently into space, so that half an hour elapsed before he was fully dressed. He opened his top bureau drawer to get a handkerchief and stared at his revolver, which lay

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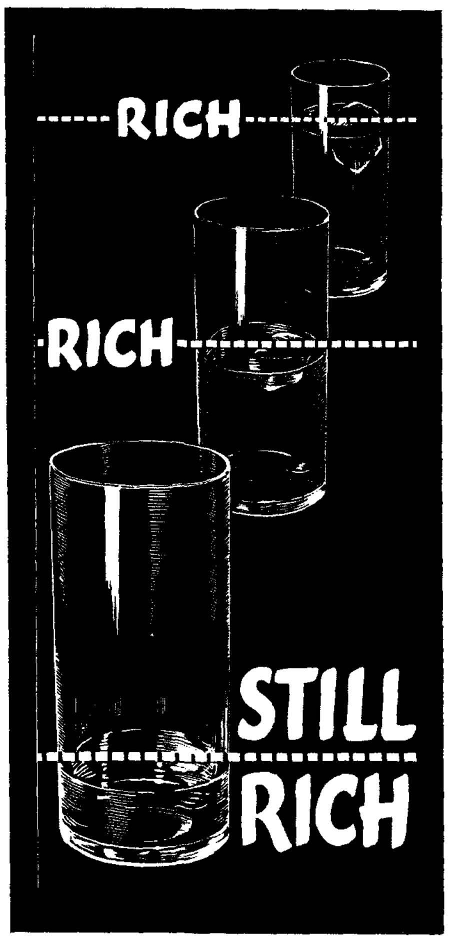

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When you sip the "last inch" of a lazy summer cooler, you want it rich as the first sip. The way to be sure is to use Seagram's "Soft-Stilled" Gin. Soft-Stilling is a special distilling method which gives Seagram's Gin its *deeply infused* flavor ... rich even when diluted with 16 parts of water.

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Seagram's KING ARTHUR Gin
IT'S "SOFT-STILLED"

Try This
COOL FIZZ!

Here's how to make a perfect Gin Fizz. Shake thoroughly with ice the juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 1 jigger Seagram's Gin. Add charged water. Strain into small highball glass. *Seagram-Distillers Corp., Offices, N. Y.*

Distilled London Dry Gin made from 100% American Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 proof.

there, loaded. He took it out and put it into his pocket.

When he walked into the lobby of the Imperio it was cocktail time. He phoned De Roca's apartment but there was no answer and, hanging up, he took a seat near the elevators facing the entrance. It was wrong; it was all wrong. It was not the way things were done. You planned carefully, laying traps, letting out strings and then gradually, one by one, you pulled the strings in. How many times had Craddock warned him?

An hour passed before De Roca came in. Halloran joined several others who were waiting for the elevator and they all entered together, De Roca last.

"Six," said Halloran.

He got off first and started right down the corridor, whistling and slapping a folded newspaper against his thigh. He heard De Roca's footfalls behind him, heard the footfalls stop and then the sound of keys ringing, of one snicking into a lock.

He turned about and was at the door as De Roca started in, and against De Roca's back he pressed the muzzle of his gun.

"Go on in, De Roca."

They were inside, in the living room, and Halloran kicked the door shut with his heel. De Roca had already raised his hands shoulder-high.

"Turn around," Halloran said. He took a gun out of De Roca's inside pocket and threw it onto the divan, six feet away. If Craddock could see him now! This was not finesse; this was something a mug did. "Well, De Roca, guess what I want."

THE Spaniard's hands were shaking and one corner of his mouth was jerking spasmodically. Halloran's lip curled and he thought, no, you'll not take her on any week end, not you, baby; not you or anybody else, ever. Looking at him, Halloran suddenly hated him and the hatred welled dark and threatening in his eyes. He drove the muzzle of his gun hard against De Roca's stomach and snapped:

"Your papers! Your connections in the States!" He added slowly, "I could kill you, you know." He meant it, but it was because he was thinking about De Roca making love to her, taking her away on a week end. "And I will, you know, if you don't deliver."

"Señor, you speak in riddles."

"Do I?"

Halloran ripped the ring of keys from his hand. De Roca's eyes started, he made an instinctive gesture to recover the keys and Halloran, mistaking the move, cracked him on the head with the barrel of his gun. De Roca collapsed, sighing, and lay senseless on the floor.

One of the keys opened the desk but all Halloran found there were four cablegrams. They were signed Rop and by the meaningless words were obviously in code. In the closet he found a massive trunk fitted with two huge brass locks. The keys that fitted them were on the ring. Inside the trunk was a heavy steel compartment which another key opened. In the compartment were more cablegrams, envelopes with New York postmarks, many papers. It took him five minutes to tell that these were what he wanted. He put them into his pocket and when he left De Roca was stirring on the floor.

Returning to his hotel he spent an hour going over the evidence. When he sat back and rubbed his eyes he realized he was still shaking. It seemed incredible that he had done it, that after all his careful planning he should have cut through everything like a wild bull, tearing the plans to ribbons. Craddock would not have approved it. Sane, he himself would not have approved it. He'd been crazy, that was it; crazy jealous.

He picked up the telephone and called Catherine's hotel and when they told him she was no longer there his eyes went blank. "But she must be!" he said. No, they said, she had checked out about an hour ago and left no forwarding address.

HE SAT for several minutes doing nothing; hardly thinking, even. Then he remembered De Roca. He put his hand on the telephone and a thought turned slowly, hugely in his mind, and his throat felt suddenly dry. He called De Roca's hotel. De Roca, he was told, had checked out fifteen minutes before.

"Do you know where he went?"

"No, señor."

He fumbled the instrument back into the cradle. The thought he hated was turning over faster and faster in his mind. "She fell for him. She really did, then, fall for him." He went downstairs for a drink and then he went round to the Sevilla for another drink. And over and over he kept repeating to himself, "Catherine, Catherine, Catherine." And then he thought, "If she'd fallen for him, she'd have warned him about me." His heart beat faster and he got up and taxied to the hotel where she'd stayed. But it was true: she had checked out. In a cab. The doorman did not remember the number of the cab or what the driver looked like.

Halloran walked around the block and spurred by another wild hope he jumped into a taxicab and rode out to the house off Infanta. The landlady shook her head. He trudged to the Avenida de la Independencia, caught a taxi and rode back to Central Park. He decided to get very drunk and then in the next minute decided not to get drunk. "My life," he told himself, "is composed of two parts; up to now, and from now on. Up until I met Catherine; then, from the time I lost her." It would not do to tell Craddock. Craddock might laugh.

He went to his hotel. "Pack," he told Emilio. "The trunks and the overnight bag. You'll take the car and the trunks with you on the boat. Get me a seat on the three-o'clock plane tomorrow, for Miami."

"You look ill, sir."

"Nonsense. Start packing."

He sat by his window far into the night, watching the lights and listening to the sounds of the city. Next morning he went to the bank for some money. He made a few small purchases in a shop in the Calle Obispo, and by that time it was noon, so he cut across to O'Reilly and stopped at the Hidalgo Café. As he sat down he heard, behind him, the sudden scraping of a chair, and turning his head he saw Catherine.

Her eyes were wide, her lips parted. She had risen halfway out of her chair and was on the point of flight. Halloran did not jump up; he was afraid that if he moved too suddenly she would run off. But keeping his eyes fixed on her, he rose slowly and went across and took hold of her hand.

"Come, Catherine," he said gently.

HE TOOK her to his apartment and sat her down on the divan and then sat down beside her. He stroked her hand. She had not said a word all the way over and even now it seemed that she would be unable to say anything. She did not look at him; she looked at the floor with wide, vacant eyes.

"Look at me, Catherine."

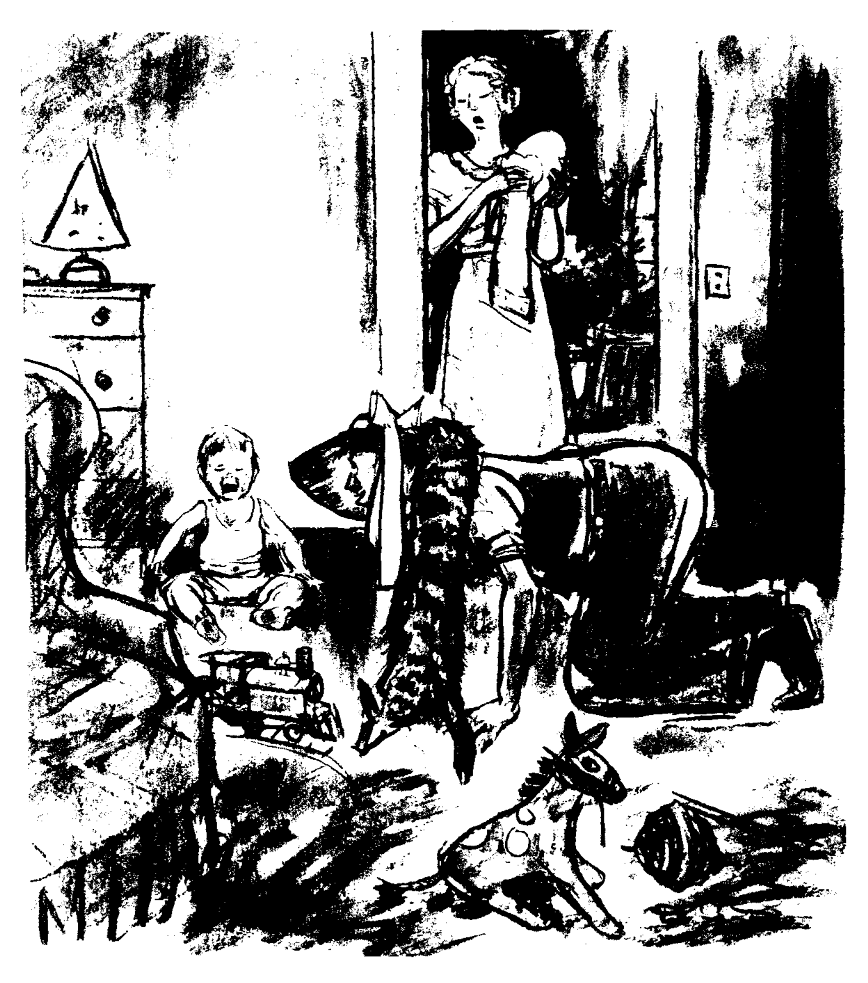
She did not look at him. But she said, "I couldn't do it. I couldn't go away with him. And I couldn't face you again. I lied to you, too. He never made love to me. He never kissed me. I couldn't let him kiss me."

"Why did you lie to me?"

"To make you jealous."

He said, "You did; you succeeded. You'd never have gone away with him; I shouldn't have let you. I went back to your hotel to tell you that. And you'd gone. I couldn't have let you go with him. I love you too much."

She sighed and lay over against him and put her arms around his neck and said, against his chest, "How beautiful! Hold me a while, darling. Hold me close."



"For heaven's sake, Harry, quit amusing him!" PERRY BARLOW

Dangerous Young Man

Continued from page 19

Tetlow looked dubious. "I'm going to say no more until I'm sure. I never liked that blackmailing idea, and I was right. Look here, Charlie. If your idea is to hide him and pretend you're him, what's to prevent his talking the minute you let him go?"

"Don't worry about that."

"All right, Charlie; give me something nice and clean to worry about."

Charlie was studying his face in a mirror. "I'm going to call on him, as soon as I can bleach the top of my hair. Damn it, Steve, he can't look that much like me!"

Tetlow said, "How many people do you suppose he's told about you?"

"No one. He's in society. Do you think he'd boast about a brother like me?"

"WHAT makes you think Franziska Rilling doesn't know by this time?"

"That's what I intend to find out. From him. Or from her."

"Find out something else from her, too. Find out if she shot Frankie."

"You read the papers, don't you?"

"Certainly I read the papers. But they don't say that Franziska Rilling shot Frankie Fife. How do I know she shot him—just because that night clerk and that elevator operator said that a girl in a blue evening gown came up to his room last night? How do I know it wasn't Brunetti? I hope it wasn't, but I don't know."

Charlie resumed his pacing. "I'd thought of that," he admitted. He had, in fact, thought of little else since he had slipped into Frankie Fife's room at a little after four in the morning and found him dead. Not until the Wall Street editions came out had he suspected for a moment that Brunetti hadn't killed Frankie.

Brunetti had sworn he would get Frankie Fife and Steve Tetlow and Charlie Dunkin if it took him forever. Charlie and Frankie Fife had joined Brunetti's gang in the Riviera and worked with him at Nice and Cannes until things got hot, when they had come to New York. In New York, Brunetti took in Steve Tetlow. That winter in Miami, Charlie, Tetlow and Frankie Fife had pulled off a hotel job—a diamond necklace and some bracelets and rings—that had netted them $100,000, and they hadn't let Brunetti in on it. After that, they broke with Brunetti. And ever since then, Brunetti had been making threats.

Egypt said decisively: "It was the Rilling dame. It had to be the Rilling dame. Frankie held out on her and she let him have it."

Tetlow shook his head dubiously. "How about that five hundred they found in his wallet?"

"It was twenty-five hundred," Charlie said, "when I saw him at eleven o'clock. Did anyone follow you coming over here?"

Tetlow growled: "No. But what does that prove?"

"They don't know he was in with us."

"Who do you mean—the police or Brunetti?"

"Both."

"There's nothing to worry about." Egypt said. "She shot him when he held out on her, collected her dough and scrammed. The rest is red herring."

"I'll see her and make sure," Charlie said. "But I want to see him first. How was he dressed, Egypt?"

Margaret Van Tyle took Franziska in her arms and kissed her on the cheek. She held her off and said, "Darling, you look simply lovely."

Franziska patted her arm softly and said, "Well, I feel like an old hag."

"Well, you look simply marvelous, darling. You have such nice skin."

Franziska wished she could cry on this woman's shoulder. Margaret Van Tyle was a warm, friendly, small person with rich, warm, olive skin—glowing warm skin—and leaf-brown eyes which were glowing and friendly and warm, too. If she hadn't been such a sturdy personality, she could easily have been "cute." She was cute only in one sense. She was shrewd and calculating, with an infinite understanding of social politics and of people.

She was also, in spite of her warm appearance, very puritanical. She neither smoked nor drank, and she disapproved of girls who smoked and drank. She disapproved of debutantes who worked for a living, or let their names be used for advertising purposes. She approved of Franziska Rilling not only because Franziska came from a family as old and fine as her own, but because Franziska did not behave like so many of the debutantes; did not behave, specifically, like Jane Griffin.

"You always look so smart, darling. Roger says you're the best-dressed deb in New York."

Franziska tried to smile. ". . . *Employees described the mystery woman as about twenty, slender, black-haired and beautiful, with an air of elegance.*" It went through her mind like a snake.

"Sit here, dear."

Franziska sat down on the settee beside her.

There was a thread of a line between Mrs. Van Tyle's warm brown eyes.

"Fran, I wanted to talk to you about Roger."

"Well, you couldn't have picked a nicer subject."

The thread remained. "He didn't get home until eight this morning. He was out somewhere with that girl. He's infatuated with her, Fran."

"I know."

"We've got to do something about it. It's become an issue, and I don't intend to sidestep it any longer. I had a talk with him this morning. I lost my temper. But Roger's like his father. I never gain anything by losing my temper with him. But he was very sweet about it. He admitted that Jane is spoiled and self-centered and wild. He said he was sorry he was mad about her, but he was."

FRANZISKA looked uncomfortably at Mrs. Van Tyle's small, pretty, white hands in her lap. Occasionally, one of her hands came up to caress the diamond chain she wore about her neck. It was not like the gesture made by most women wearing precious stones in chains. Most women reach up with an almost guilty air, to make sure the precious thing is still there. Margaret Van Tyle's gesture was one of fondling.

"You love him very much, don't you, dear?"

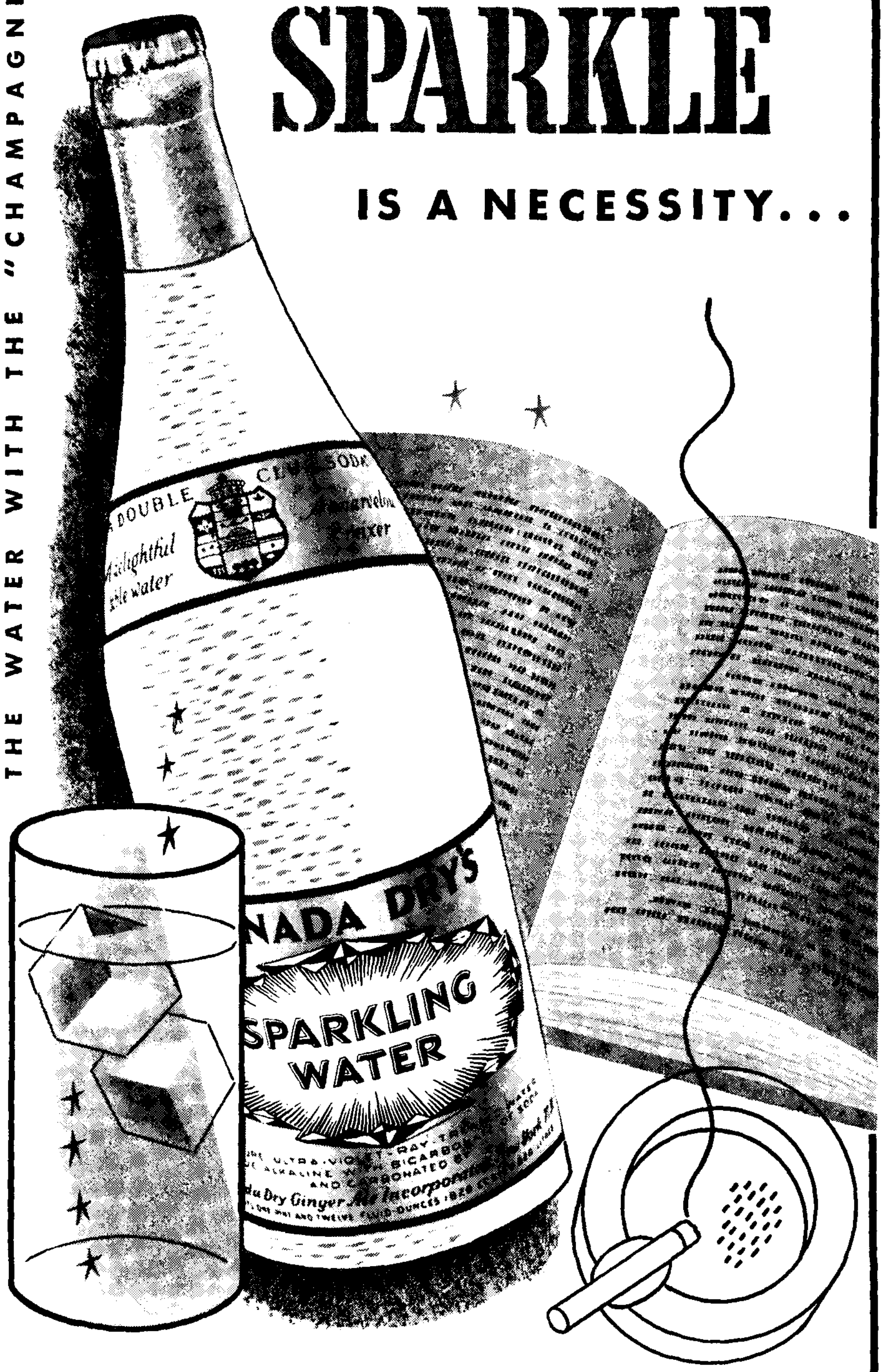
"Yes." Franziska said in a low voice.

"And it hurts you to discuss it, but we must face it, Fran. I don't want Roger to throw himself away on that girl. I'm afraid he will. I've never talked to you about this, but I think it's time for us to have a frank discussion. I think we should. I want Roger to marry you. We are very proud of our lineage, and you have every right to be proud of yours. But as far back as you can go, you can find a bad Griffin in every generation. But that isn't all."

She stopped. A footman had come into the room.

THE WATER WITH THE "CHAMPAGNE" SPARKLE

WHEN A LONG SPARKLE IS A NECESSITY...



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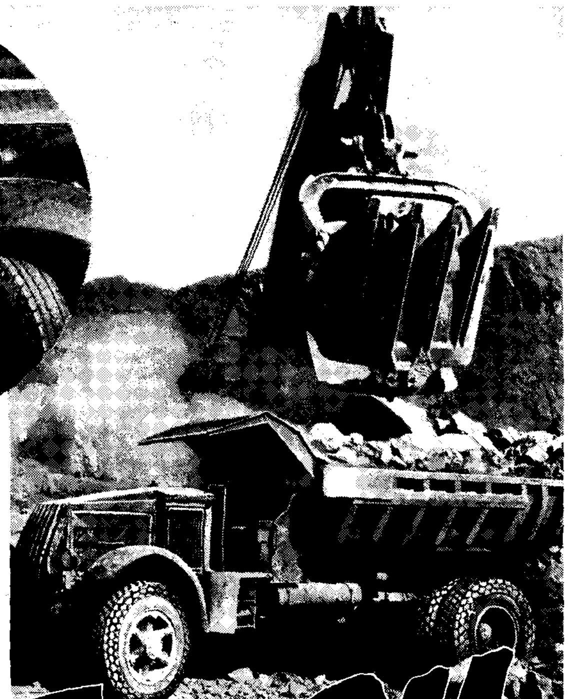

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KELLY
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Kelly's ARMORUBBER Tread Won Its Name on America's Toughest Jobs—It's What You Need for Summer's Hard Driving

OUT AT Boulder Dam a straight-talking truck driver said—“Believe me, these Kelly treads wear like iron!”

Reports like the two in this ad are a sample of what he meant. We admit they are exceptional stories.

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Look how traffic has speeded up in the past 10 years. New cars start 35% faster... go at 48% higher speeds ...stop 55% quicker than formerly.

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“MATCH MY RECORD! Zero weather up North—rocky roads—hot pavement down South—*seven years* on a set of Kellys!”—HARRY PINES, Decatur, Ill.

REPLACE WITH
KELLY
Springfield
TIRES
DEPENDABLE FOR 43 YEARS

“You may serve tea here, Albert.”

When he had gone, Mrs. Van Tyle said: “I'm going to be franker with you than I've ever been with anyone in my life, Fran. The truth is, I abominate blond women.”

Franziska was listening, but the words skimmed over the surface of her mind like skipping stones on water. “. . . *Police Search for Woman Who Wore Blue Gown . . . every effort is being made to trace the mystery woman. . . .*”

“In all our married life, Cortland had affairs with just two women. Both were blondes. Do you wonder I have a complex about them?”

Franziska was startled. Margaret Van Tyle had never talked to her like this. Through the woman's composure she sensed tension.

“I made up my mind I'd rather see Roger dead than married to a blond girl. Jane has already had a half dozen affairs. How far she goes with these men is unimportant. Her promiscuity is an indication of her character. She is insincere and fickle. She would ruin Roger's life.”

Franziska leaned forward, twining her fingers together. Margaret Van Tyle nodded twice. “There has never been a scandal in our family, on either side, and there has never been a scandal in the Rillings'. Franziska, I've decided what we're to do. You and Roger haven't really had a chance to know each other since you were children. It's the oldest trick in the world, but it often works. I'm having the Adirondacks lodge opened. The three of us are going up there. I'll arrange it. He won't want to go—but he'll go. You will have him all to yourself.”

Franziska wanted to protest, but Margaret Van Tyle said, “All he really needs, dear, is to be away from that girl a little while, to come to his senses.”

Franziska wanted to say that she didn't intend to throw herself at Roger, that it was bad enough as it was, but Margaret Van Tyle was going into details with gusto. It made Franziska feel uneasy and forlorn. She wondered for a fleeting instant if it were worth it, all this pretense, all this scheming for a man who didn't want her.

The implications of this conference with Roger's mother sickened her.

Albert Mowrey wheeled in the tea wagon. He was looking so steadily at Franziska that she glanced at him. She had always vaguely distrusted this big, too-handsome footman, with his curly hair and impudent blue eyes. He stared at her, with a little jeering twist at one corner of his mouth, as if they shared a nasty secret. Franziska turned away. To a guilty conscience, all eyes are accusing.

“. . . *I held the car at the twelfth floor and saw her enter Fife's room . . .*”

THE maid had not turned on the lights and the room was dark except for one reading lamp under which Peter Banyard sat reading the papers Oliver had brought in.

He was sure that no one could possibly connect Franziska Rilling with the murder of Frankie Fife, but he could not be sure enough. He wished there were some way to help her. If she had killed Frankie Fife, she had been justified. If she should be arrested and brought to trial, he would step in. He would place all of his and his father's resources at her disposal. Mike would understand. Mike would tell him to go the limit.

Oliver came in and said, “It's Miss Griffin, sir.”

“Where?”

“On the phone, sir.”

Peter picked up the phone from the table beside him, and Jane was talking before the receiver had reached his ear.

She said, “I thought I told you not to keep calling me up all the time.”

“I'm sorry,” Peter said. “But I got to worrying about the way you get in my hair.”

“Do you know the difference between gold and iron pyrites?”

“What is this?”

“Oh, I heard all about when you were six and came into camp with a chunk of iron pyrites as big as your head and screaming for somebody to write out a location notice for your gold mine. You must have been pretty dumb, not being able to write at six.”

“Oh, you've been checking up on me.”

“Well, Franziska said you were a crook and that you took her up to your apartment last summer and tried to tear her clothes off. I was just curious to know more about your impetuous nature. The sheriff at Cobalt and I let our hair down and he said you were the darlingest baby with big blue eyes and curly golden hair.”

“If he says so it must be true.”

“He said the women simply adored your peaches-and-cream complexion and that they'd stop your father on the street just to touch your skin and drool over you.”

“Did he tell you about the time I hit the old lady with a piece of high-grade ore?”

“Oh, he said you were the darlingest boy. So good, he said.”

“DID he tell you how I teethed myself on the rattles of a nine-foot diamond-back that I killed with a slat out of my crib?”

“He said they used to call you Goldilocks.”

“Oh, wait till I get my hands on that guy.”

“Listen, monster. I've got to see you tonight. It's very important. I'm just taking a screen test, and they say I'm perfectly marvelous. I've a dinner engagement I can't break. I won't be free till ten-thirty. I'll call for you.”

“Where are we going?”

“Is that important? It's something very urgent. Do you like me?”

“Certainly not.”

“Then don't call up your florist and have him send me a corsage of talisman roses, will you?”

“No.”

“Goodby, Goldilocks.”

Peter dropped the telephone into its cradle. He heard Oliver's voice, raised in agitation, then another deeper voice that was familiar. It was young and resonant.

A man strode into the room and said, “Hi, there—brother!”

He came toward Peter in the twilight, a tall, sunburned young man, with broad shoulders and sultry blue eyes and darkly blond hair sun-bleached on top.

Peter, tossing the newspapers aside, thought: “I'd look better with a mustache.”

Even his clothing was identical—a smoky-gray double-breasted suit, a dark blue tie, a white shirt. No, the suit wasn't quite the same color. But near enough.

Peter got up, smiling slowly. He was aware peripherally of Oliver, who had glided in behind the other and had angled off to a position from which he could stare at both young men.

Charlie Dunkin stopped ten feet away from him, and the two brothers slowly looked each other over.

Peter said: “I guess I might as well quit, Charlie. You've stolen all my stuff, even to the clothes I have on. Sit down.”

“Not yet. I want to take a good look at you. A friend told me he saw me on the street and followed me here and found my name was Banyard. He almost dropped dead. You know my name's Dunkin.”

“Yes.”

"Mother's name. Rather, her second husband's name. He adopted me. He was a Scotchman."

"You haven't a Scotch accent."

"Well, he was pretty stingy."

Now that his nerves had settled down a little, Peter was aware of many impressions. A kind of bombardment was taking place. They were throwing thoughts back and forth with their eyes.

He already knew Charlie Dunkin better than he had known anyone in his life. He knew that Charlie Dunkin was slippery and dangerous and crooked clean through. He knew that Charlie Dunkin was fearless, and he wondered if one identical twin could inherit all the courage intended for both. He was afraid of Charlie Dunkin, and Charlie Dunkin was not afraid of him. But the strongest impression was hatred. It flew back and forth between them like a crackling electric spark.

"Where've you been living, Pete?"

"Nevada."

"I want to hear all about it."

Peter said, "I have a lot to say to you."

And Charlie said, "I thought you would."

They exchanged that slow, dangerous, identical grin.

FRANZISKA was just leaving when Roger came home. She said her good-bys to Mrs. Van Tyle, and Roger walked with her to the street. He was pale and he looked tired and worried.

On the sidewalk he said, "We called up Cobalt, Nevada, Fran. There's something wrong somewhere." He was looking at her with calm steadiness, and his eyes were miserable.

Franziska's knees suddenly felt weak. "Well, Roger?"

"He's all that he says he is, Fran."

"He can't be! It's impossible!"

"He is. He's from Cobalt. He's lived in Nevada with his father practically all his life."

"I don't believe it, Roger!"

"He left there the day you saw him on the plane. He's everything he says he is. His father is Michael Banyard. The Banyards used to be prominent people in New York. Peter Banyard's grandfather—his name was Peter Banyard, too—used to be president of the Merchants and Mariners Bank. Michael Banyard went west some twenty-odd years ago, when he lost his money."

Franziska was beating softly with her fist under her heart.

"It can't be true!"

"We talked to the sheriff for almost an hour. This fellow and his father are mine owners. They're very rich men. The sheriff has known Peter Banyard since he was a baby. He says he came to New York about a week ago to have a fling."

Roger was not looking at her eyes. He was looking miserably at the curbstone. Franziska held her head up, compressing her lips in a slight, tragic arch.

"That makes me a liar, doesn't it?"

He said wretchedly, "Fran, I don't know what to think. I want to believe you. You know that. I want to protect you. But what is it all about? I've spent the entire afternoon with Jane and her father. They frankly don't believe your story. I went there so damned sure this Banyard was what you said he was."

"He is!"

"Oh, Fran. That sheriff wouldn't lie. And Mr. Griffin had that Fifty-eighth Street apartment checked up. No such person lived there last summer, Fran."

"He might have been using another name."

Roger said coolly, "Of course."

"Do you think I'd be stupid enough to invent a story you could disprove so easily?"

"Are you sure you haven't confused him with someone else?"

"Of course I am, Rodge! There's a trick somewhere."

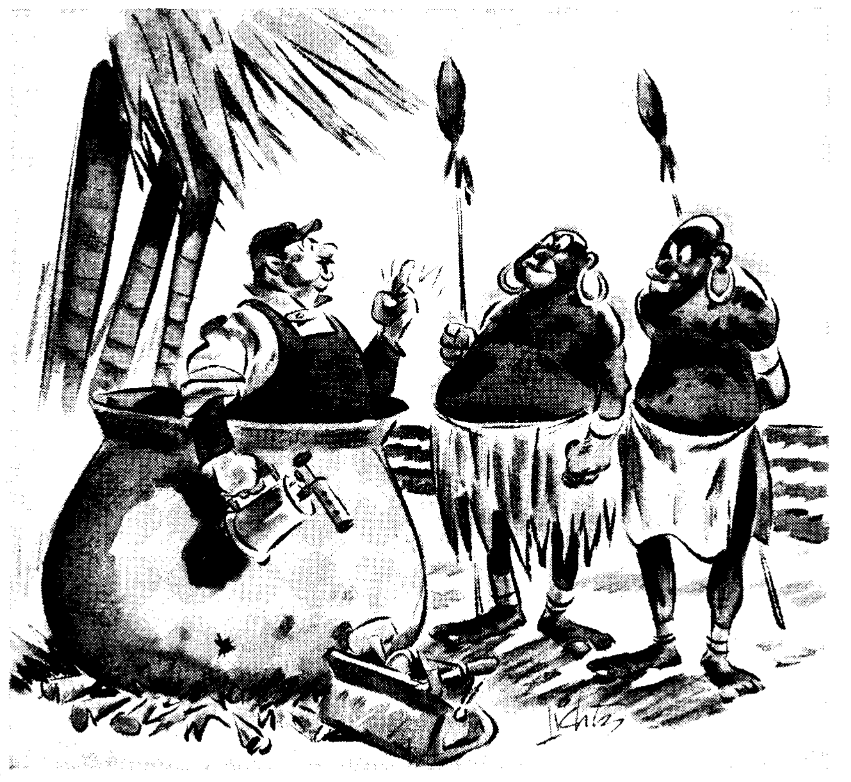
He shook his head. "I don't know what to think. I was counting on that more than anything else. The rest may have sounded a little fishy, but that didn't. I had an awful row with Jane about it on the way downtown. Fran, do I have to tell you I went there to try to get you out of this mess?"

"Do you, Roger?" Her breath was short. She thought: "Or did you go there to stick a knife into Jane's latest crush?" Oh, no, she didn't mean that. But she was at the end of her nerves. She didn't know what she was saying or thinking. She said, "Oh, Rodge!"

His eyes were sympathetic again. "I know how you must feel, Fran. I wish I could help you."

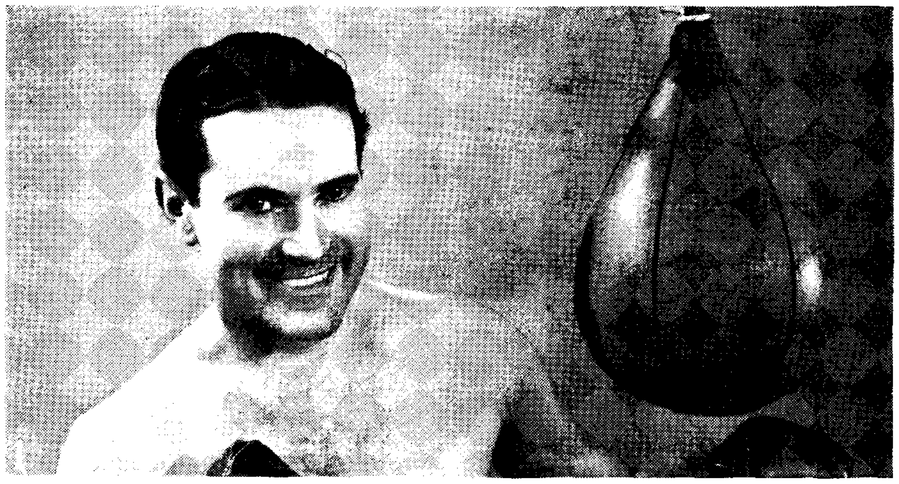
"What are they going to do about it?"

"I don't know." He sighed. He looked forlorn.



"O. K. I'll mend your kettle, but remember, no tricks!"

GEORGE LICHTY



Lloyd Hughes, featured in the Republic Picture, "A Man Betrayed", is caught by the camera as he . . .

2
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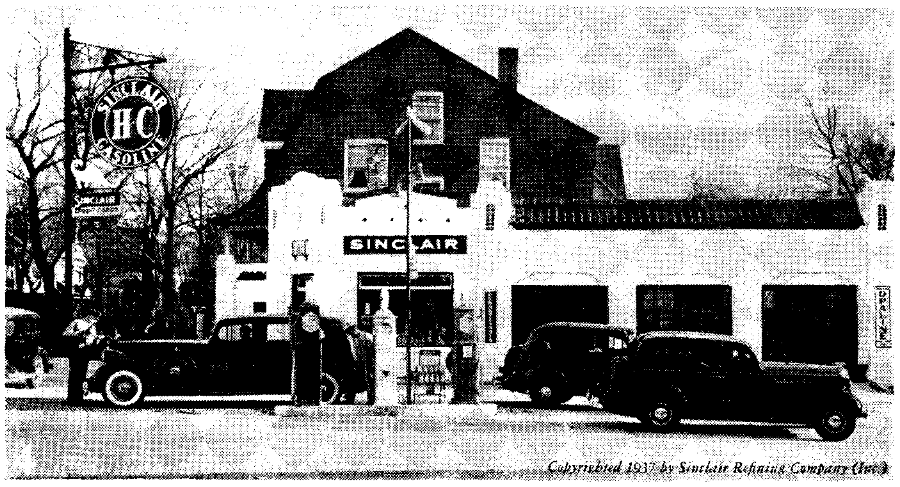
. . . engines travel a total of 120 million miles a year using Sinclair lubricants. When you want safe, scientific lubrication for your car, go to your . . .



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. . . nearby Sinclair dealer's. He has a complete lubrication chart for every make and model of car. Ask him to show you the lubrication chart for your car.

Why have MORNING-AFTER?

It can be avoided this *BEFORE* and *AFTER* way

1 BEFORE you go to bed, take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it helps counteract the causes of morning-after.

2 AFTER waking—take another Bromo-Seltzer. It relieves the effects of fatigue from an overlate bedtime—leaves you refreshed and keener.

NOW—that miserable morning-after feeling can be avoided. Take Bromo-Seltzer *before* you go to bed!

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BROMO-SELTZER

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EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

"Have me arrested?"

"Don't say such a thing. Even if you were someone else, they wouldn't. They want it hushed up. But you know what this may do to your reputation. Jane may talk. She thinks it's a perfect riot. She sat there and laughed at me. She kept egging me to call up someone in Cobalt, until I did. Both her father and I talked to the sheriff. Then Jane talked to him, and asked him all sorts of silly questions. You can imagine how I felt."

"Yes," Franziska said. She wanted to tell him the whole sordid, ghastly truth, but didn't dare. Roger wasn't the kind you could tell things like that.

She knew he sympathized with her but that this new development placed him farther away than ever. He was sorry for her, but it wasn't the kind of pity that turned into love.

Franziska looked dismally up and down the bleak and dirty street, then back at his white face. It was dusk, but she could still see the unhappiness in his eyes. If he would only take her into his arms and assure her that everything would come out all right.

The day had started as a nightmare, and it had grown steadily more fantastic and horrible. She couldn't stand much more of it. She was burned out and jittery.

She surprised herself by saying, "I'm going to see him!"

"Peter Banyard?"

"Yes. Right now. I'm going to straighten this out."

"I'll go with you."

"No. I'm going alone."

"I don't think it's wise, Fran."

"Why should I be afraid of him?"

"It isn't that. But it won't do any good. You'll learn what we learned."

"There's a mistake somewhere. I'm going to find out where. I'll meet you at the Crown Club for a cocktail at six."

OLIVER brought in a tray and placed it on a table between the two brothers. When each had poured his drink, and Oliver had put in ice and soda, Peter said, "I'll call you, Oliver, if we want anything else."

"Very well, sir." The old man's eyes were reproachful. He wanted to stay, but he made Peter nervous with his staring.

"You and Dad must have done pretty well," Charlie said. "Or are they giving places like this away?"

"We've done pretty well," Peter said. "We found a gold and silver property a couple of years ago that ten thousand prospectors had walked over without suspecting it was there. And we've developed a couple of other properties."

"You must be rich."

"I suppose we could sell out for three or four million." He had seen that gleam in Charlie's eyes at the mention of gold, and he wanted to force it into words.

"I'd like to go out there," Charlie said. "I'd like to meet my father."

"You ought to."

"I think I will. Perhaps in a couple of months. It must be interesting."

Peter knew that these were just words—anything to fill the silence while his clever brain toyed with this and that possibility. He was figuring that Peter would be useful. He knew that Peter knew all about him, that he wouldn't be able to get a dollar honestly out of Peter or his father. And Peter could all but see his brain turning over these thoughts.

Peter wondered if it would be possible to kidnap him and take him out to Mike and beat the fear of God into him.

Charlie was talking pleasantly about his life abroad. He said he had lived in France and England and Italy, and quite a few years in Lynn, Massachusetts. Peter suspected that most of it was lies, unimportant lies, to keep the silence filled while he sized things up.

"We practically lived in hotels or pensions. I wish now they'd switched us." He smiled appealingly. "It must have been fun in Nevada."

Oliver came in and handed Peter a slip of paper. On it he had written: Miss Rilling is on the phone.

Peter felt his brother's sultry blue eyes on his face, sliding all over it, weighing him shrewdly. His heart was thumping and his lips were suddenly dry.

He said, "Thanks, Oliver," and picked up the telephone beside him. "Hello?"

"Mr. Banyard, will you see me for a few minutes if I come up at once?" Franziska's voice sounded agitated.

"Of course."

"I'm awfully anxious to have a talk with you."

"It's awfully good of you to come."

"I'll be there in ten minutes."

Peter replaced the telephone. His brother was sipping his highball, looking at him over the rim of the glass.

"A friend of yours," Peter said.

Charlie lowered the glass and looked at him and said with an air of faint bewilderment, "Who?"

"Franziska Rilling."

Charlie pursed his lips, narrowed his eyes a little and shook his head. "I don't seem to place her."

"She'll be here in ten minutes. Perhaps then you'll be able to place her. She's brunette, gray-eyed and beautiful."

"You sound as if you're in love with her."

"I am."

"Well, that's wonderful, and I'm sorry I can't stay to meet her." He finished his drink and put the glass down. "One of us ought to be enough for her."

Peter looked at him steadily, and his faint smile was dangerous. "No," he said. "You're going to stick around. One look at you is going to be worth ten thousand words of explanation."

Charlie's eyebrows went up, and he grinned, and a look of satisfaction appeared briefly in his sultry blue eyes. He said smoothly, "No, Pete. I think I'll be going."

"Like hell you will." For a moment, Peter thought Charlie looked scared. He must have been wrong.

"Oh," Charlie said quietly, "you're going to get rough."

"You aren't going to mess things up for that girl any longer," Peter said. "Or for me, either. You're going to sit there and take it. You're pretty clever, but you're going to do what I say from now on. You can sit right there where you are until she comes. You've thought you could make a sucker out of me. Get used to the idea that you can't."

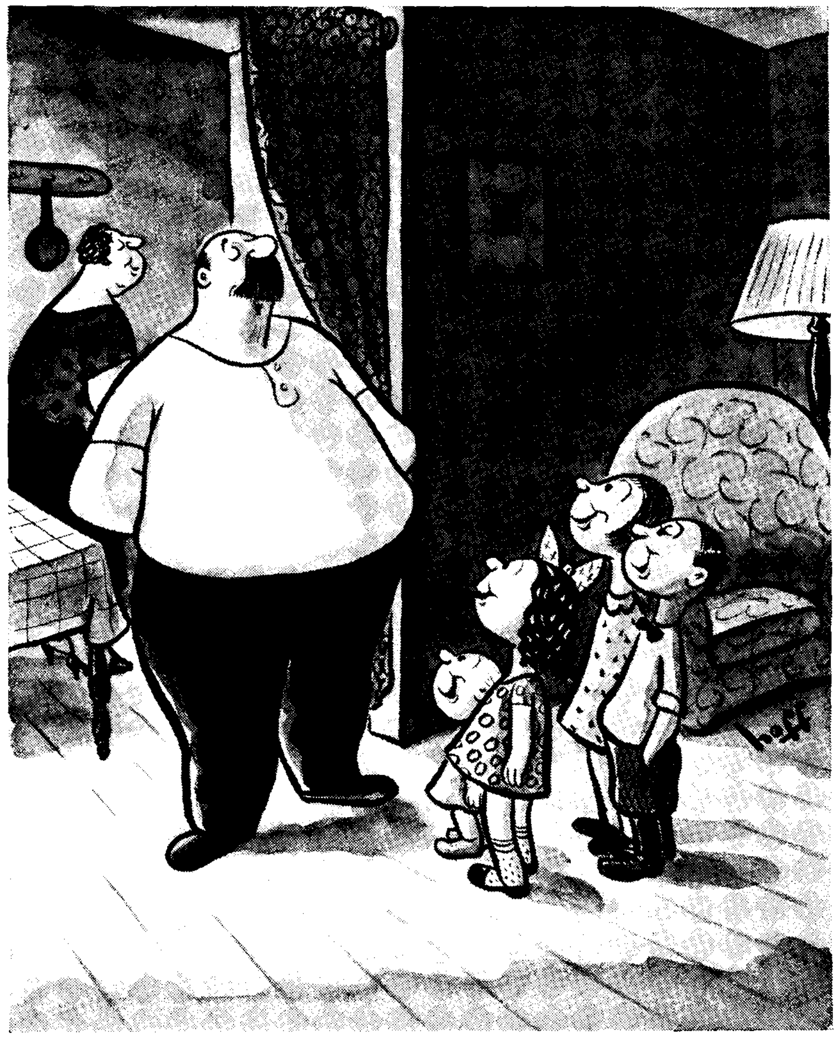
CHARLIE got up quickly. So did Peter. He was ready for action, but he wasn't ready for a knee. The trouble with having the Marquis of Queensberry rules drilled into you is that you can't forget them fast enough in a free-for-all.

The knee came up and it was followed by a fist that landed flush on Peter's chin. He went down, striking a chair arm with the back of his head, and that didn't help much either.

Charlie looked down at the upturned face, white and drawn with pain and stupid because the brain had temporarily lost interest in it, and said softly, "Nobody has to make a sucker of you."

He looked about the room and listened. He tiptoed to the door into the bar, and tiptoed back, listening all the way. He went to a closed door and opened it. It was a closet. He opened another door. It gave upon a small bathroom at the other end of which a door was open. He went in and closed and locked the far door. He came back and dragged Peter into the bathroom. He found adhesive tape in a medicine chest.

(To be continued next week)



"Starting Monday, all cuts in allowances will be rescinded"

SYDNEY HOFF

Portrait of a man giving his family Athlete's Foot

MR. JONES IS A ★ CARRIER

IF you have a case of Athlete's Foot and are neglecting it, you belong in that picture with Jones, who picked it up at his golf club and carried it home to his family.

For Athlete's Foot is highly infectious, and often leads to serious trouble unless promptly checked with a reliable remedy like cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr.

Red skin warns of the Carrier

Does the skin between your toes look red; does it itch, sting, burn? Then chances are, it's Athlete's Foot, and you may have contracted it in any number of places—in the shower or locker-room at your club, on the edge of a swimming pool, in a beach bath house, even in your own bathroom, carried there by any one of your family or friends.

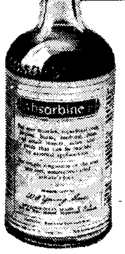
Don't be a carrier or subject yourself to possible suffering. Such symptoms call for prompt application of Absorbine Jr., or rawness may result from the infectious fungus—a digging, boring microorganism that causes the skin to turn unwholesomely white and moist, peel and crack painfully open.

Absorbine Jr. destroys the fungus

Even in advanced stages, Absorbine Jr. relieves the condition and helps to soothe and heal the damaged tissues. If, however, you feel your case is really serious, by all means consult your doctor in addition to the use of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

When you buy, insist upon genuine Absorbine Jr. and accept no imitations offered as being "just as good." This famous remedy has been tested and proved for its ability to kill the fungus when reached, a fungus so stubborn that infected socks must be boiled 20 minutes to destroy it.

Absorbine Jr. is economical to use because it takes so little to bring relief. Also wonderful for the bites of insects, such as mosquitoes and jiggers. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.



ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

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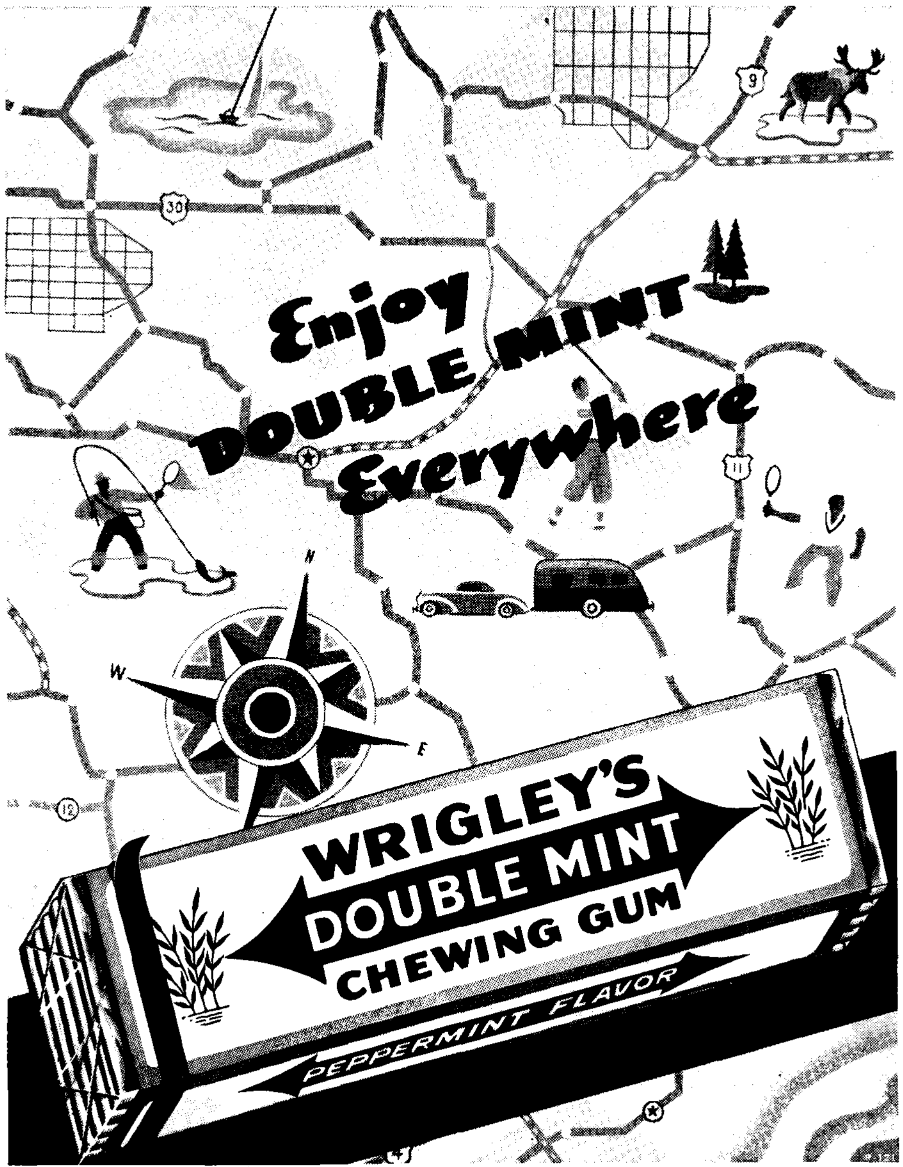
★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.



"BUT HE DIDN'T GET SPANKED"

JUNIOR PRATT IS CAUGHT RED HANDED AS HE HOLDS THE SCREEN DOOR WIDE OPEN AND FLIES SWARM IN.

MRS. P. THREATENS AN OLD-FASHIONED SPANKING. JUST THEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS AND JUNIOR BEATS IT TO THE KITCHEN.

JUNIOR RUSHES BACK WITH THE GULFSPRAYER. HE PUMPS GULFSPRAY TOWARDS THE CEILING LIKE A VETERAN.

MRS. P. RETURNS. SHE SPOTS JUNIOR BRINGING LAST FLY DOWN FROM A HIGH PERCH ON CURTAIN.

SMILES AND SAYS: "YOUNG MAN, IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU GULFSPRAY WON'T STAIN CURTAINS! IF IT DID YOU'D HAVE THOSE RUINED. RUN ALONG, NOW, AND PLAY."

"HAVE YOU TRIED GULFSPRAY?" GULFSPRAY KILLS FASTER, SURER, BECAUSE IT CONTAINS MORE PYRETHRINS, THE KILLING INGREDIENT. MORE PLEASANT TO USE—IT LEAVES NO ODOR AND NEVER STAINS.

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AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE OR GULF DEALER'S
GULF PETROLEUM SPECIALTIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Quick and Easy

Continued from page 11

come around and get my frames and I give you back the picture of the two cows sitting under the tree and maybe the red one with mountains. There would be an hour or so of this, and then, as if nothing but the warmest friendship had ever existed between them, they would go in a body to a luncheon of noodles, coffee and a highly destructive discussion of the bankruptcy sale that has been going on at a Mr. Pinckussohn's for the last six months—the goniff.

We had been intending for some time to spend a day in a Small Claims Court. We had heard about them first in Kansas, where the idea had its American birth. Why it was created there is in general the reason for its existence in the United States. Back in 1913 the attorney general of Kansas was appealed to by a washerwoman who had been unable to collect three dollars but who was not going to let anyone accuse her of not trying. A businessman with a hatred for paying bills had refused to give her the money. She appealed to the courts and found that it was going to cost her more than she owned to enter them. She looked up a lawyer who magnanimously demanded a fee which sounded like the war debt to her. Instead of being discouraged she went to the attorney general in Topeka. He told her that there was no court through which she might collect without expense but he told her, too, that he'd try to start one.

After some study of the informal courts in Canada, he wrote a bill creating the Kansas Small Debtor's Court in which procedure would be even simpler than in its Canadian counterpart. For one thing it would hear no lawyers. The legislature adopted the measure, the woman got her three dollars and everybody except the businessman seemed quite pleased. Since then these courts have come into existence in a number of cities, among them Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, New York, Minneapolis and Portland, Oregon. They differ in organization and, chiefly, in the maximum size of the debt they have jurisdiction in. There are no juries. In some of them lawyers are taboo but not, unfortunately, in New York. One files one's suit today and within from six to ten days it is heard. Within ten minutes or so decision is handed down by the presiding Solomon, who may be a regularly constituted judge or, as in New York, a referee appointed by the president-justice of the municipal courts. The decision of the judge or referee may or may not be appealed, according to the authorizing law, but for the most part the Court makes appeal as difficult as possible and, further, the amounts involved scarcely warrant further litigation.

No Collection Agency

The cost of entering a suit is extremely nominal—when there is any. In New York it costs you a dollar and a quarter to sue unless you are suing for wages. If you are bent on collecting your wages all you have to pay is the postage for serving the defendant with notice of the suit. In New York fifty dollars is the maximum debt these courts may handle. Moreover no corporation or partnership, society, association or other profit-making combine may use the court, thus saving it from the fate of earlier experiments which became official collection agencies. Similarly in some small debt courts an assignee of claims is excluded: the one-man collection agency who has bought your indebtedness at a discount may not make these courts his office. And in Brooklyn, where we were watching the Small Claims Court grind as fine as the mills of the gods, no creditor may seek adjustment of more than two claims a day. If he appears often—say twice a week—he becomes hugely unpopular and is lucky if the Court doesn't call him uncomplimentary names, to say nothing of having unpleasant accidents happen to him frequently in the corridors. Minnie may be suing Mabel and Moe may thirst for the heart's blood of Isidor, but these would be private disputes to be enjoyed by all concerned; in common cause they'll unite venomously against the small-time loan shark.

In addition to these courts making it possible for you to collect your thirty dollars without mortgaging your home to pay costs and the lawyer, a suit can develop into anything from a family reunion (out of which three or four more suits frequently develop) to a general holiday for relations of the litigants up to second and third cousins and a couple of grandpas.

Grandma Was No Moaner

We were pretty lucky to be in court when a harassed lady in a red tam, long black dress and red shoes waddled up to the bar seeking ten dollars from two middle-aged sisters who looked as though life didn't possess a single mystery with which they hadn't been completely familiar for forty years. Yet each of these ladies was assuming what she fondly believed to be an air of injured innocence.

One look at these heavily simpering defendants and you at once thought of grand juries and chop-suey joints. And yet they were the proprietors of a beauty shoppe and academy. These two muscular and world-worn gals had a racket. For fifty dollars they would teach you to manicure, massage, wave, marcel and bob victims of your own. You paid ten dollars down, got one lesson and then were given "the trade" to practice on. In other words, after one lesson in the academy you were turned loose in the shoppe to work on customers who wouldn't know, of course, that you were a one-lesson expert.

The lady in the red tam having digested her first lesson (somewhat incompletely), had been given a customer to sweeten two hours later. Perhaps her memory was faulty or her talents were misapplied. Anyway, after working on the customer's face for several minutes the latter punched her in the stomach and, as you have a perfect right to assume, the ladies, including the sister-proprietors, proceeded completely to forget themselves. The ensuing controversy was well on its way to carnage when two cabinetmakers and an athletic notary public from next door stepped in and, after ten minutes of energetic participation, managed to separate the ladies. The notary was still alert enough when an approximate peace had been restored to remember his profession. He took everybody's affidavit at twenty-five cents a head and these affidavits were all in court.

Also in court to see that the red-tammed lady's rights should get an airing were her husband, four children, mother, grandmother and a couple of aunts. While she told of her heartbreak, the husband, the children, the aunts and her mother moaned. But grandma was no moaner. She sat apart from the rest, croaking over and over: "That's a business—oy—that's a business."

Supporting the defendant sisters were an interesting assortment of ladies identified as "friends and cousins." And nobody could justly accuse them of not looking as innocent as possible although you might have sensed a slight shortness of ability to appear wholly artless. When they weren't smiling sweetly at the judge they were riddling the complainant with poisonous scorn, their brows high-arched over steady, menacing eyes. The court cop leaned toward us and whispered: "Wouldn't make no mistake in throwing all them dames in the can."

So the lady in the red tam got her ten dollars back.

Next came a beautiful but languid young man complaining that a tailor to whom he had given his white silk tuxedo coat for cleaning had ruined this princely garment. He wanted twenty-five dollars. Before hearing any testimony, the judge told the assembled multitude that the suit the Court was wearing at that moment had not cost him twenty-five dollars, including his hat—which he was not wearing. He also said something about white silk tuxedos. We didn't quite catch it but gathered from the Court's tone that nobody was ever going to catch him wearing one.

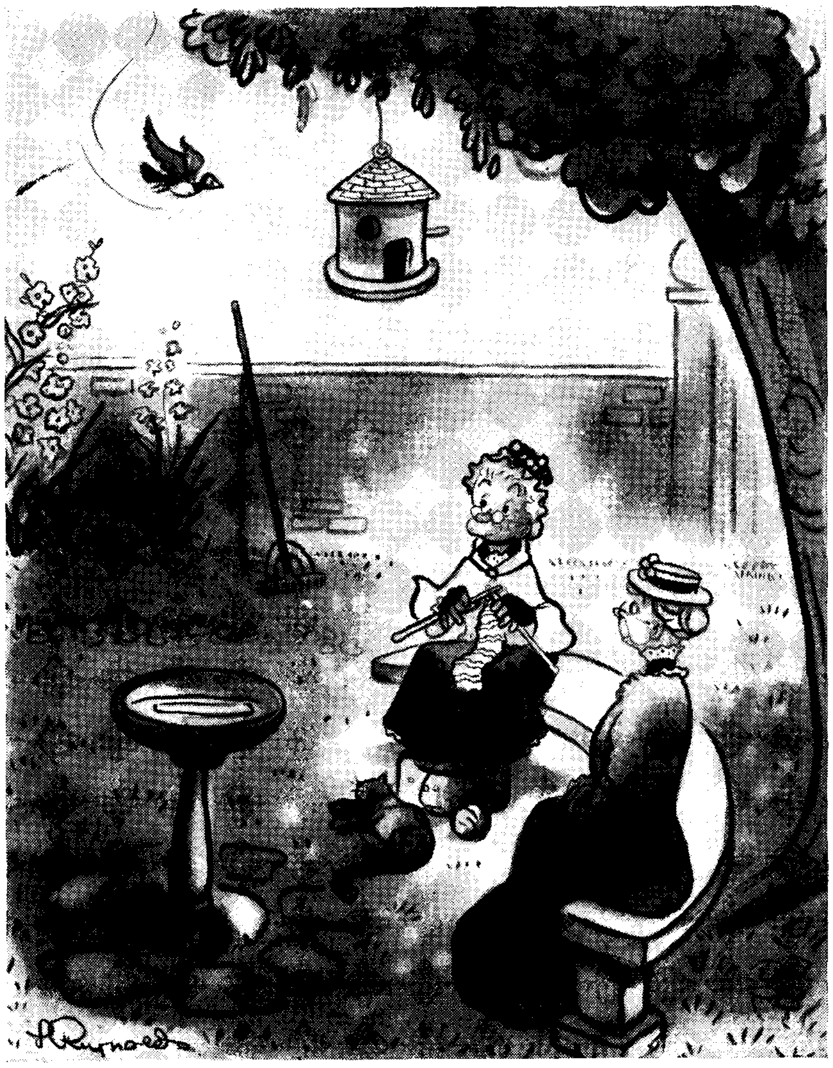
The young man explained that he was a saxophone—a hot-pipe—player in a dance band and that the white silk tuxedo was one of his uniforms. This seemed to make the Court a bit more comfortable although the judge kept a pretty severe eye on the complainant until judgment was handed down. The tailor, supported by the cleaner and a lawyer (whom the judge refused to listen to), said that the coat, when he received it for cleaning, "looked like it had been sick in." The hot-pipe boy indignantly denied that anybody had been sick in his coat and, with a gesture of impatience, looked at his huge gold wrist watch and rattled the heavy slave bracelet on his other wrist as he lightly stroked his shining hair. The Court began to drop pencils and kick the desk.

"Listen," demanded the Court of the richly caparisoned artist. "How much will you settle with this tailor for? If it's more than five dollars you get nothing."

The tailor agreed to give the young man five dollars. Then both sides departed. In the corridor outside, the lawyer finally had his say. He proposed that the young saxophonist accept two dollars and fifty cents and that he, the lawyer, with his client, suitably equipped with ladies, would visit the night club on the following Saturday night and buy drinks for the orchestra. This, the young man said languidly, was okay.

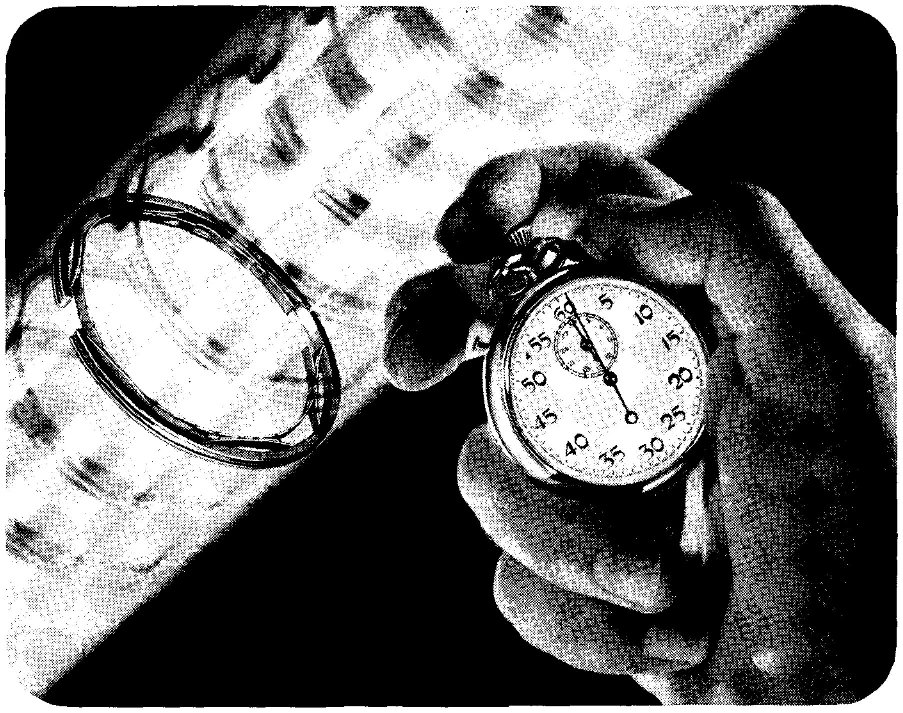
A wide assortment of cases was disposed of with rough but accurate justice before what appeared to be a family convention presented itself. As far as we were able to learn—the situation being rendered almost too complex for the layman by four lawyers, all members of the family—the complainant had gone directly from business to the defendant's house to help celebrate somebody's fifteenth wedding anniversary. The complainant, a dealer in "castoff ladies' and gents' clothing, jewelry and housefurnishings and also used auto accessories," was the defendant's brother. The defendant was, as he carefully explained, "outa employment for the time being owing to conditions but willing and able."

It seems that the complainant, "outa respect for the married parties," had dropped in at his brother's house, "which



"Bird lore isn't as dull as you think, Lizzy. Now watch! Here's the husband returning unexpectedly!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS



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you'll save oil and increase power with this piston ring

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AT 60 MILES AN HOUR each piston flashes up and down *50 times a second!* Ordinary piston rings lack the flexibility to change in diameter that fast. Oil escapes. Power is lost.

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"If you ever decide to go out of business, let me know beforehand so that I can buy enough Schick Injector Blades to last me the rest of my life . . ."

This extract from a recent letter received is typical of the enthusiasm shown by users of the Schick Injector Razor.

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Bridgeport, Conn.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

$2.00 in Deluxe Model Kit including 20 Blades.
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RADIATORS CLEANED OUT with SANI-FLUSH
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A KID COULD DO IT

THERE'S *no use risking repair bills and ruin*ing the efficiency of your motor. You can clean out the radiator and be sure of complete, cool circulation of water. Sani-Flush removes rust and lime deposits. It flushes out sludge and sediment. You can do it yourself in a few minutes.

Just pour a little Sani-Flush in the radiator. (Follow directions on the can.) Run the engine. Drain, flush and refill with clean water. Clean radiators regularly, twice a year. Sani-Flush cannot injure aluminum cylinder heads or motor fittings. Kept in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
Safe NOT CAUSTIC
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

otherwise I wouldn't lose my self-respect to put a foot into for the past five years now." The complainant, having come directly from business, had carried with him two suits of gents' cast-off clothing which he wanted his wife to look at. It was during the anniversary festivities that the two suits of gents castoffs disappeared. On the following day the defendant was seen in public wearing what the complainant contended was a pair of his gents' castoff trousers. Every so often the complainant would wave his hand in the Court's face and shout, "Lookit, Your Honor, I'm taking my oath again."

And every few minutes one of the four lawyers, cousins of the two litigants, would strike a pose and demand the right to question somebody. Then without waiting for permission the lawyer would begin, always the same way: "What time was it when you—" But the Court never let any of the lawyers get farther than that.

"Never mind what time it was," said the Court. "Did the defendant get those pants?"

"Lookit, Your Honor," shouted the complainant's brother, "I'm taking my oath again."

"Never mind taking your oath again," roared the Court. "Who took your pants?"

"If the Court please," started one of the lawyers. "What time was it when—"

"A Buck a Month"

Presently the Court threw the family, case and all, out, ruling most accurately that anyway there was no proof that the defendant had any gents' castoffs when he appeared at the house of his brother. Whereupon, bitterly reviling each other, both sides crushed out into the corridor where a third brother, arriving late, became the cause of an even bitterer battle.

"Howsa boy, Irv, howsa boy?" cried the third brother, grasping the hand of the late defendant. Irving was not enthusiastic. He declined to say how he was. "Lookit, Irv," went on the third brother, "lookit who come with me. Trudy!"

Whereat Irving became interested.

"Sure," he cried, "and why wouldn't I know who she is? Listen," he said, addressing Trudy, "you come down here to see me go to jail maybe for pants I never seen. Well, you could stay at home and send me four dollars you owe since Christmas 1933 or maybe 1932."

"Sure," said Trudy loftily. "Sure. Maybe it was on a Fourth July, 1776."

"Now, Irv, now, Irv," said her husband "After me and Trudy take the big trouble to come alla way over to Brooklyn. Anyway, where's your witness?"

Whereupon Irving turned to his late adversary, the dealer in gents' and ladies' castoffs.

"I'm asking you like a brother," he said, "was it 1933 or 1932? I'm asking you like a brother."

"It was 1933," said the late complainant. "She wants four dollars for the baby's installments and you ask me to change you a five-dollar bill and I hand you five ones in her kitchen with her sitting at the table having a cup of coffee."

That settled it. A few minutes later Irving was in the clerk's office filing suit against his sister-in-law for four dollars. And the brother who had been trying to swear the pants off him was assuring him that he would be "a witness to the facts in court."

Far simpler were the two young lads who appealed to the judge to arbitrate a debt of seven dollars. Marty owed Eddie the seven dollars. They called them bucks and, to put them at their ease, so did the Court. Marty acknowledged the debt but pleaded poverty.

"All right," said the Court, "will you pay him a buck a month for seven months?"

"Sure," said Marty.

"Listen, Judge," said Eddie, "this guy ain't going to pay me no buck a month. He ain't going to pay me the first month. I know this guy. We been going around together for ten years. I know this guy."

"If he don't pay you a buck a month for seven months bring him back," said the Court significantly. "Next case."

Outside in the corridor Marty said: "Listen, wise guy, I got seven bucks but you ain't gonna get it."

"Oh, yeah?" said Eddie. "Do you know what that is? It's perjury. D'ya know what they hand a guy for perjury? Say, where did you get seven bucks?"

We couldn't hear the rest. Marty and Eddie went into a huddle, Marty doing almost all the whispering and Eddie becoming momentarily more interested. And then presently:

"Waddeya say, kid?"

"Okay, pal," cried Eddie, "let's go." And off they went, smacking each other on the back.

Cutting Red Tape

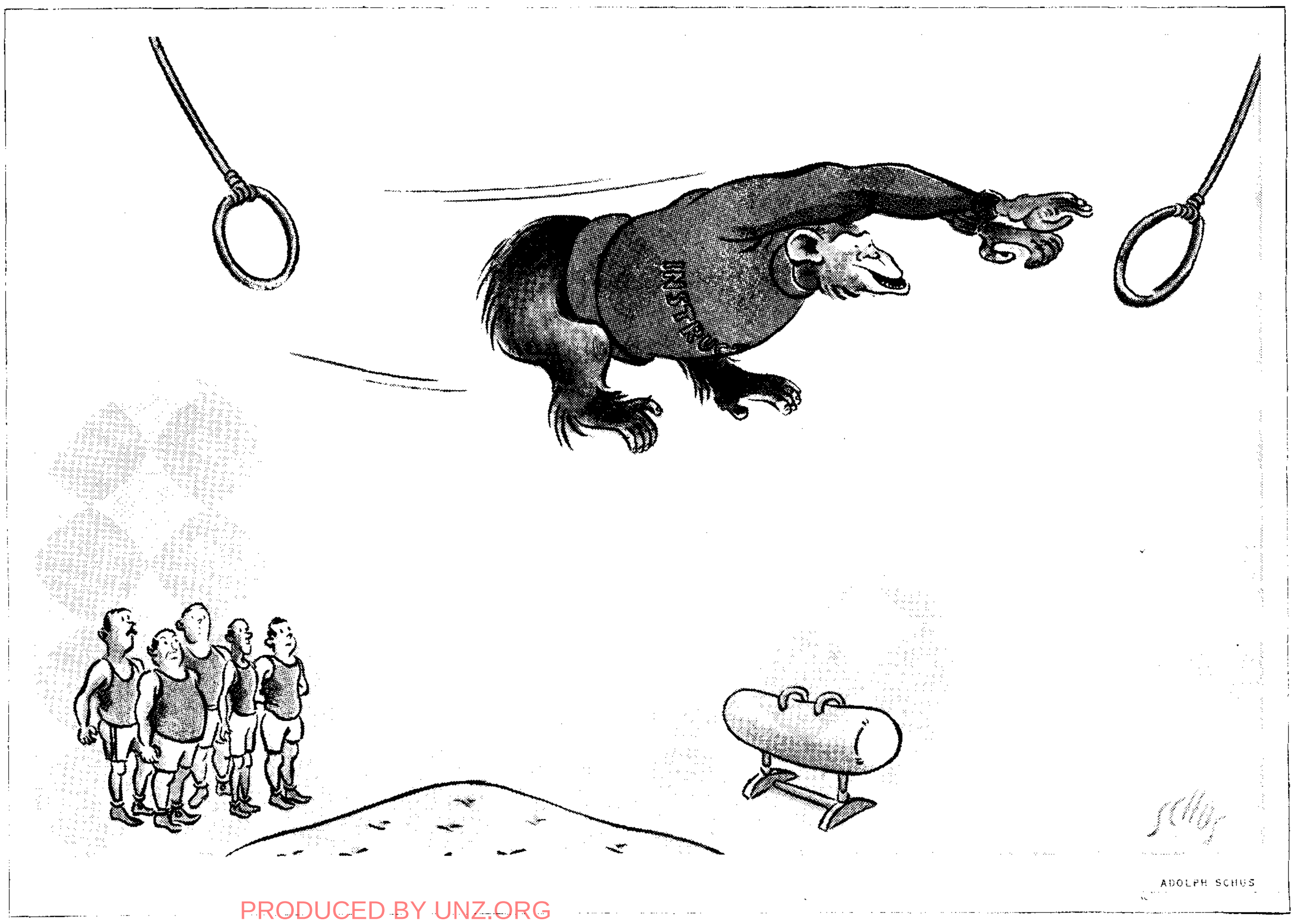
Before the Court's day ended, housemaids got their wages, and a dentist got thirty dollars for an upper plate that "Judge," the defendant moaned, "I ain't slept a wink with two months already." A house painter got his brushes back, a landlady got twenty-seven dollars from an ex-bookmaker, several uninsured motorists were ordered to pay for damages they had inflicted upon other cars, a father got the forty-four dollars he had given his son to set the latter up in business, a lady got six dollars from another lady—the price of a pair of shoes borrowed from the former to wear at a party and which she had never remembered to return. "Judge," wept the defendant, "I been so busy looking for work I can do with a back like mine that I ain't had a minute to take them old shoes back to her."

A gentleman with a carnation and blue-and-yellow necktie got his dollar back from a photographer. He had attended a banquet. The photographer had taken pictures of the diners, taking orders for pictures at a dollar each. The gentleman had never got his picture. He wanted his dollar back. So he had paid a dollar and a quarter for the right to sue for his dollar. Anyway, he got his dollar back.

"What business are you in?" asked the Court.

"I'm an investment banker," said the gentleman.

An excellent court. Legal precedents are properly ignored. Common sense makes short work of red tape and legal blue-mold. We left, wondering whether it wouldn't be a good thing to take the Constitution over to Brooklyn some day and find out what it means.



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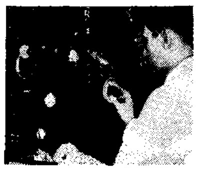

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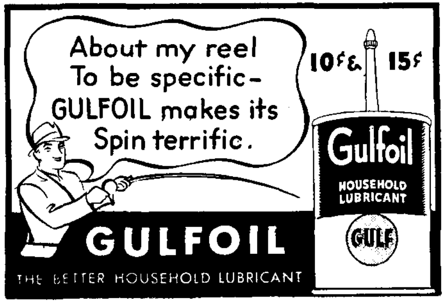


GULFOIL
THE BETTER HOUSEHOLD LUBRICANT

First Love

Continued from page 21

musical instruments, as they entered the apartment house. "And I know it must have cost Mr. Leyden a lot of money. But he isn't using it any more and you know how it is in a city apartment—never enough closet room. And the bass is so big—it's frightening."

She smiled, but Mr. Karper only said, stolidly, for the tenth time, "Well, Mrs. Leyden, I'll have to see it."

Rhoda had attempted to get rid of the bass viol before this and she was sure that there was something behind Jerry's stubbornness in keeping it. It had shown itself, of late, in Jerry's behavior. The other night at the Chilton—and at home too; he was always tuning dance music in on the radio and playing over and over again that precious collection of swing records which he knew she didn't like. But the bass viol was the real menace. As long as it was in the house—why, the way Jerry was acting, he might pick it up any moment and begin playing it again! He had made good at his job and there would be no turning back. It was for his own good that she was pulling him through this little crisis.

She went out of the elevator, key in hand, followed by Karper, whose heavy footsteps, mingled with the sharp clicking of her high heels, rang through the tiled corridor. It wasn't until she stopped at her door that Rhoda became aware, all at once, of a deep, ominous sound. Quickly she unlocked the door. She hurried through the little foyer and halted, abruptly, at the doorway to the living room. In the center of it Jerry was busy practicing scales. He seemed to think he was still alone—didn't stop for a moment the sawing motion of his right hand, didn't even turn his head. Karper, standing behind Rhoda, said nothing.

"Jerry!" Rhoda called out in consternation. "What are you doing at home, this time of day?"

"Huh? Oh, hello, Rhoda," Jerry said and he resumed his scale.

Karper grunted. Rhoda, who had for the moment forgotten his presence, looked at him, embarrassedly, then turned to her husband and said, "Jerry, this is Mr. Karper."

JERRY nodded briefly without interrupting his practice. Rhoda was about to tell him who Karper was and why he was there, but the setting hardly encouraged carrying out the contemplated piece of business. She took Karper to the door. "I'm terribly sorry," she said, softly, "but I'm afraid we'll have to postpone this matter for a while. You see, my husband . . ."

"Yeah," Karper said curtly, opening the door. "But I'm a busy man. Goo'by."

Not a very polite one, Rhoda thought, but there was something much more important on her mind. She went back to the living room, to find that Jerry had discarded his bow and was plucking the strings in approved swing fashion, drawing from the soul of the big wooden fiddle a hot running accompaniment to an imagined stomp tune. Jerry was tall—almost as tall as the bass viol—and the way he manipulated it, eyes dreamily half closed, blond mop of hair waving to the nodding of his head, was a heart-warming sight. Or would have been, to a proper audience. It only made Rhoda want to scream.

"Jerry! Stop that noise at once and listen to me!"

To her exasperation, her husband calmly finished the phrase on which he had been concentrating. Then, "Yes?"

"What's happened?" Rhoda demanded.

Jerry smiled childishly at her. "I've been fired," he said in a whisper.

"Fired?" Rhoda gasped. It seemed impossible. Quickly her mind built up an explanation based entirely on wish-thinking. "I know what must have happened. Some silly little difference of opinion. Uncle John is quick-tempered, but he means well. And I guess you said something you shouldn't have. You'll just go back tomorrow morning and apologize and I'm sure everything will be all right."

Jerry, tinkering with the fiddle, seemed to have heard only the last phrase. "Yes, darling, everything's going to be all right," he said, affectionately patting the instrument. He put it aside and embraced the puzzled Rhoda in a manner that suggested that she had just come back from the other side of the world after a long absence.

"But, Jerry, I—I didn't mean—you don't understand. . . ."

"Everything's gonna be swell," Jerry insisted, smothering Rhoda's protest with a hearty kiss.

HOW queerly he was behaving! Conflicting theories ran through Rhoda's mind. It certainly seemed a questionable procedure, at best, not to humor Jerry for the time being. She needed time to think. She let him go back to his bass viol and went into the kitchen, ostensibly to prepare dinner. Shortly she called into the living room, "I've got to go out for a bit, Jerry; I'll be back soon." Jerry's answer was an abysmal "Vroom!" from the fiddle which made the pictures rattle on the walls. Rhoda dressed and stepped out.

Outside the door, she stood still, indecisively fingering her lower lip—shuddering at the rumbling noises of the bass viol. The sound stopped. She heard Jerry's step in the foyer. She strained her ears. Just a few feet the other side of the door was the telephone table. She heard the clicking of the dial. There was a pause. Then:

"Hello, Bunny? This is Jerry. I wanted to tell you I'll be back in the outfit sooner than we thought. Yeah. It worked. Anyhow, it looks that way. Just in time, too. Rhoda was going to get rid of the doghouse, can y'imagine? Had that pirate Karper up here; thought I didn't know him. But it was a cinch. Just gimme a coupla days. I'm getting right back in the groove . . . Monday? Let's see—oh, sure, I'll be back in form by then. No reason why I can't start swingin' Monday night."

Rhoda was already tiptoeing to the elevator, in a controlled rage. She was going to get to the bottom of this! She hurried to the corner drugstore and phoned the Bailey Sporting-Goods Company.

"I guess you know why I called," Rhoda said to Bailey. "Jerry doesn't seem to care to talk about it."

"That's not hard to understand."

"Couldn't you give him another chance, Uncle John?"

"Sorry, but I'm afraid not. Jerry's been behind in his work for weeks, now. If it had been anyone else he would have been fired long ago."

"But he was doing well in the beginning, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

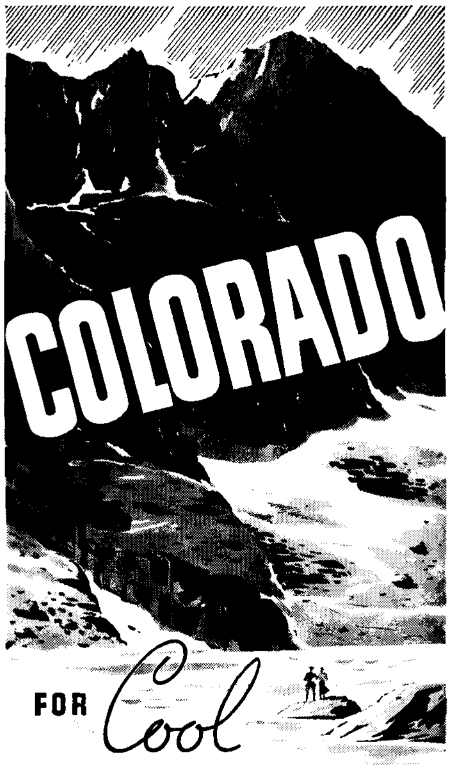
"And that proves that he's capable, doesn't it?"

"Well, I suppose so."

"Then why not let him try again?"

"But he seemed happy to be discharged!"

Rhoda bit her lip. "Please, Uncle John, it's hard to explain, but Jerry



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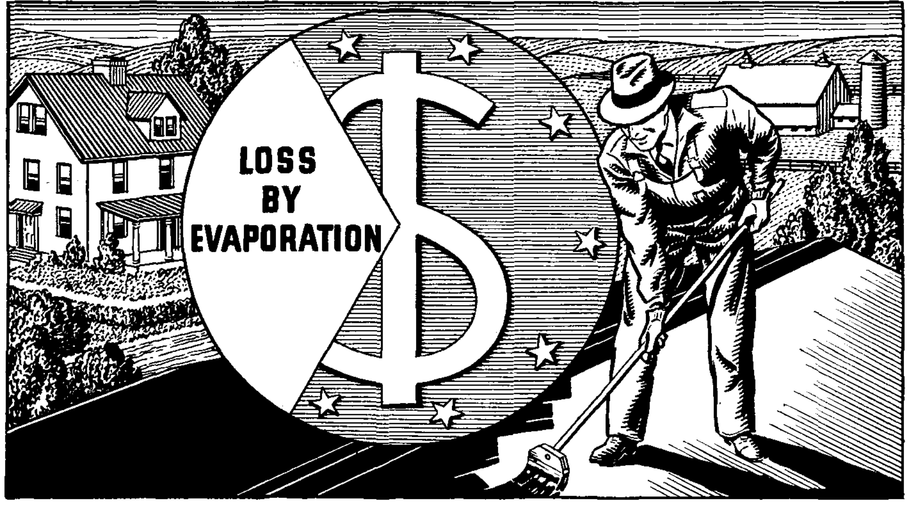

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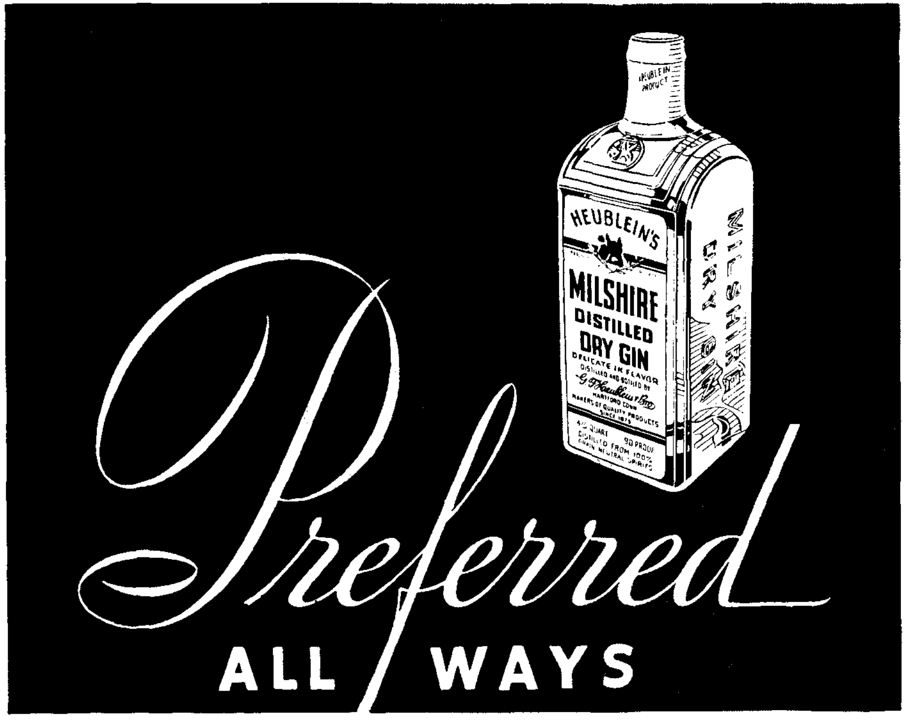

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wasn't himself. He's had very distressing trouble of a personal nature. But it's cleared up now and I know he'll be glad to get back to work."

Jerry had been very satisfactory at first, and his later behavior might well have been caused by a worrisome mental burden, Bailey reasoned. He was not an unkind man and Rhoda pleaded so valiantly that he agreed, at last, to her request, with the strict understanding, however, that Jerry would be fired for good at the first sign of laxity in his work.

"All right, then, I'll see Jerry on Monday," he said. "Tomorrow's only a half day and maybe he needs a rest."

"He'll be all right by Monday," Rhoda promised. She thanked her uncle and started home, planning her next move. She couldn't, of course, let Jerry know that she had been eavesdropping. She'd just treat him like a spoiled child; give him no further reason to assume that she had been taken in by his ruse, and yet not make it too evident that she hadn't. First thing he knew, he'd be back at his desk.

SATURDAY morning, Jerry said he was going downtown to look around a bit, and went out. Soon after he had gone, Rhoda phoned Karper.

"No, no," she said, "that won't happen again. Come prepared to take it away.... Seventy-five dollars? Doesn't seem like much." But Karper said he had had a good look at the instrument and that was all it was worth to him. Rhoda, almost willing to give the fiddle away to get rid of it in a hurry, agreed. An hour later, there was appreciably more closet room in the Leyden household.

When Jerry returned, late in the afternoon, he was brimming over with good humor. He kissed Rhoda tenderly and said, "Lucky I've been paying my union dues regularly. Everything's all set. Had a talk with Bunny. He's got the other bass fiddler another job and I'm all signed up with the band again. I start Monday."

Rhoda let him have it. "You start Monday, all right—at nine A. M., at your desk!"

"What's that? What in the world are you talking about?"

"I've spoken to Uncle John. He's ready to forgive you and take you back."

"Back to the office?" Jerry exclaimed. Things were out in the open at last, and he was glad of it. "Nothing doing!"

"You haven't even been trying!" Rhoda accused. "After your promise and all the plans we've made."

"You mean the plans *you've* made. And I have been trying. Damned hard, too. How do you think I managed to stay there this long? And doesn't it matter to you that I don't *want* to go back? That I hate the work and that I'll never be any good at it?"

"You could be, if you tried."

"There you go again! Well, I don't intend to try any more. I'm a swing man, a good one, and that's what I'm going to stick to!"

Rhoda hadn't dreamed that Jerry would prove so unmanageable. She began to weep. Immediately Jerry's manner softened. He sat down next to her on the couch and put his arm around her. "Don't you see how unhappy I've been at the office? Must I continue forcing myself to do something I'm not fitted for? I'm a musician—why must I be something else?"

"And what about me?" Rhoda sobbed. Very carefully she went over all the old arguments. Jerry listened patiently, in silence. It seemed to Rhoda that he was again being won over to her point of view. "And anyway," she said at last, "that silly old fiddle is gone."

Jerry jumped to his feet, dashed to the closet and swung open the door. Then he looked at his wife the way a dog looks at a boy who has just tied a tin can to his tail.

"What did you do with it?" he demanded, though he had guessed.

"Sold it—for seventy-five dollars." Tears not having availed, Rhoda was staking everything on a last, firm stand. "And you needn't carry on so about it!"

Jerry's face became rigid with anger, but only for a few moments. He looked queerly at Rhoda and suddenly felt chilled. How detestable she was in her righteousness! He was ashamed of himself for having resorted to subterfuge with her. How could anyone so contemptibly small have had so strong a hold on him? he asked himself. But he was out of her reach now. There was a fleeting temptation to inform her that the fiddle had cost him four hundred dollars—that would make her squirm—but he was above such small vengeance. What mattered was that she could never understand that it wasn't just an expensive wooden box—that it was more a part of him than she could ever have been. It wasn't lost! He'd redeem it, the first thing Monday morning.

"You're quite right, Rhoda," he said. "There's no need to carry on about it."

As he went into the bedroom, Rhoda stared at him. There had been in his tone an unmistakable finality. Determinedly she followed him. He was packing a handbag.

"What's this, an act?" she asked, trembling inside.

"A logical one," Jerry said, without looking at her. "We've both made a mistake, that's all."

Rhoda burst into tears of rage. All her efforts wasted on this ingrate when there had been all those other men to choose from!

"I'll never divorce you," she cried.

Jerry hadn't thought of that detail and he was not at all worried by it now. He couldn't imagine her allowing him to stand in her way.

"Yes, you will," he said pointedly. He left without another word.

Rhoda leaned against the wall, weeping for a while in self-pity, and then went to a mirror, dried her eyes and got busy with cosmetics.

EARLY Monday evening, Jerry, in a tuxedo, with his bass viol slung over his shoulder, walked into the Gold Room of the Chilton Hotel. There were just a few diners and no one was on the bandstand. He went to the musicians' dressing room, hung his coat and hat on the hook he had last used and took the cloth cover off his instrument. Then he went out to the bandstand and began warming up. He was playing softly in his old position when Bunny Porter came in.

"I thought I'd find you here," Bunny said with a grin. "All set to give, hey?"

"Kind of," Jerry answered, soberly. "But it turned out differently from what I expected. Rhoda, you see, well—I'm back in my old room on Thirty-ninth Street."

"Oh!" Bunny said, awkwardly. He patted Jerry on the shoulder.

One by one the other men came in and warmly welcomed Jerry back to the fold. It all seemed a bit strange to him at first, but as soon as the band started to play he felt at home. Rhoda, Bailey and the sporting-goods business were forgotten; it was as though he had been picked up bodily and set down again a year back in time. But as his fingers hopped joyously about over the strings, he felt that there was still something missing.

Then, behind him, a feminine voice said, "Out of my way with that doghouse, you rusty gate!" He stepped aside to let Anne go by to the microphone and gave her a very special smile. She smiled too, and everything seemed just right.

Free Agent

Continued from page 17

needless. Henrich is an unusual young man. He does not jump at anything except batted balls and bases. Off the playing field, he takes delight in not knowing what to do. He revels in problems. Trying high-pressure salesmanship on him is just a waste of time. He listens to a proposition. Then he says, "I think I'll wait a while before I do anything about that." While waiting, he investigates the matter from every angle. When he decides to act he has everything figured out so that the results will be most advantageous to Henrich.

This thoughtful trait runs through his short but meteoric career. He was a soft-ball player to begin with. He quit when the treasurer's report showed expenses which equaled the receipts.

He Decided to Wait

He has a flair for mathematics. He was taking a bookkeeping and business course in school and had a job as clerk for a steel company in 1933. He quit that to play baseball. He was playing in the outfield for Prince Horn Dairies that summer when Billy Doyle, a scout for the Tigers, came to Massillon to take a look at "Had" Dye, a pitcher. Doyle took two looks at Henrich and then had a talk with him.

"How'd you like to play ball?" asked Doyle.

Henrich had not thought of baseball as a career. He said it might be all right. A week later Doyle sent him a contract with a message:

"Sign and return immediately."

But Henrich did not do that. The contract was for the 1934 season. There was no hurry. He thought he'd wait a while. While waiting, Henrich made two important decisions. One was that he was not going to sign the contract Doyle had sent to him; and the other was that if Doyle thought enough of him to want to sign him he must have considerable baseball ability.

So Henrich joined Acme Dairies, a better team, one that practiced every night. His natural ability was improved by practice. In August, Bill Bradley, a scout for the Cleveland Indians, offered him a contract. Again Henrich, ever cautious, bided his time.

"I'll wait a while and think it over," he told Bradley. It was November when he decided to sign.

Henrich was signed to a Zanesville contract. He reported to Zanesville in the spring of 1934, was optioned to Monessen, recalled in the fall, and in 1935 played for Zanesville until September first when he was purchased by New Orleans, a Cleveland farm.

Henrich played through the 1936 season with New Orleans and was astonished to find that he had been sold to Milwaukee. He also was puzzled because he heard his name coupled in deals being broached by Cleveland. Desirous chiefly, so he says, of knowing to whom he belonged, he wrote to Commissioner Landis and by so doing started the investigation which led to his being declared a free agent. It was as such that he took his shoes and glove out of the Milwaukee clubhouse on Wednesday, April 14th, borrowed ten dollars from Red Smith, his roommate, and went home to Massillon, in a tumult of delightful expectancy, to await developments.

He didn't have long to wait. From the moment Luther Emery, of the Massillon Evening Independent, met him at the station and drove him to his home at 50 Tenth Street early Thursday morning, every day was crammed with thrilling incident.

Henrich has the imagination necessary to get the most out of a given situation. He is observant, analytical. He remembers details and emotions.

"My mother was coming out the door when we drove up. She was going to church; but she didn't go. She turned around and made coffee and bacon and eggs. I like my eggs turned over. My father was there, and Charley, my younger brother. They were all excited. Two telegrams had arrived the day before. One from Connie Mack and the other from Bill DeWitt."

Connie Mack is manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. DeWitt is vice-president of the St. Louis Browns. Major-league offers were waiting for him before he crossed the threshold.

"I'll wait a while," said Henrich, "and see what they have to offer."

Bill DeWitt offered him $15,000 to sign with the Browns. This was the first inkling Henrich had of what he might be worth to a major-league club. He thought he could do better than that.

He got in touch with Connie Mack, but got no definite offer. Clarence Rowland, representing the Chicago Cubs, telephoned about noon. Would Henrich make a trip to Chicago to talk things over? No, Henrich wouldn't. He figured he'd do business at home.

Johnny Nee, one of the scouts for the World Champion New York Yankees, came to the house. The Yankees have a way of going about these things. Nee is one of their best men. He is an old hand at this sort of thing, patient, full of understanding, and backed by the Ruppert millions. Nee knew before he ever set foot in the house what a young man in Henrich's fortunate position would do. He acted accordingly. It was old stuff to Nee.

"Of course," he said in that quiet, fatherly voice of his, "you want to wait until all the offers are in. You may not accept the highest offer, but you undoubtedly will sign with the club that you think you can go farthest with. The Yankees pay well. They have finished in the money for the last eleven years. The chances are they'll be in the money for at least eleven more. Now, I'll tell you what to do."

The Struggle for Ownership

The breathing of the Henrichs was audible in the silence while Nee paused for a breath before continuing:

"I'm staying at the Conrad. I'll do as good as any offer you get. Wait and get them all. Then get in touch with me and tell me what your best offer is. But promise me you won't accept any offer until you have talked to me."

Henrich promised. He liked Nee. He liked the way he did business. And his father and mother thought Johnny was a very nice man.

Through Nee, the Yankees took a half-hitch on Henrich while the others were groping for him. It mattered little that Jack McAllister, a scout for the Boston Bees, telephoned later in the afternoon, or that the Browns had Jack Fournier go to Henrich's house that night. Or that Lance Richbourg, manager of the Nashville club, called on the telephone Friday morning to tell him to get in touch with Warren Giles, president of the Reds, in Cincinnati. Or that he had a telegram from Bill Terry, manager of the Giants, suggesting that he go to New York. Or that Billy Doyle telephoned to remind him he should have signed with the Tigers in 1933 and he ought to do it now.

"How much do you want for signing?" asked Doyle.

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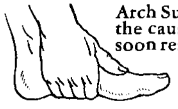
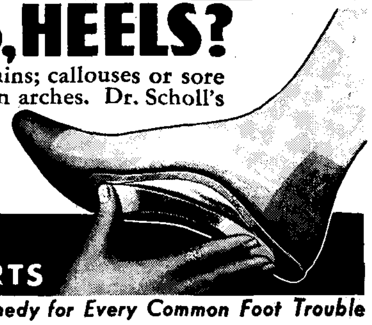
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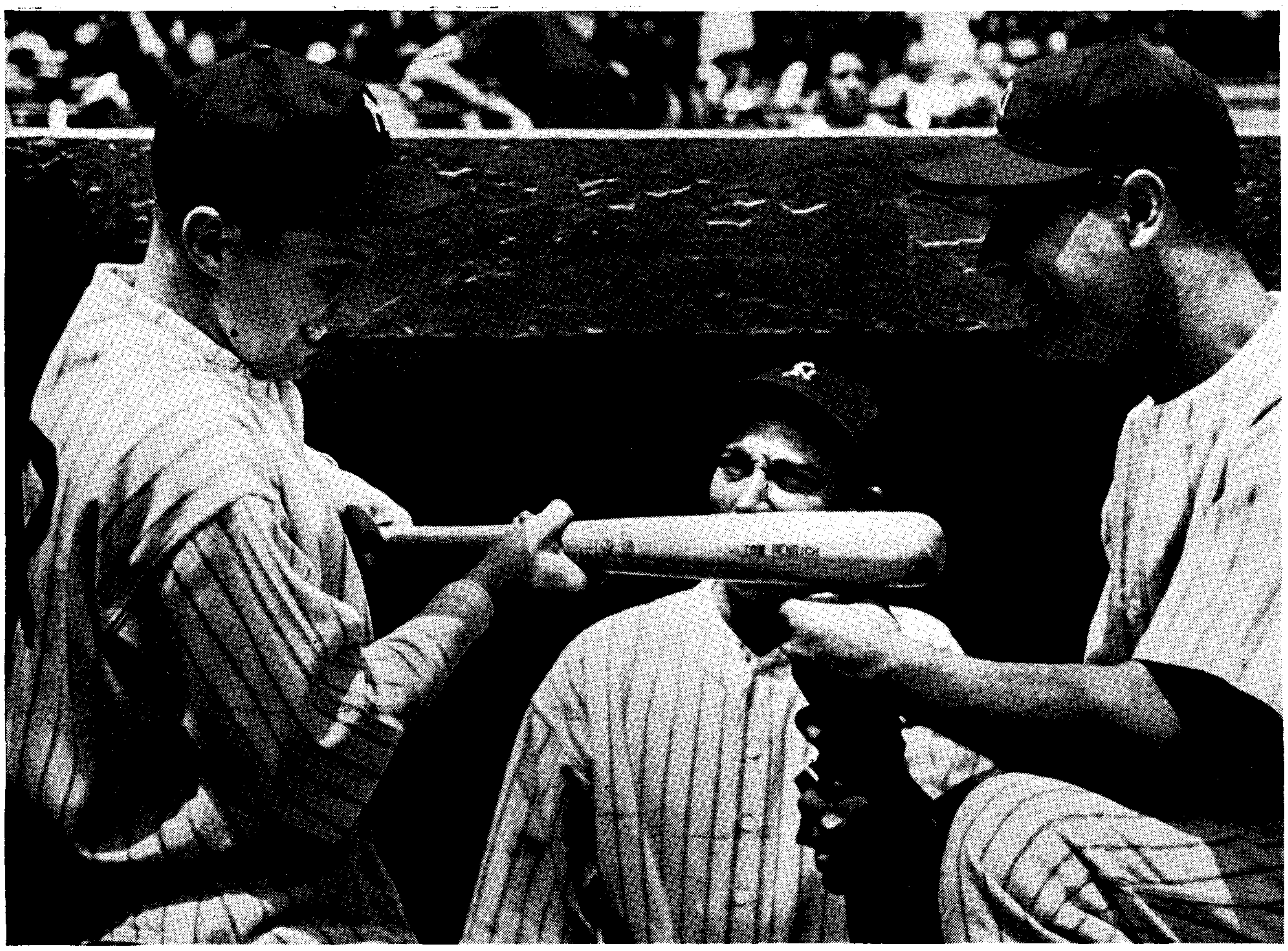


A trio of Yankee stalwarts: From left to right, Tom Henrich, Tony Lazzeri and Lou Gehrig

"Thirty thousand dollars," said Henrich.

Doyle could be heard gulping at the other end of the wire.

"Don't," said Doyle, "do anything until tomorrow. I'll call you tomorrow."

"I'll wait until noon," said Henrich.

Henrich had answered Terry's telegram; but he had not received a reply. He was hoping Terry would make him an offer. The Giants' manager never did. If he had, Henrich might have played with the Giants against the Yankees and bolstered them a bit.

Doyle telephoned again Saturday afternoon. Briggs, his boss, was in Florida. He had been unable to get hold of him. "Wait until noon tomorrow," he pleaded.

Meanwhile Henrich's father had dropped in to see Johnny Nee to tell him about the delay. "That's okay," said Johnny. "Take your time."

The struggle for ownership of Henrich was narrowed down to the Tigers and the Yankees. Sunday, at noon, Doyle telephoned. Henrich turned down his offer and went with his father to see Nee, patiently waiting in the Conrad. Henrich boldly asked for $25,000 for signing. Nee shook his head. They talked it over. In the end, Henrich signed an agreement which stipulated that the Yankees would pay him $20,000—when he signed his contract and that they would give him a salary of $5,000 for the season.

"I Won't Be There Long"

He never had possessed so much money. His father, a contracting plasterer of German descent, had a comfortable income. But, this was Tom's first venture in high finance.

Henrich's crowded days as a free agent were over. He belonged to the Yankees, the most powerful and highly organized company in baseball. Now his dreams turned to what he would do in big-league baseball.

George Sisler had hit a home run on his first time up as a major-leaguer. That was a good way to begin. Henrich hit home runs in his sleep. His dreams were noisy with the thunder of applause. By day, he mingled and talked with the elite of baseball. Lou Gehrig, the home-run king, shook hands with him and introduced himself. Henrich thought that was swell. Joe McCarthy, the only manager who ever won pennants in both major leagues, was looking him over.

Twelve days after he joined the Yankees, Henrich was transferred to the Newark club of the International League. Back to the minors. It was a blow. But he took it philosophically, reasoning the thing out like this:

"The Yankees did not agree to pay me $20,000 to play for Newark. I won't be there long."

He wasn't there long. The team went west. Jake Powell, an outfielder, was stricken with appendicitis. Roy Johnson, who was playing left field, was making a lot of errors on ground balls. On May 10th, nine days after the Yankees had sent Henrich to Newark, they recalled him. He was sitting in his room in the Powers Hotel in Rochester talking to Jimmy Gleeson, his roommate, when the telephone rang. Oscar Vitt, the Newark manager, was on the phone.

"Hello, Tom? . . . I've bad news for you."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah; you've got to go back to the Yankees."

"That's tough, isn't it?" said Henrich, his heart leaping up from where it had landed in the pit of his stomach.

A Triple and a Homer

Henrich joined the Yankees in Chicago that night. Next day, Johnson was on his way to join the Boston Bees and Henrich was playing left field for the World Champion Yankees. Johnson had been sold. Henrich was making his debut as a major-leaguer.

He was batting seventh, after Lazzeri. He did not come to bat until the second inning. Meanwhile he had made a fast play in the outfield, holding Rosenthal, the White Sox's center fielder, to a single. In his spare time he thought about what he would do on his first time at bat. It would be great if he could hit a home run.

Selkirk had popped to the third baseman and Lazzeri had hit a grounder which took a sudden hop over the shortstop's shoulder for a single when Henrich tossed aside his extra bat and stepped into the batter's box. Monte Stratton, a right-hander, was pitching.

Henrich had made up his mind to take a cut at the first pitch if it was in there. But the first pitch wasn't in there. It was high and inside for a ball. The next one was low. Two balls. Henrich looked at Arthur Fletcher, the third-base coach, and saw the "take" sign. So he let the next one go and it was a strike.

Two balls and one strike. He gripped his bat. He wasn't at all nervous as he had been the first time he went to bat for Newark. Then he had felt cold and shaky. He had been sent to bat as a pinch hitter in the eleventh inning and he had struck out. But he had been playing regularly since then. Perhaps that accounted for his lack of nervousness. This was just another ball game. But was it? No. It was more than that. It was his first major-league game, and this was his first time at bat.

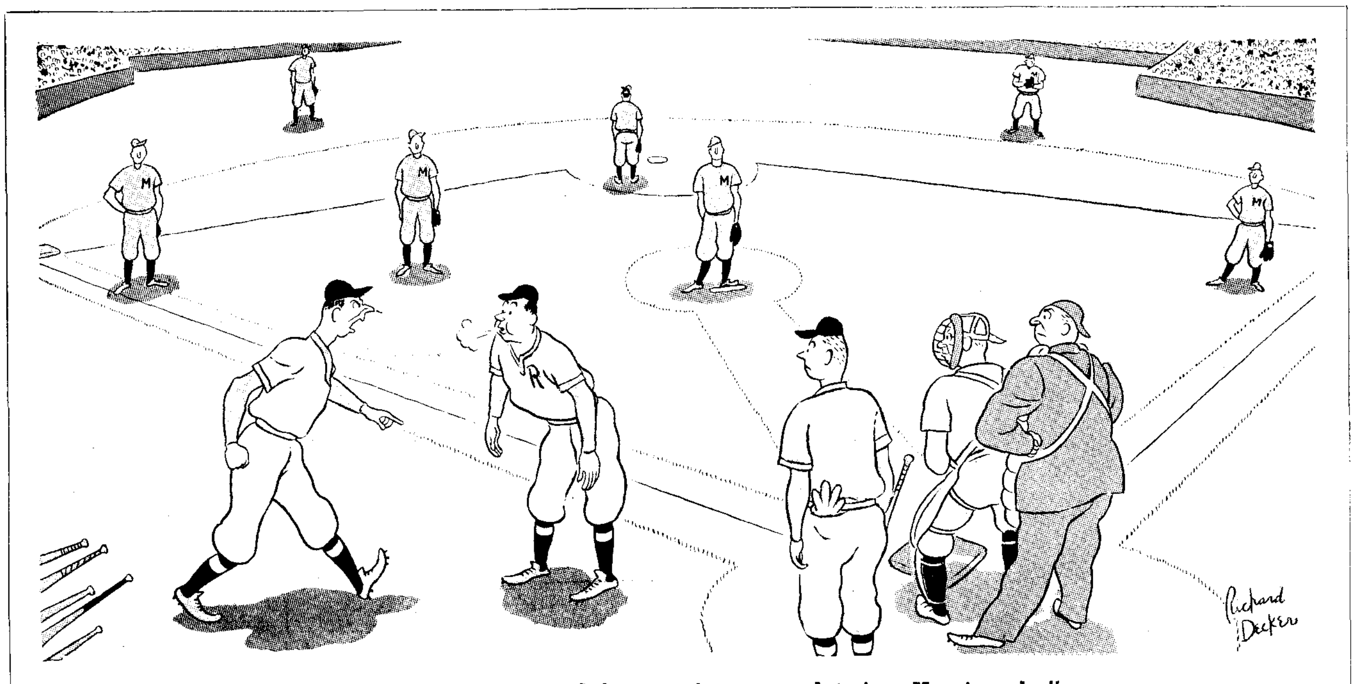
He dug his spikes into the dirt for a firmer foothold. The next pitch came and he swung and fouled it. Two and two.

Stratton is a three-way pitcher. He had been throwing overhand. But he slung the next pitch underhanded, making the ball break so that he got a piece of the inside corner of the plate.

"Strike three."

Henrich, up for the first time in a major-league game, was called out on strikes. He was disgusted with himself but not downcast. In the ninth he hit for two bases. For the next game he was moved up in the batting order to hit third. And McCarthy, the manager, who seldom raves about anyone, was raving about Henrich, the new fielder of the Yankees. By the time the Yankees returned to New York, Henrich was a modest hero. He had hit a triple with the bases filled and he had made a home run.

You may have heard of him—Tom Henrich, free agent, who now belongs to the Yankees.



"There wasn't any need for running around twice, Kominarsky"

RICHARD DECKER

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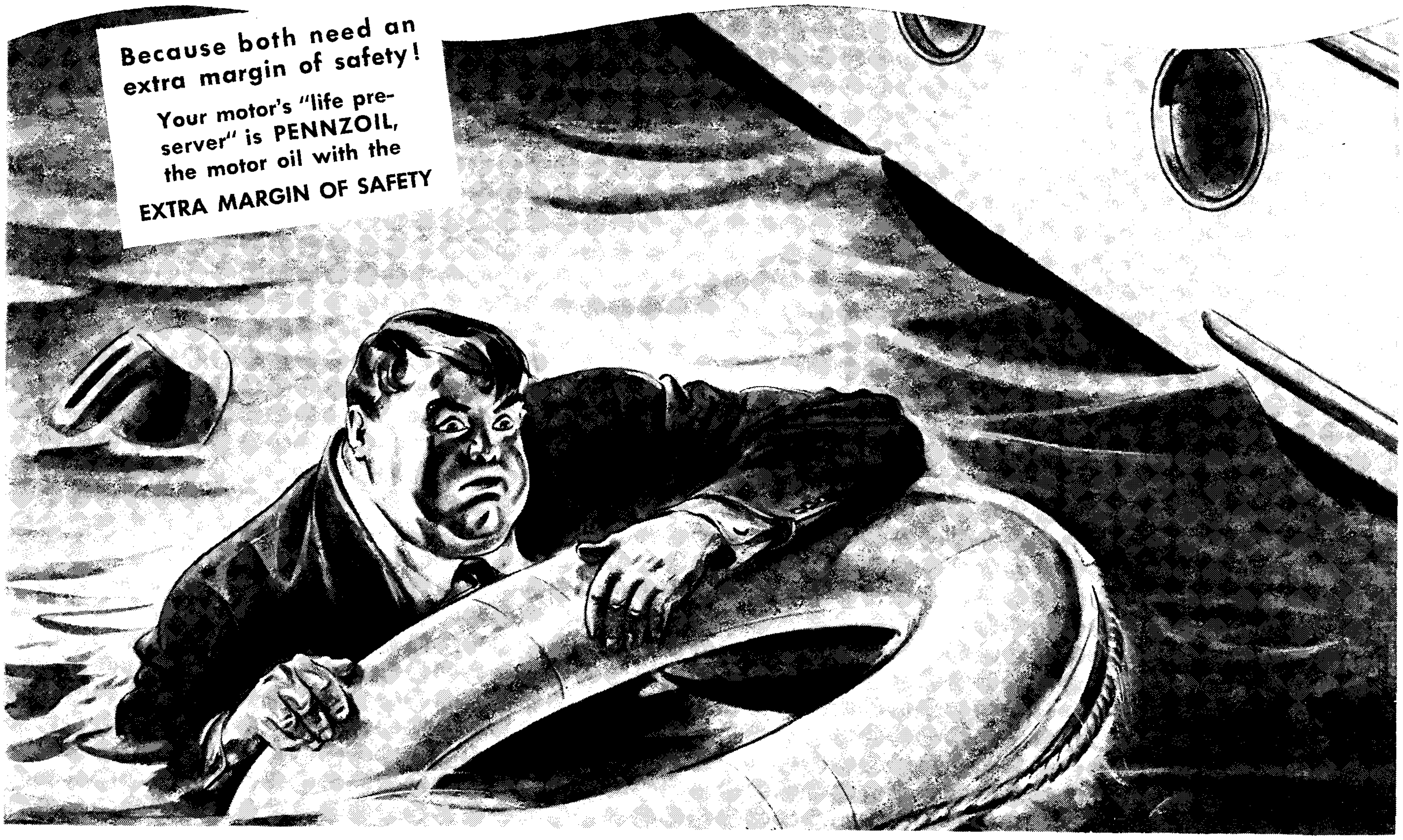
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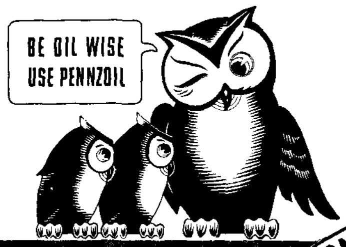

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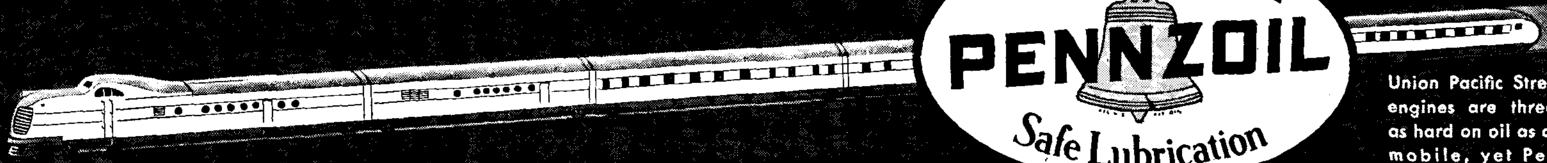

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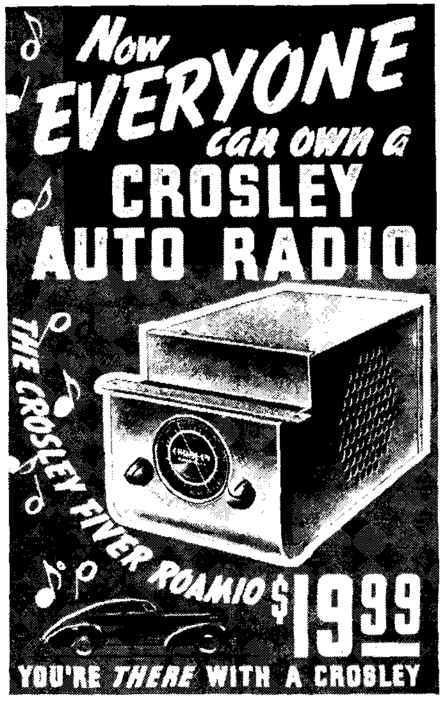
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Only the Shells Whine

Continued from page 13

After all, they have been waiting there for three hours and the children expect food at home.

In the Plaza Major, the shoeblacks stand around the edges of the square, with their little boxes of creams and brushes, and passers-by stop and have their shoes polished as they read a paper or gossip together. When the shells fall too heavily, the shoeblacks pick up their boxes and retreat a little way into a side street.

So now the square is empty, though people are leaning close against the houses around it, and the shells are falling so fast that there is almost no time between them to hear them coming, only the steady roaring as they land on the granite cobblestones.

Then for a moment it stops. An old woman, with a shawl over her shoulders, holding a terrified thin little boy by the hand, runs out into the square. You know what she is thinking: she is thinking she must get the child home, you are always safer in your own place, with the things you know. Somehow you do not believe you can get killed when you are sitting in your own parlor, you never think that. She is in the middle of the square when the next one comes.

A small piece of twisted steel, hot and very sharp, sprays off from the shell; it takes the little boy in the throat. The old woman stands there, holding the hand of the dead child, looking at him stupidly, not saying anything, and men run out toward her to carry the child. At their left, at the side of the square, is a huge brilliant sign which says:

Get out of Madrid.

There was nothing left on that street except the outside walls. One block down, strangely, the outside walls had been torn away and there was only the inside of the houses left, open like a doll's house, with furniture still in place, and pictures still on the walls. This was what the bombs did, at the beginning of the winter. All around here, you saw the war at its most unbelievable.

You would walk down a street and in the gutter would be a gold slipper, two leather-bound books, a lampshade and a summer dress, very dirty and shredded now. They had been carelessly blown out of some house in the neighborhood. You would walk into the front door of a house, and trip over a chandelier that had been hurled from an apartment five or six floors up. You knew about the people living in these houses, just from standing in the street. You knew their taste in furniture and china and art, and whether they were rich or only a little rich, and it was extraordinary how moving and how secret people's lives were when you suddenly saw their ruined homes.

A Visit to Pedro

But no one lived here any more because there was nothing left to live in, and besides that the trenches were only two blocks away, and there was another front, in the Casa de Campo, down to the left. Stray bullets droned over these streets, and a stray is just as dangerous as any other kind of bullet if it hits you. You walked past the street barricades, past the ruined houses and the only sound you heard was a machine gun hammering in University City, and a bird.

It was a little like walking in the country, over gutted country roads, and the street barricades made it all seem very strange, and the houses were like scenery in a war movie; it seemed impossible that houses could really be like that.

We were going to visit a janitor who lived in this section; he and his family. They were the only people here, except the soldiers who guarded the barricades. His name was Pedro.

Pedro lived in a fine apartment house; he had been the janitor and caretaker for eight years. In November a bomb fell on the roof; Pedro and his family had been in their tiny basement apartment when the bomb hit, and they were all safe. They saw no reason to move. They were used to living there, and in time of war a basement is more desirable than in time of peace.

They heard us coming and met us at the door. They showed us their building with pride. We went into a marble hall, past an elevator, through a mahogany front door, and were in a room that was all dust and broken plaster. Looking up, for eight stories, you could see the insides of all the apartments in that building. The bomb had fallen squarely, and now only the outside walls remained. There was a very fine bathroom on the seventh floor, and the tub was hanging into space by its pipes. A cabinet with china in it stood on the fourth floor, and all the china was in neat unbroken piles. The concierge's two little daughters played in this destruction as children play in an empty lot, or in caves they have found beside a river.

We sat in their underground apartment, with the lights burning, and talked. They said yes, of course, it was difficult to get food, but then it was difficult for everyone and they had never really been hungry. Yes, the bombing had been very bad, but they had just waited in the basement and finally it had stopped. The only trouble, they said, was that the children couldn't go to school, and Juanita had lost a year anyhow because of throat trouble and it was too bad having her lose out again. They couldn't go to school because the school had been bombed, and it was impossible to let the children go all the way across Madrid to another school, because bullets whined up past the street barricades at the end of their block and they couldn't risk having the children hurt.

Juanita remarked that she didn't like school anyhow very much, she wanted to be an artist and it was better to sit home and paint. She had been copying a picture—with crayons on wrapping paper—of a very elegant Spanish gentleman whose portrait hung on the wall of a ruined first-floor apartment in their building.

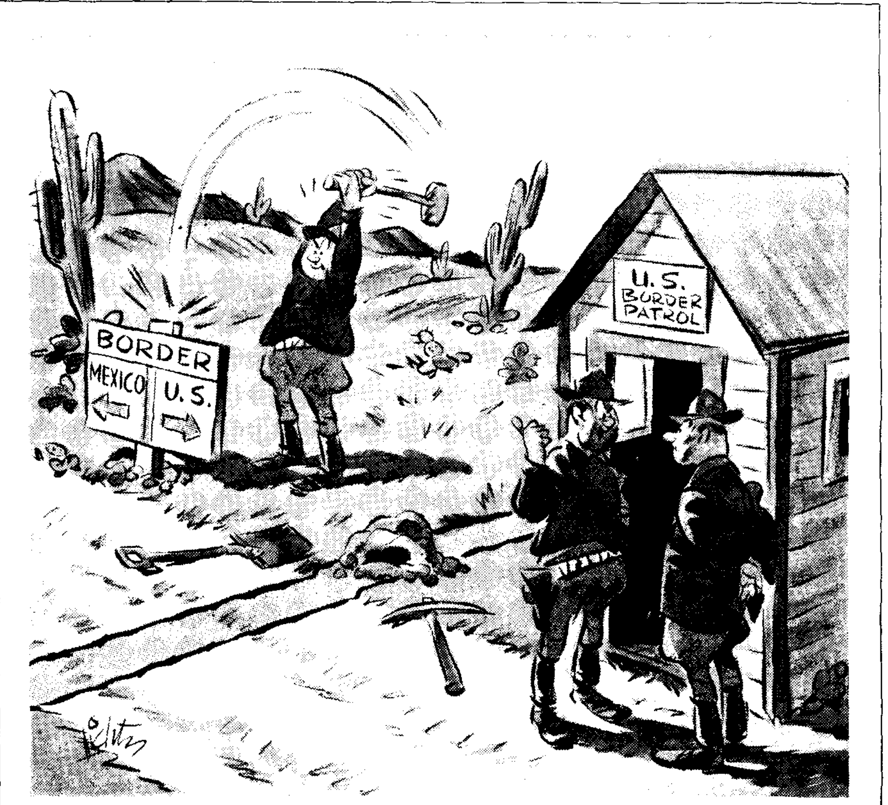
Mrs. Pedro said it was wonderful now, women could have careers in Spain, did I know about that? That was since the Republic. "We are very in favor of the Republic," she said. "I think Maria may be able to get training as a doctor. Isn't it fine? Can women be doctors in North America?"

In a Sunny Room

It was a lovely sunny day and they came out on the street with us to say goodby. They were sorry they had nothing to offer us, only an orange; would we like the orange? Mrs. Pedro said, "Two blocks down you better cross fast, it's a bad street, they are shooting a lot of bullets in the Casa de Campo, and the strays come up here. When I take the children out, I always make them run past that place."

On the sixth floor of the Palace Hotel, there were some wounded who spoke French. I always got a shock from the Palace Hotel, because it had a concierge's desk and a sign saying "Coiffeur on the First Floor," and another sign saying how beautiful Majorca was and they had a hotel to recommend there. The Palace hotel had its old furniture, but it smelled of ether and was crowded with bandaged men. It is the first military hospital of Madrid now. I went around to the operating room, which used to be the reading room.

There were bloody stretchers piled in the hall, but it was quiet this afternoon. The Empire bookcases, where they used to keep dull reading for the hotel guests, were now used for bandages and hypodermic needles and surgical instruments, and there were brilliant lights in the cut-glass chandeliers to make oper-



"He's a new man—letting his patriotism get the best of him"

GEORGE LICHTY

ating easier. The nurse on duty told me about the men on the sixth floor and I went up to see them.

The room was full of sun. There were four men. One of them was sitting with his leg up on a chair; it was in plaster. He had on a red blouse and was sitting in profile. Beside him, a man with a beret was working quietly, drawing his portrait in pastels. The two other men were in bed. One of them I tried not to look at. I was afraid that I couldn't look at him without showing it on my face; he'd see, from me, what he had become. The other one was quiet and pale and looked tired. Once or twice he smiled, but did not speak. He had a bad chest wound.

The man in the red blouse was a Hungarian; his knee had been smashed by a piece of shell. He was handsome and very polite and refused politely to talk about his wound because it was of no importance. He was alive, he was very lucky, the doctors were fine and his knee would probably get well. At any rate, he would be able to limp. He wanted to talk about his friend who was making his portrait. "Jaime," he said, "is a fine artist. Look how well he works. He always wanted to be an artist but he never had so much time before."

Jaime smiled and went on; he was working very close to the paper, stopping now and again and peering at the man in the red blouse. His eyes looked a little strange, filmed over and dim. I saw how slowly he was working, as if he were not very sure of it, and how carefully he looked at each pastel stick, deciding its color. I said it was a fine portrait, a great likeness, and he thanked me. A little later someone called him and he left and then the man in the red blouse said, "He was wounded in the head; he covers it with the beret. His eyes are not very good; they are very bad, really. He does not see much. We ask him to paint pictures of us to keep him busy and make him think he still sees well. Jaime never complains about it."

I said, softly, "What has happened to that boy over there."

"He's an aviator."

We were both silent. It was easy enough then to know what had happened, though he explained to me, talking in a low voice. Now the boy had his eyes closed, and maybe he slept. He was blond and young, with a round face. There was nothing left except the eyes. He had been shot down in his plane and burned, but he had been wearing goggles and that saved his sight. His face and hands were a hard brown thick scab, and his hands were enormous; there were no lips, only the scab. He had saved the machine gun and maps he had made of an enemy position, somehow, dragging the gun and crawling, and when they brought him in he kept asking for these things. The worst was that his pain was so great he couldn't sleep.

Money for the Hospitals

Then a soldier I knew came in, and we stopped together by the side of the burned aviator, and I wished him luck. The charred face moved very slightly, and leaning over I could just hear him.

"I'll get well and go back soon," he said.

There was no hate in his voice, no anger, no vengeance. He was as patient as stone with his pain.

"They are good men," the soldier I knew said. He was a Pole. "Listen, Dominie in room 507 has some mimosa. A whole big branch of it. Do you want to come up and see it? He says it grows all around where he lives in Marseille. I never saw any flowers like that before."

Every once in a while the actors would stop talking and wait: shells were exploding down the street in the Plaza Major and to the right of the Gran Via and when they hit too close you couldn't hear the lines of the play, so they waited. It was a benefit performance on Sunday morning; it was to make money for the hospitals.

An amateur had written the play and amateurs directed, costumed and acted it; it couldn't have been more amateur. The audience was delighted; it was a dramatic play, all about the moral and psychological crisis of a young man who decided not to enter the priesthood. The audience thought it was terribly funny and laughed with great good will at the emotional places.

The actors stood well back on the stage, often turned away from the audience, and harangued one another in low voices earnestly. They liked the play and they enjoyed acting it, and they went on calmly, with little or no care for the public. Their gestures were amazing, like a Punch and Judy show, and the hero regularly forgot his lines.

No Panic, No Hysteria

Then a shell would land, and they would be quiet, so as not to waste their words, and then they would start again.

It ended on a high emotional note and the audience wailed with joy and laughter. The heroine, who was supposed to be in tears, shook with laughter, and the hero looked at her with disgust, though he was her loving fiancé in the play. Then the hero came out, after the curtain rang down, and said he was sorry he'd forgotten his lines that way but he hadn't had time to memorize them. He'd been in the trenches near Garabitas until just a few hours ago (everyone knew an attack had been going on there for two days), and so he couldn't memorize things.

The audience applauded and shouted that it was quite all right; they didn't care anyhow. Then he said he had written a poem up there in the trenches and he would like to recite it. He did. It was fine. It rolled and tossed and was full of enormous big words and remarkable rhymes and his gestures were excellent and when he was through the audience cheered him and he looked very happy. He was a nice boy, if not a brilliant poet, and they knew he had been in a bad piece of trench, and they liked plays and theaters, even bad plays and even theaters just down the street from where the shells were landing.

After this a tall, thin boy, wearing a hired dress suit and a celluloid collar and a top hat too big for him, rollicked onto the stage and did what he was pleased to call American tap dancing. Everyone was thrilled with it, and very proud of him for having learned these difficult foreign dances.

Every night, lying in bed, you can hear the machine guns in University City, just ten blocks away. Every once in a while you can hear the dull, heavy explosion of a trench mortar. When the shells wake you, you think first that it is thunder. If they are not too close, you do not really wake.

You know that in November there were black Junker planes flying over and dropping bombs, that all winter long there was no fuel and the days were cold and the nights were colder, you know that food is scarce, and that all these people have sons and husbands and sweethearts at the front somewhere. And now they are living in a city where you take your chances and hope your chances are good. You have seen no panic, no hysteria, you have heard no hate talk. You know they have the kind of faith which makes courage and a fine future. You have no right to be disturbed. There are no lights anywhere and the city itself is quiet. The sensible thing is to go back to sleep.

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It's a Tom Collins

only when the gin neither smells nor tastes in the finished drink

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THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

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By Popular Request

As a people, we Americans are getting older rapidly. The proportion of the young is becoming smaller. The middle-aged and the old are relatively more numerous. Within twenty-five years the population of this country will have ceased to grow.

This is a change of immense importance. In uncounted ways we shall be compelled to make adjustments. In 1960 we shall be building more homes for the aged and fewer children's hospitals. Our thoughts and feelings, our tastes and public policies will be affected by the greater average age of the people.

For the first time in history family limitation on a large scale has been accomplished. Birth control, which was first advocated as a public policy hardly more than fifty years ago, has been so extensively practiced that the population trend of a hundred years has been reversed. This has occurred in spite of the opposition both of the government and of some of the churches. So deep was this opposition that only this summer has the American Medical Association been willing officially to consider the matter.

Of course we are not the only people who have adopted these teachings. The French were pioneers, and critics for years have been deploring the small size of French families.

Within the last few years every industrial nation seems to have adopted the custom of family limitation. In spite of Mussolini, Italy took up birth control. So did Germany and Russia and even India and Japan.

The fact is that children are not expensive to nurture in the rural districts. Child workers pay their own way. So farmers have large families. On the other hand, the support of children is decidedly expensive in industrial cities. Consequently, city people have smaller families. It is as unemotional as arithmetic.

The tendency seems to be the same all over the world. The Japanese birth rate in the factory cities drifts downward but the farmers still produce large broods. The Russian city dweller has fewer children than his country cousin.

In this matter people of all races behave very much in the same fashion. Food has to be earned in all countries.

Militaristic politicians oppose birth control because they want more children for the future armies. The more intelligent say little about the armies but suggest that large families indicate great vitality. It is the old instinct which somehow associates vigor with numbers.

Chronic worriers in this country have been wailing that the largest families were produced by the poorest while more comfortable classes restricted selfishly the number of children they produced. Their anxieties are very largely unnecessary. All classes, except country people who have jobs for their children, seem to practice birth control. The poor did not hear the news quite as quickly as the well-to-do and the rich but it reached them in time.

The doctors finally decided this summer that so long as birth control was going on, the medical profession ought to be consulted on the health issues involved. The doctors did not advocate or oppose birth control. They merely recognized a fact. Certainly no one will deny that serious health problems are involved.

The doctors, however, expressed the belief that the courts would not forbid them to adopt measures "which might be employed by conscientious and competent physicians to save life or to promote the well-being of patients."

The doctors uttered this opinion in spite of state laws which forbid the dissemination of information concerning birth control. Here apparently we have another proof of the observation that where the law does not coincide with the custom of the people the law is ignored.

The population of the world expanded enormously during the last century because science enabled us to produce enough to keep more people alive. The white potato quickly doubled the population of Ireland. Factories which produced cheaply and medical science which conquered so many contagious diseases made it possible for four or five men to eat regularly where only one had been able to struggle along previously.

But obviously at some point growth stops. War, famine, disease and other widespread disaster historically checked the increase in population. Disease and famine are yielding to man's control and war seems too insanely destructive to be deliberately preferred by any rational people. Some other method was inevitable. Birth control appears to have been elected.

The American Medical Association is a very representative body. The doctors who compose its membership are conservative fellows not inclined to start or even to participate in needless controversies. They are not partisans in this debate. They have decided, however, that it is safe for them to offer their services as physicians interested in the health and welfare of their patients. This, alone, marks a great change

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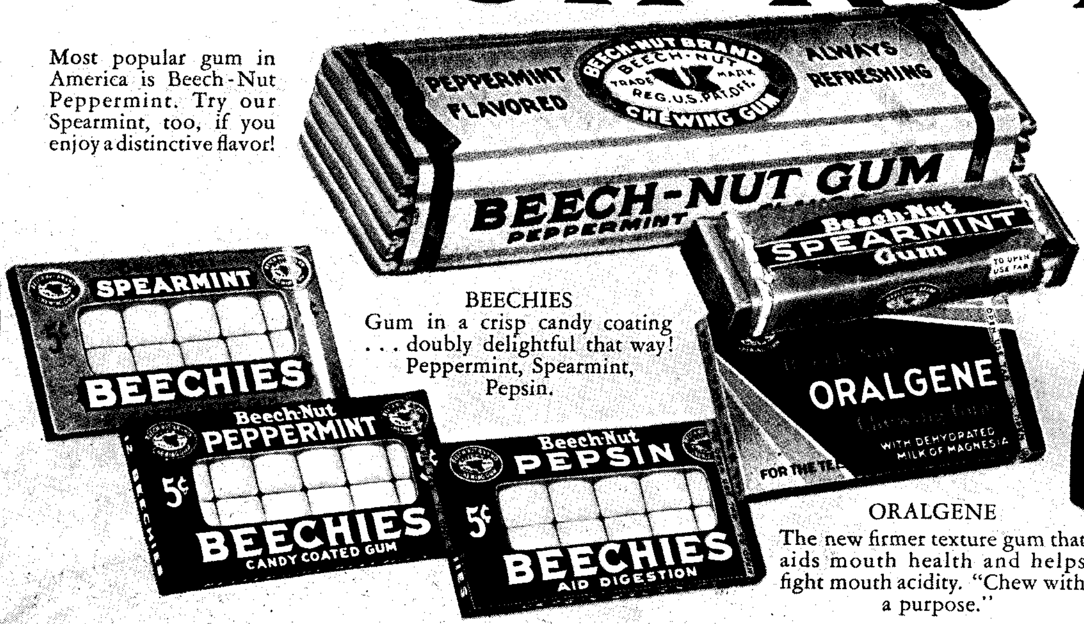

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